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JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

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CONTAINING

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AN

ESSAY

ON

MAN:

TO

H. St. John, L. Bolingbroke.

ADAMS 234.3

THE

DESIGN.

HAVING propoſed to write ſome pieces on Human Life and Manners, ſuch as (to uſe my Lord Bacon's expreſſion) *come home to Mens Buſineſs and Boſoms*, I thought it more ſatisfactory to begin with conſidering *Man* in the abſtract, his *Nature* and his *State*; ſince, to prove any moral Duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatſoever, it is neceſſary firſt to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *end* and *purpoſe* of its *being*.

The ſcience of Human Nature is, like all other ſciences, reduced to a *few clear points*: There are not *many certain truths* in this world. It is therefore in the Anatomy of the Mind, as in that of the Body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by ſtudying too much ſuch finer nerves and veſſels, the conformations and uſes of which will for ever eſcape our obſervation. The *diſputes* are all upon theſe laſt, and I will venture to ſay, they have leſs ſharpened the *wits* than the *hearts* of men againſt each other, and have diminiſhed the practice, more than advanced the theory, of Morality. If I could flatter myſelf that this Eſſay has any merit, it is in ſteering betwixt the extremes of doctrines ſeemingly oppoſite, in paſſing over terms utterly unintelli-

gible, and in forming a *temperate* yet not *inconſiſtent*, and a *ſhort* yet not *imperfect* ſyſtem of Ethics.

This I might have done in proſe; but I choſe verſe, and even rhyme, for two reaſons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts ſo written, both ſtrike the reader more ſtrongly at firſt, and are more eaſily retained by him afterwards: The other may ſeem odd, but is true; I found I could expreſs them more *ſhortly* this way than in proſe itſelf; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the *force*, as well as *grace* of arguments or inſtructions, depends on their *conciſeneſs*. I was unable to treat this part of my ſubject more in *detail*, without becoming dry and tedious; or more *poetically*, without ſacrificing perſpicuity to ornament, without wandering from the preciſion, or breaking the chain of reaſoning: If any man can unite all theſe without diminution of any of them, I freely confeſs he will compaſs a thing above my capacity.

What is now publiſhed, is only to be conſidered as a *general Map* of MAN, marking out no more than the *greater parts*, their *extent*, their *limits*, and their *connection*, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Conſequently, theſe Epiſtles in their progreſs (if I have health and leiſure to make any progreſs) will be leſs dry, and more ſuſceptible of poetical ornament, I am here only opening the *fountains*, and clearing the paſſage. To deduce the *rivers*, to follow them in their courſe, and to obſerve their effects, may be a taſk more agreeable.

ESSAY on MAN,

IN

FOUR EPISTLES,

TO

H. St. John, Lord Bolingbroke.

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE I.

Of the Nature and State of Man with reſpect to the UNIVERSE.

OF Man *in the abſtract.*—I. *That we can judge only with regard to our* own ſyſtem, *being ignorant of the* relations *of ſyſtems and things,* ver. 17, etc. II. *That Man is not to be deemed* imperfect, *but a Being ſuited to his* place *and* rank *in the creation, agreeable to the* general Order *of things, and comformable to* Ends *and* Relations *to him unknown,* ver. 35, etc. III. *That it is partly upon his* ignorance *of* future *events, and partly upon the* hope *of a* future *ſtate, that all his happineſs in the preſent depends,* ver. 77, etc. IV. *The* pride *of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more Perfection, the cauſe of Man's error and miſery. The* impiety *of putting himſelf in the*

place of God, *and judging of the fitneſs or unfitneſs, perfection or imperfection, juſtice or injuſtice, of his diſpenſations*, ver. 109, etc. V. *The* abſurdity *of conceiting himſelf the* final cauſe *of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the* moral *world, which is not in the* natural, ver. 131, etc. VI. *The* unreaſonableneſs *of his complaints againſt* Providence, *while on the one hand he demands the Perfections of the Angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes; though, to poſſeſs any of the* ſenſitive faculties *in a higher degree, would render him miſerable*, ver. 173, etc. VII. *That throughout the whole viſible world, an univerſal* order *and* gradation *in the ſenſual and mental faculties is obſerved, which cauſes a* ſubordination *of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of* ſenſe, inſtinct, thought, reflection, reaſon; *that Reaſon alone countervails all the other faculties*, ver. 207. VIII. *How much further this* order *and* ſubordination *of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected* creation *muſt be deſtroyed*, ver. 233. IX. *The* extravagance, madneſs, *and* pride *of ſuch a deſire*, ver. 250. X. *The conſequence of all, the* abſolute ſubmiſſion *due to Providence, both as to our* preſent *and* future ſtate, ver. 281, &c. *to the end.*

Pl. VIII.

HOPE humbly then, with trembling Pinions soar.
Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.

Essay on Man Ep I.

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, my ST JOHN! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of Kings.
Let us (ſince Life can little more ſupply
Than juſt to look about us, and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this ſcene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A Wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiſcuous ſhoot;
Or Garden tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield,
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or ſightleſs ſoar;
Eye Nature's walks, ſhoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the Manners living as they riſe:
Laugh where we muſt, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to Man

I. Say firſt, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reaſon but from what we know?
Of Man, what ſee we but his ſtation here,
From which to reaſon, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who thro' vaſt immenſity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compoſe one univerſe,
Obſerve how ſyſtem into ſyſtem runs,
What other planets circle other ſuns,

What vary'd Being peoples every ſtar,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations juſt, has thy pervading Soul
Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn ſupports, upheld by God, or thee?
II. Preſumptuous Man! the reaſon wouldſt thou find
Why form'd ſo weak, ſo little, and ſo blind?
Firſt, if thou canſt, the harder reaſon gueſs,
Why formed no weaker, blinder, and no leſs?
Aſk of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller and ſtronger than the weeds they ſhade?
Or aſk of yonder argent fields above,
Why JOVE's Satellites are leſs than JOVE?
Of Syſtems poſſible, if 'tis confeſt
That Wiſdom infinite muſt form the beſt,
Where all muſt full or not coherent be,
And all that riſes, riſe in due degree;
Then, in the ſcale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There muſt be, ſomewhere, ſuch a rank as Man:
And all the queſtion (wrangle e'er ſo long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?
Reſpecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, muſt be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thouſand movements ſcarce one purpoſe gain;
In God's, one ſingle can its end produce;
Yet ſerves to ſecond too ſome other uſe.

So Man, who here ſeems principal alone,
Perhaps acts ſecond to ſome ſphere unknown,
Touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome goal;
'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole.
When the proud ſteed ſhall know why man reſtrains
His fiery courſe, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's God:
Then ſhall Man's pride and dulneſs comprehend
His action's, paſſion's, being's uſe and end;
Why doing, ſuff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a ſlave, the next a deity.
Then ſay not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge meaſur'd to his ſtate and place;
His time a moment, and a point his ſpace.
If to be perfect in a certain ſphere,
What matter, ſoon or late, or here, or there?
The bleſt to-day is as completely ſo,
As who began a thouſand years ago.
III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page preſcrib'd, their preſent ſtate:
From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits know:
Or who could ſuffer Being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy Reaſon, would he ſkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.

In the former Editions, ver. 64.
Now wears a garland an Egyptian God.

Oh blindneſs to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n:
Who ſees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall,
Atoms or ſyſtems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burſt, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions ſoar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliſs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy bleſſing now.
Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt.
Man never Is, but always To be bleſt:
The ſoul, uneaſy, and confin'd at home,
Reſts and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His ſoul, proud ſcience never taught to ſtray
Far as the ſolar walk, or milky way;
Yet ſimple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt-hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier iſland in the watry waſte,

After ver. 88. in the MS.

No great, no little; 'tis as much decreed
That Virgil's Gnat ſhould die as Cæſar bleed.

Ver. 93. in the firſt Folio and Quarto,

What bliſs *above* he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy bliſs *below*.

Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To Be, contents his natural deſire,
He aſks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiſer thou! and, in thy ſcale of ſenſe,
Weigh thy Opinion againſt Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'ſt ſuch,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Deſtroy all creatures for thy ſport or guſt,
Yet cry, If Man's unhappy, God's unjuſt:
If Man alone ingroſs not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his juſtice, be the GOD of GOD.
In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies;
All quit their ſphere, and ruſh into the ſkies.
Pride ſtill is aiming at the bleſt abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aſpiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aſpiring to be Angels, Men rebel:
And who but wiſhes to invert the laws
Of ORDER, ſins againſt th' Eternal Cauſe.

After ver. 118. in the firſt Edition.

But does he ſay the Maker is not good,
Till he's exalted to what ſtate he wou'd:
Himſelf alone high heav'n's peculiar care,
Alone made happy when he will; and where?

V. Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for mine:
"For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
"Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r;
"Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew
"The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
"For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
"For me health gushes from a thousand springs;
"Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
"My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies."
But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
"No ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty Cause
"Acts not by Partial, but by gen'ral laws;
"Th' exceptions few; some change since all began:
"And what created perfect?"—Why then Man?
If the great end be human Happiness,
Then Nature deviates; and can Man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of show'rs and sun-shine, as of Man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's design,
Why then a Borgia, or a Cataline?
Who knows but he, whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms;
Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?

From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning ſprings;
Account for moral as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we Heaven in thoſe, in theſe acquit?
In both, to reaſon right, is to ſubmit.
Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never paſſion diſcompos'd the mind.
But all ſubſiſts by elemental ſtrife;
And paſſions are the elements of life.
The gen'ral ORDER, ſince the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

VI. What would this Man? Now upward will he ſoar,
And little leſs than Angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, juſt as griev'd appears
To want the ſtrength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his uſe all creatures if he call,
Say what their uſe, had he the pow'rs of all;
Nature to theſe, without profuſion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs aſſign'd;
Each ſeeming want compenſated of courſe,
Here with degrees of ſwiftneſs, there of force;

VER. 169. *But all ſubſiſts, etc.*] See this ſubject extended in E. ii. from ver. 90 to 112, 155, *etc.*

VER. 182 [*Here with degrees of ſwiftneſs, etc.*]. It is a certain axiom in the anatomy of creatures, that in proportion as they are formed for ſtrength, their ſwiftneſs is leſſened; or as they are formed for ſwiftneſs, their ſtrength is abated.

All in exact proportion to the ſtate;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beaſt, each inſect, happy in its own:
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bleſt with all?
The bliſs of Man (could pride that bleſſing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No pow'rs of body, or of ſoul to ſhare,
But what his nature and his ſtate can bear.
Why has not Man a microſcopic eye?
For this plain reaſon, man is not a Fly.
Say what the uſe, were finer optics giv'n,
T' inſpect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
The touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To ſmart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Dye of a roſe in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And ſtunn'd him with the muſic of the ſpheres,
How would he wiſh that Heav'n had left him ſtill
The whiſp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not providence all good and wiſe,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The ſcale of ſenſual, mental pow'rs aſcends:
Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled graſs:
What modes of ſight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:

Of ſmell, the headlong lioneſs between,
And hound ſagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood?
The ſpider's touch, how exquiſitely fine?
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what ſenſe ſo ſubtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew?
How Inſtinct varies in the grov'ling ſwine,
Compar'd, half reas'ning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and Reaſon, what a nice barrier?
For ever ſep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and Reflection how ally'd;
What thin partitions Senſe from Thought divide?
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never paſs th' inſuperable line!
Without this juſt gradation, could they be
Subjected, theſe to thoſe, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all ſubdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy reaſon all theſe pow'rs in one?

VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and burſting into birth.

VER. 213. *The headlong lioneſs*] The manner of the lions hunting their prey in the Deſerts of Africa is this: At their firſt going out in the night-time they ſet up a loud roar, and then liſten to the noiſe made by the beaſts in their flight, purſuing them by the ear, and not by the noſtril. It is probable, the ſtory of the jackal's hunting for the lion, was occaſioned by obſervation of this defect of ſcent in that terrible animal.

Above, how high, progreſſive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vaſt chain of being! which from God began,
Natures æthereal, human, angel, man,
Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect, what no eye can ſee,
No glaſs can reach; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing.—On ſuperior pow'rs
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one ſtep broken, the great ſcale's deſtroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you ſtrike,
Tenth, or ten thouſandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each ſyſtem in gradation roll
Alike eſſential to th' amazing Whole,
The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That ſyſtem only, but the Whole muſt fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and Suns run lawleſs thro' the ſky;
Let ruling Angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread ORDER break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—Oh Madneſs! Pride! Impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the duſt to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aſpir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To ſerve mere engines to the ruling Mind?

VER. 238. Ed. 1ſt.
Æthereal eſſence, ſpirit, ſubſtance, man.

Juſt as abſurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
Juſt as abſurd, to mourn the taſks or pains
The great directing MIND of all ordains.

All are but parts of one ſtupend'ous whole,
Whoſe body Nature is, and God the ſoul;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame;
Great in the earth, as in th'æthereal frame;
Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees;
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent;
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns;
To him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Ceaſe then, nor ORDER Imperfection name:
Our proper bliſs depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, Heav'n beſtows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear:

VER. 265. *Juſt as abſurd, etc.*] See the proſecution and application of this in Ep. iv.

After ver. 282. in the MS.

Reaſon, to think of God, when ſhe pretends,
Begins a Cenſor, an Adorer ends.

Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing Pow'r
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canſt not ſee;
All Diſcord, Harmony not underſtood;
All partial Evil, univerſal Good.
And, ſpite of Pride, in erring Reaſon's ſpite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE II.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Himself, *as an Individual.*

I. *THE business of Man not to pry into* God, *but to study* himself. *His* Middle Nature: *his Powers and Frailties*, ver. 1. to 19. *The Limits of his* Capacity, ver. 19, etc. II. *The two principles of Man*, Self love *and* Reason, *both necessary*, ver. 53, etc. Self-love *the stronger, and why*, ver. 67, etc. *Their end the same*, ver. 81, etc. III. *The* PASSIONS, *and their use*, ver. 93 to 130. *The* Predominant Passion, *and its force*, ver. 132 to 160. *Its Necessity, in directing Men to different Purposes*, ver. 165, etc. *Its providential Use, in fixing our Principle, and ascertaining our Virtue*, ver. 177. IV. Virtue *and* Vice *joined in our* mixed Nature; *the Limits near, yet the Things* separate *and* evident: *What is the Office of* Reason, ver. 202 to 216. V. *How odious* Vice *in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it*, ver. 217. VI. *That, however, the* Ends *of* Providence *and* general Good *are answered in our Passions and Imperfections*, ver. 238, etc. *How usefully these are distributed to all* Orders of Men, ver. 241. *How useful they are to* Society, ver. 251. *And to the* Individuals, ver. 263. *In every* State, *and every* Age *of Life*, ver. 273, etc.

EPISTLE II.

I. KNOW then thyſelf, preſume not God to ſcan,
The proper ſtudy of Mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this iſthmus of a middle ſtate,
A Being darkly wiſe, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic ſide,
With too much weakneſs for the Stoick's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act or reſt;
In doubt to deem himſelf a God, or Beaſt;
In doubt his Mind or Body to preſer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reaſon ſuch,
Whether he thinks too little or too much:
Chaos of Thought and Paſſion, all confuſed;
Still by himſelf abus'd or diſabus'd;
Created half to riſe, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth in endleſs Error hurl'd:
The glory, jeſt and riddle of the world!

VER. 2. Ed. 1ſt.

The only ſcience of Mankind is Man.

After ver. 18. In the MS.

For more perfection than this ſtate can bear
In vain we ſigh, Heav'n made us as we are.
As wiſely ſure a modeſt Ape might aim
To be like Man, whoſe faculties and frame
He ſees, he feels, as you or I to be
An Angel thing we neither know nor ſee.

Pl. IX.

Self Love still stronger, as its Objects nigh,
Reason's at distance, and in Prospect lie;—
That sees immediate Good, by present Sense
Reason the future, and the Consequence.—

Essay on Man. Ep. II.

Go, wond'rous creature! mount where Science guides,
Go, meaſure earth, weigh air, and ſtate the tides;
Inſtruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;
Go ſoar with Plato to th' empyreal ſphere,
To the firſt good, firſt perfect and firſt fair;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
And quitting ſenſe call imitating God;
As Eaſtern prieſts in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wiſdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyſelf, and be a fool!

Superior beings, when of late they ſaw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's Law,

Obſerve how near he edges on our race;
What human tricks! how riſible of face!
It muſt be ſo— why elſe have I the ſenſe
Of more than monkey charms and excellence?
Why elſe to walk on two ſo oft eſſay'd;
And why this ardent longing for a maid?
So Pug might plead, and call his Gods unkind
'Till ſet on end, and married to his mind.
Go, reas'ning Thing! aſſume the Doctor's chair,
As Plato deep, as Seneca ſevere:
Fix moral fitneſs, and to God give rule,
Then drop into thyſelf, etc.

VER. 21. Ed. 4th and 5th.

Shew by what rules the wand'ring planets ſtray,
Correct old Time, and teach the Sun his way.

Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a NEWTON as we shew an Ape.
Could he, whose rules the rapid Comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his Mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas what wonder! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art:
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.
Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of Pride;
Deduct but what is Vanity or Dress,
Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleness;
Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our Vices have created Arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!
II. Two Principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all;

VER. 35. Ed. first.

Could he who taught each planet where to roll,
Describe or fix one movement of the Soul?
Who mark'd their points to rise or to descend,
Explain his own beginning or his end?

And to their proper operation ſtill,
Aſcribe all Good, to their improper, Ill.
Self-love, the ſpring of motion, acts the ſoul;
Reaſon's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar ſpot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot:
Or, meteor-like, flame lawleſs thro' the void,
Deſtroying others, by himſelf deſtroyed.
Moſt ſtrength the moving principle requires;
Active its taſk, it prompts, impells, inſpires:
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate and adviſe.
Self-love, ſtill ſtronger, as its objects nigh;
Reaſon's at diſtance, and in proſpect lie:
That, ſees immediate good by preſent ſenſe;
Reaſon, the future and the conſequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At beſt more watchful this, but that more ſtrong.
The Action of the ſtronger to ſuſpend
Reaſon ſtill uſe, to Reaſon ſtill attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each ſtrengthens Reaſon, and Self-love reſtrains.
Let ſubtle ſchoolmen teach theſe friends to fight,
More ſtudious to divide than to unite;
And Grace and Virtue, Senſe and Reaſon ſplit,
With all the raſh dexterity of wit.

Wits, juſt like Fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the ſame.
Self-love and Reaſon to one end aſpire,
Pain their averſion, Pleaſure their deſire;
But greedy That, its object would devour,
This taſte the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
Pleaſure, or wrong or rightly underſtood,
Our greateſt evil, or our greateſt good.

III. Modes of Self-love the Paſſions we may call:
'Tis real good, or ſeeming, moves them all:
But ſince not ev'ry good we can divide,
And reaſon bids us for our own provide:
Paſſions, tho' ſelfiſh, if their means be fair,
Liſt under Reaſon, and deſerve her care;
Thoſe, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take ſome Virtue's name.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boaſt
Their Virtue fix'd: 'tis fix'd as in a froſt;
Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt;
But ſtrength of mind is Exerciſe, not Reſt:
The riſing tempeſt puts in act the ſoul,
Parts it may ravage, but preſerves the whole.
On life's vaſt ocean diverſely we ſail,
Reaſon the card, but paſſion is the gale;

After ver. 86. in the MS.

Of good and evil Gods what frighted Fools,
Of good and evil Reaſon puzzl'd Schools.
Deceiv'd, deceiving, taught—

Nor God alone in the ſtill calm we find,
He mounts the ſtorm, and walks upon the wind.
Paſſions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and ſoft'ned, in his work unite:
Theſe 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what compoſes Man, can Man deſtroy!
Suffice that Reaſon keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair pleaſure's ſmiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of pain,
Theſe mixt with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and ſhades, whoſe well accorded ſtrife
Gives all the ſtrength and colour of our life.
Pleaſures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when, in act, they ceaſe, in proſpect, riſe:
Preſent to graſp, and future ſtill to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All ſpread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent ſenſes, diff'rent objects ſtrike;
Hence diff'rent Paſſions more or leſs inflame,
As ſtrong or weak, the organs of the frame;

After ver. 108. in the MS.

A tedious Voyage! where how uſeles lies
The compaſs, if no pow'rful guſts ariſe?

After ver. 112. in the MS.

The ſoft reward the virtuous, or invite;
The fierce, the vicious puniſh or affright.

And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breaſt,
Like Aaron's ſerpent, ſwallows up the reſt.
As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young diſeaſe, that muſt ſubdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and ſtrengthens with his ſtrength:
So, caſt and mingled with his very frame,
The Mind's diſeaſe, its RULING PASSION came;
Each vital humour which ſhould feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in ſoul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions ſpread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, Habit is its nurſe;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worſe;
Reaſon itſelf but gives it edge and pow'r;
As Heav'n's bleſt beam turns vinegar more ſour.
We, wretched ſubjects, tho' to lawful ſway,
In this weak queen, ſome fav'rite ſtill obey:
Ah! if ſhe lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can ſhe more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
A ſharp accuſer, but a helpleſs friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to perſuade
The choice we make, or juſtify it made;
Proud of an eaſy conqueſt all along,
She but removes weak paſſions for the ſtrong:
So, when ſmall humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driven them out.

Yes, Nature's road muſt ever be prefer'd;
Reaſon is here no guide, but ſtill a guard;
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this paſſion more as friend than foe:
A mightier Pow'r the ſtrong direction ſends,
And ſev'ral Men impells to ſev'ral ends:
Like varying winds, by other paſſions toſt,
This drives them conſtant to a certain coaſt.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, pleaſe,
Or (oft more ſtrong than all) the love of eaſe;
Thro' life 'tis follow'd ev'n at life's expence;
The merchants toil, the ſage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find Reaſon on their ſide.
Th' Eternal Art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this Paſſion our beſt principle:
'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his Nature mix'd;
The droſs cements what elſe were too refin'd,
And in one int'reſt body acts with mind.
As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On ſavage ſtocks inſerted, learn to bear;
The ſureſt virtues thus from Paſſions ſhoot,
Wild Nature's vigor working at the root.
What crops of wit and honeſty appear
From ſpleen, from obſtinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude ſupply;
Ev'n av'rice, prudence; ſloth, philoſophy;
Luſt, thro' ſome certain ſtrainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;

Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a ſlave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.
Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue neareſt to our vice ally'd:
Reaſon the byas turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery ſoul abhor'd in Cataline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The ſame ambition can deſtroy or ſave,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

After ver. 194. in the MS.

How oft with Paſſion, Virtue points her Charms!
Then ſhines the Hero, then the Patriot warms.
Peleus' great Son, or Brutus, who had known,
Had Lucrece been a Whore, or Helen none?
But Virtues oppoſite to make agree,
That, Reaſon! is thy taſk, and worthy Thee.
Hard taſk, cries Bibulus, and reaſon weak.
—Make it a point, dear Marquis, or a pique.
Once, for a whim, perſuade yourſelf to pay
A debt to reaſon, like a debt at play.
For right or wrong, have mortals ſuffer'd more?
B——— for his Prince, or ** for his Whore?
Whoſe ſelf-denials nature muſt controul?
His, who would ſave a Sixpence or his Soul?
Web for his health, a Chartreux for his Sin,
Contend they not which ſooneſt ſhall grow thin?
What we reſolve, we can; but here's the fault,
We ne'er reſolve to do the thing we ought.

This light and darkneſs in our chaos join'd,
What ſhall divide? The God within the mind.
Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
In Man they join to ſome myſterious uſe;
Tho' each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As, in ſome well-wrought picture, light and ſhade,
And oft ſo mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the Virtue or begins the Vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, ſoften, and unite
A thouſand ways, is there no black or white?
Aſk your own heart, and nothing is ſo plain;
'Tis to miſtake them, coſts the time and pain.
Vice is a monſter of ſo frightful mein,
As, to be hated, needs but to be ſeen;
Yet ſeen too oft, familiar with her face,
We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed:
Aſk where's the North? At York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the firſt degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he;

After ver. 220. in the firſt Edition followed theſe,

A Cheat! a Whore! who ſtarts not at the name,
In all the Inns of Court or Drury lane?

After ver. 226. in the MS.

The Col'nel ſwears the Agent is a dog,
The Scriv'ner vows th' Attorney is a rogue,

Ev'n thoſe who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures ſhrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man muſt be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wiſe;
And ev'n the beſt, by fits, what they deſpiſe.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it ſtill;
Each individual ſeeks a ſev'ral goal;
But HEAV'N's great view is One, and that the Whole.
That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That diſappoints the effect of ev'ry vice;
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the ſtateſman, raſhneſs to the chief,
To kings preſumption, and to crowds belief:
That, Virtue's ends from vanity can raiſe,
Which ſeeks no int'reſt, no reward but praiſe;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A maſter, or a ſervant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for aſſiſtance call,
'Till one man's weakneſs grows the ſtrength of all.

Againſt the Thief th' Attorney loud inveighs,
For whoſe ten pound the County twenty pays,
The Thief damns Judges, and the Knaves of State;
And dying, mourns ſmall Villains hang'd by great.

Wants, frailties, paſſions, cloſer ſtill ally
The common int'reſt, or endear the tie.
To theſe we owe true friendſhip, love ſincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the ſame we learn, in its decline,
Thoſe joys, thoſe loves, thoſe int'reſts to reſign;
Taught half by reaſon, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly paſs away.

Whate'er the Paſſion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himſelf.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple ſing,
The ſot a hero, lunatic a king;
The ſtarving chemiſt in his golden views
Supremely bleſt, the poet in his Muſe.

See ſome ſtrange comfort ev'ry ſtate attend,
And pride beſtow'd on all, a common friend:
See ſome fit paſſion ev'ry age ſupply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a ſtraw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuſe his riper ſtage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:

Pleas'd with this bauble ſtill, as that before;
'Till tir'd he ſleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.
Mean while Opinion gilds with varying rays
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happineſs by Hope ſupply'd,
And each vacuity of ſenſe by Pride:
Theſe build as faſt as knowledge can deſtroy;
In folly's cup ſtill laughs the bubble, joy;
One proſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain;
Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The ſcale to meaſure others wants by thine.
See! and confeſs, one comfort ſtill muſt riſe;
'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE III.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Society.

I. *THE whole Universe one system of Society*, ver. 7, etc. *Nothing made wholly for* itself, *nor yet wholly for* another, ver. 27. *The happiness of* Animals *mutual*, ver 49. II. Reason *or* Instinct *operate alike to the good of each Individual*, ver. 79. Reason *or* Instinct *operate also to Society in all animals*, ver. 109. III. *How far* Society *carried by Instinct*, ver. 115. *How much farther by Reason*, ver 128. IV. *Of that which is called the* State of Nature, ver. 144. *Reason instructed by Instinct in the invention of* Arts, ver. 166, *and in the Forms of* Society, ver. 176. V. *Origin of Political Societies*, ver. 196. *Origin of Monarchy*, ver. 207. *Patriarchal Government*, ver. 212. VI. *Origin of true Religion and Government, from the same principle, of Love*, ver. 231, etc. *Origin of Superstition and Tyranny, from the same principle, of Fear*, ver. 237, etc. *The Influence of Self-love operating to the* social *and* public *Good*, ver. 266. *Restoration of true Religion and Government on their first principle*, ver 285. *Mixt Government*, ver. 288. *Various Forms of each, and the true end of all*, ver. 300, etc.

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we reſt: "The Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madneſs of ſuperfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be preſent night and day;
But moſt be preſent, if we preach or pray.

Look round our World; behold the chain of Love
Combining all below and all above.
See plaſtic Nature working to this end,
The ſingle atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
Preſs to one centre ſtill, the gen'ral Good.
See dying vegetables life ſuſtain,
See life diſſolving vegetate again:
All forms that periſh other forms ſupply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
Like bubbles on the ſea of Matter born,
They riſe, they break, and to that ſea return.
Nothing is foreign; Parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preſerving Soul
Connects each being, greateſt with the leaſt;
Made Beaſt in aid of Man, and Man of Beaſt;

VER. 1. In ſeveral Edit. in 4to.

Learn, Dulneſs, learn! "The Univerſal Cauſe, etc.

Pl. X.

See some fit Passion every Age supply,
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Essay on Man, Ep. III.

All ſerv'd, all ſerving; nothing ſtands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown.

Has God, thou fool, work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy Table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpreads the flowry lawn:
Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures ſwell the note.
The bounding ſteed you pompouſly beſtride,
Shares with his lord the pleaſure and the pride.
Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtrews the plain?
The birds of heav'n ſhall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving ſteer:
The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children ſhall divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, "See all things for my uſe!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd gooſe:
And juſt as ſhort of reaſon He muſt fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

After ver. 46. in the former Editions.

What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him!
All this he knew; but not that 'twas to eat him.
As far as Gooſe could judge, he reaſon'd right;
But as to Man, miſtook the matter quite.

Grant that the pow'rful ſtill the weak controul;
Be man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole:
Nature that Tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, ſtooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, ſpare the dove!
Admires the jay the inſect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela ſings?
Man cares for all: To birds he gives his woods,
To beaſts his paſtures and to fiſh his floods;
For ſome his int'reſt prompts him to provide,
For more his pleaſure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy
Th' extenſive bleſſing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He ſaves from famine, from the ſavage ſaves;
Nay, feaſts the animal he dooms his feaſt,
And, till he ends the being, makes it bleſt:
Which ſees no more the ſtroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man, by touch etherial ſlain.
The creature had his feaſt of life before;
Thou too muſt periſh, when thy feaſt is o'er!
To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
Gives not the uſeleſs knowledge of its end:
To Man imparts it; but with ſuch a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:

Ver. 68. *Than favour'd Man, etc.*] Several of the ancients, and many of the orientals ſince, eſteemed thoſe who were ſtruck by lightning as ſacred perſons, and the particular favourites of Heaven.

The hour conceal'd, and ſo remote the fear,
Death ſtill draws nearer, never ſeeming near.
Great ſtanding miracle! that Heav'n aſſign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with Reaſon, or with Inſtinct bleſt,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which ſuits them beſt;
To bliſs alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full Inſtinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beſide?
Reaſon, however able, cool at beſt,
Cares not for ſervice, or but ſerves when preſt,
Stays 'till we call, and then not often near,
But honeſt Inſtinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'er-ſhoot, but juſt to hit!
While ſtill too wide or ſhort is human Wit;
Sure by quick Nature happineſs to gain,
Which heavier Reaſon labours at in vain.
This too ſerves always, Reaſon never long;
One muſt go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours!
And Reaſon raiſe o'er Inſtinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

VER. 84. in the MS.

While Man, with op'ning views of various ways
Confounded, by the aid of knowledge ſtrays:
Too weak to chuſe, yet chuſing ſtill in haſte,
One moment gives the pleaſure and diſtaſte.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To ſhun their poiſon, and to chuſe their food?
Preſcient, the tides or tempeſts to withſtand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the ſand?
Who made the ſpider parallels deſign,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the ſtork, Columbus-like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, ſtates the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliſs, and ſets its proper bounds:
But as he fram'd a Whole, the Whole to bleſs,
On mutual Wants built mutual Happineſs:
So from the firſt, eternal ORDER ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quick'ning æther keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or ſhoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuſe on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and ſwells the genial ſeeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the ſky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itſelf, but not itſelf alone,
Each ſex deſires alike, 'till two are one.
Nor ends the pleaſure with the fierce embrace;
They love themſelves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beaſt and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurſe it, and the ſires defend;
The young diſmiſs'd to wander earth or air,
There ſtops the Inſtinct, and there ends the care;

The link diſſolves, each ſeeks a freſh embrace,
Another love ſucceeds, another race.
A longer care Man's helpleſs kind demands;
That longer care contracts more laſting bands:
Reflection, Reaſon, ſtill the ties improve,
At once extend the int'reſt, and the love:
With choice we fix, with ſympathy we burn;
Each Virtue in each Paſſion takes its turn;
And ſtill new needs, new helps, new habits riſe,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another roſe,
Theſe nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual thoſe:
The laſt, ſcarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpleſs him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and fore-caſt juſt returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleaſure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
Still ſpread the int'reſt, and preſerv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly trod;
The ſtate of Nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and Social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of Man.
Pride then was not; not Arts, that Pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beaſt, joint tenant of the ſhade;
The ſame his table, and the ſame his bed;
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
In the ſame temple, the reſounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The ſhrine with gore unſtain'd, with gold undreſt,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, ſtood the blameleſs prieſt:

Heav'n's Attribute was Univerſal Care,
And man's prerogative, to rule, but ſpare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their ſpecies, and betrays his own.
But juſt diſeaſe to luxury ſucceeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The Fury-paſſions from that blood began,
And turn'd on Man, a fiercer ſavage, Man.
See him from Nature riſing ſlow to Art!
To copy Inſtinct then was Reaſon's part;
Thus then to Man the voice of Nature ſpake;—
"Go, from the Creatures thy inſtructions take:
"Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
"Learn from the beaſts the phyſic of the field;
"Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
"Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
"Learn of the little Nautilus to ſail,
"Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.

VER. 173 *Learn from the birds, &c.*] It is a caution commonly practiſed among Navigators, when thrown upon a deſert coaſt, and in want of refreſhments, to obſerve what fruits have been touched by the Birds; and to venture on theſe without further heſitation.

VER. 177. *Learn of the little Nautilus*] Oppian. Halicut. lib. i. deſcribes this fiſh in the following manner: "They "ſwim on the ſurface of the ſea, on the back of their ſhells, "which exactly reſembles the hulk of a ſhip; they raiſe two "feet like maſts, and extend a membrance between, which "ſerve as a ſail; the other two feet they employ as oars "at the ſide. They are uſually ſeen in the Mediterranean."

" Here too all forms of ſocial union find,
" And hence let Reaſon, late, inſtruct Mankind:
" Here ſubterranean works and cities ſee;
" There towns aërial on the waving tree.
" Learn each ſmall People's genius, policies,
" The Ant's republic, and the realm of Bees;
" How thoſe in common all their wealth beſtow,
" And Anarchy without confuſion know;
" And theſe for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
" Their ſep'rate cells and properties maintain.
" Mark what unvary'd laws preſerve each ſtate,
" Laws wiſe as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
" In vain thy Reaſon finer webs ſhall draw,
" Entangle Juſtice in her net of Law,
" And right too rigid, harden into wrong;
" Still for the ſtrong too weak, the weak too ſtrong.
" Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures ſway,
" Thus let the wiſer make the reſt obey;
" And for thoſe Arts mere Inſtinct could afford,
" Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as God ador'd."

V. Great Nature ſpoke; obſervant Man obey'd;
Cities were built, Societies were made:
Here roſe one little ſtate; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear.

VER. 197. in the firſt Editions.

Who for thoſe Arts they learn'd of brutes before,
As Kings ſhall crown them, or as God adore.

VER. 201. *Here roſe one little ſtate, &c.*] In the MS. thus,

The Neighbours leagu'd to guard the common ſpot:
And Love was Nature's dictate, Murder, not.

Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the ſtreams in purer rills deſcend?
What War could raviſh, Commerce could beſtow,
And he return'd a friend who came a foe;
Converſe and Love mankind might ſtrongly draw,
When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
Thus States were form'd; the name of King unknown,
'Till common int'reſt plac'd the ſway in one.
'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms,
Diffuſing bleſſings, or averting harms)
The ſame which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
A Prince the Father of a People made.

VI. 'Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch ſate,
King, prieſt, and parent, of his growing ſtate;
On him, their ſecond Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
Draw forth the monſters of th' abyſs profound,
Or fetch th' aërial eagle to the ground.
'Till drooping, ſick'ning, dying they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man;

For want alone each animal contends;
Tigers with Tigers, that remov'd, are friends.
Plain Nature's wants the common mother crown'd,
She pour'd her acorns, herbs, and ſtreams around.
No Treaſure then for rapine to invade,
What need to fight for ſun-ſhine or for ſhade?
And half the cauſe of conteſt was remov'd,
When beauty could be kind to all who lov'd.

Then, looking up from ſire to ſire, explor'd
One great firſt father, and that firſt ador'd.
Or plain tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from ſire to ſon;
The worker from the work diſtinct was known,
And ſimple Reaſon never ſought but one:
Ere Wit oblique had broke that ſteddy light,
Man, like his Maker, ſaw that all was right;
To Virtue, in the paths of Pleaſure trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then;
For Nature knew no right divine in Men,
No ill could fear in God; and underſtood
A ſov'reign being, but a ſov'reign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran.
That was but love of God, and this of Man.
Who firſt taught ſouls enſlav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counter-work its Cauſe?
Force firſt made Conqueſt, and that conqueſt, Law;
'Till Superſtition taught the tyrant awe,
Then ſhar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made:
She, 'midſt the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's ſound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To pow'r unſeen, and mightier far than they.

She, from the rending earth, and burſting ſkies,
Saw Gods deſcend, and fiends infernal riſe:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bleſt abodes;
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods;
Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt,
Whoſe attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Luſt;
Such as the ſouls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on ſpite, and heav'n on pride.
Then ſacred ſeem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then firſt the Flamen taſted living food;
Next his grim idol ſmear'd with human blood!
With heav'n's own thunders ſhook the world below,
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.

So drives Self-love, thro' juſt and thro' unjuſt,
To one Man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, luſt:
The ſame Self-love, in all, becomes the cauſe
Of what reſtrains him, Government and Laws.
For, what one likes, if others like as well,
What ſerves one will, when many wills rebel?
How ſhall he keep, what, ſleeping or awake,
A weaker may ſurpriſe, a ſtronger take?
His ſafety muſt his liberty reſtrain:
All join to guard, what each deſires to gain.
Forc'd into Virtue thus, by Self-defence,
Ev'n Kings learn'd juſtice and benevolence:
Self-love forſook the path it firſt purſu'd,
And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the ſtudious head or gen'rous mind,
Follow'r of God, or friend of human-kind,
Poet or Patriot, roſe but to reſtore
The Faith and Moral, Nature gave before;
Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his ſhadow drew:
Taught Pow'r's due uſe to People and to Kings,
Taught nor to ſlack, nor ſtrain its tender ſtrings,
The leſs, or greater, ſet ſo juſtly true,
That touching one muſt ſtrike the other too;
'Till jarring int'reſts, of themſelves create
Th' according muſic of a well-mix'd State.
Such is the World's great harmony, that ſprings
From Order, Union, full Conſent of things:
Where ſmall and great, where weak and mighty, made
To ſerve, not ſuffer, ſtrengthen, not invade;
More pow'rful each as needful to the reſt,
And, in proportion as it bleſſes, bleſt;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beaſt, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.
For Forms of Government, let fools conteſt;
Whate'er is beſt adminiſter'd is beſt:
For Modes of Faith, let graceleſs zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whoſe life is in the right:
In Faith and Hope, the world will diſagree,
But all Mankind's concern is Charity:
All muſt be falſe that thwart this One great End;
And all of God, that bleſs Mankind, or mend.

Man, like the gen'rous vine, ſupported lives;
The ſtrength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;
So two conſiſtent motions act the Soul;
And one regards Itſelf, and one the Whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the ſame.

Pl. XI

Know then this Truth (enough for Man to know)
Virtue alone is Happyness below.

Essay on Man, Ep. IV.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE IV.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Happiness.

I. *FALSE Notions of Happiness, Philosophical and Popular, answered from* ver. 19 to 77. II. *It is the End of all Men, and attainable by all,* ver. 30. *God intends Happiness to be* equal; *and to be so, it must be* social, *since all particular Happiness depends on general, and since he governs by* general, *not* particular Laws, ver. 37. *As it is necessary for* Order, *and the peace and welfare of* Society, *that* external goods *should be* unequal, *Happiness is not made to consist in these,* ver. 51. *But, notwithstanding that inequality, the* balance *of Happiness among mankind is kept even by providence, by the two Passions of* Hope *and* Fear, ver. 70. III. *What the Happiness of* Individuals *is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the* good Man *has here the advantage,* ver. 77. *The error of imputing to* Virtue *what are only the calamities of* Nature, *or of* Fortune, ver. 94. IV. *The folly of expecting that God should alter his general Laws in favour of particulars,* ver. 121. V. *That we are not judges who are good; but that whoever they are, they must be happiest,* ver. 133. &c. VI. *That* external goods *are not the*

proper rewards, but often inconſiſtent with, or deſtructive of Virtue, ver. 167. *That even theſe can make no Man happy without Virtue: Inſtanced in* Riches, ver. 185. Honours, ver. 193. Nobility, ver. 205. Greatneſs, ver. 217. Fame, ver. 237. Superior Talents, ver. 259, &c. *With pictures of human infelicity in Men poſſeſſed of them all,* ver. 269, &c. VII. *That* Virtue only *conſtitutes a Happineſs, whoſe object is* univerſal, *and whoſe proſpect* eternal, ver. 309, &c. *That the* perfection *of* Virtue *and* Happineſs *conſiſts in a* conformity *to the* ORDER *of* PROVIDENCE *here, and a* Reſignation *to it here and hereafter,* ver. 326, &c.

EPISTLE IV.

OH HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleaſure, Eaſe, Content! whate'er thy name:
That ſomething ſtill which prompts th' eternal ſigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'er-look'd, ſeen double, by the fool, and wiſe.
Plant of celeſtial ſeed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to grow?
Fair op'ning to ſome Court's propitious ſhine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaſſian lawrels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harveſts of the field?
Where grows? where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the ſoil:
Fix'd to no ſpot is happineſs ſincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, ST JOHN! dwells with thee.
Aſk of the Learn'd the way? The Learn'd are blind;
This bids to ſerve, and that to ſhun mankind:

VER. 1. *Oh Happineſs! &c.*] in the MS. thus,

Oh Happineſs, to which we all aſpire,
Wing'd with ſtrong hope, and borne by full deſire;
That eaſe, for which in want, in wealth, we ſigh;
That eaſe, for which we labour and we die.

Some place the bliſs in action, ſome in eaſe,
Thoſe call it Pleaſure, and Contentment theſe;
Some ſunk to Beaſts, find pleaſure end in pain;
Some ſwell'd to Gods, confeſs ev'n Virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To truſt in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that Happineſs is Happineſs?

Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave;
All ſtates can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various paſſions as we pleaſe,
Equal is Common Senſe, and Common Eaſe.

Remember, Man, "the Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what Happineſs we juſtly call
Subſiſt not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a bleſſing Individuals find,
But ſome way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd Hermit, reſts ſelf-ſatisfy'd:
Who moſt to ſhun or hate Mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abſtract what others feel, what others think,
All pleaſures ſicken, and all glories ſink:
Each has his ſhare; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleaſure pays not half the pain.

Order is Heav'n's firſt law; and this confeſt,
Some are, and muſt be, greater than the reſt,

More rich, more wiſe; but who infers from hence
That ſuch are happier, ſhocks all common ſenſe.
Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confeſs,
If all are equal in their Happineſs:
But mutual wants this Happineſs increaſe;
All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumſtance is not the thing;
Bliſs is the ſame in ſubject, or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common bleſſing, as one common ſoul.
But Fortune's gifts if each alike poſſeſt,
And each were equal, muſt not all conteſt?
If then to all Men Happineſs was meant,
God in Externals could not place Content.
Fortune her gifts may variouſly diſpoſe,
And theſe be happy call'd, unhappy thoſe;

After ver. 52. in the MS.

Say not, "Heav'n's here profuſe, there poorly ſaves,
"And for one Monarch makes a thouſand ſlaves."
You'll find, when Cauſes and their Ends are known,
'Twas for the thouſand Heav'n has made that one.

After ver. 66. in the MS.

'Tis peace of mind alone is at a ſtay:
The reſt mad Fortune gives or takes away.
All other bliſs by accident's debar'd;
But Virtue's, in the inſtant, a reward:
In hardeſt trials operates the beſt,
And more is reliſh'd as the more diſtreſt.

But Heav'n's juſt balance equal will appear,
While thoſe are plac'd in Hope, and theſe in Fear:
Not preſent good or ill, the joy or curſe,
But future views of better or of worſe.

Oh ſons of earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the ſkies?
Heav'n ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raiſe.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere Mankind,
Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of Senſe,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health conſiſts with Temperance alone;
And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain:
But theſe leſs taſte them, as they worſe obtain.
Say, in purſuit of profit or delight,
Who riſks the moſt, that take wrong means, or right?
Of Vice or Virtue, whether bleſt or curſt,
Which meets contempt, or which compaſſion firſt?
Count all th' advantage proſp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from and diſdains:
And grant the bad what happineſs they wou'd,
One they muſt want, which is, to paſs for good.

Oh blind to truth, and God's whole ſcheme below,
Who fancy Bliſs to Vice, to Virtue Woe!

After ver. 92. in the MS.

Let ſober Moraliſts correct their ſpeech,
No bad man's happy: he is great, or rich.

Who ſees and follows that great ſcheme the beſt,
Beſt knows the bleſſing, and will moſt be bleſt.
But fools, the Good alone, unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the juſt!
See god-like TURENNE proſtrate on the duſt!
See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial ſtrife!
Was this their Virtue, or Contempt of Life?
Say, was it Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented DIGBY! ſunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the Sire?
Why drew Marſeilles' good biſhop purer breath,
When Nature ſicken'd, and each gale was death!
Or why ſo long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me?
What makes all phyſical and moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.
God ſends not ill; if rightly underſtood,
Or partial Ill is univerſal Good,
Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall,
Short, and but rare, 'till Man improv'd it all.
We juſt as wiſely might of Heav'n complain
That righteous Abel was deſtroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous ſon is ill at eaſe
When his lewd father gave the dire diſeaſe.

After ver. 116. in the MS.

Of ev'ry evil, ſince the world began,
The real ſource is not in God, but man.

Think we, like some weak Prince, th' Eternal Cause
Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?
Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or sea new motions be impress,
Oh blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?
But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have?
A kingdom of the just then let it be:
But first consider how those just agree.
The good must merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of hell;
If Calvin feel Heav'n's blessing, or its rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God.
What shocks one part will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be blest.

Ver. 123. *Shall burning* Ætna, *&c.*] Alluding to the fate of those two great Naturalists, Empedocles and Pliny, who both perish'd by too near an approach to Ætna and Vesuvius, while they were exploring the cause of their eruptions.

After ver. 142. in some Editions,

Give each a System, all must be at strife;
What, diff'rent Systems for a Man and Wife?

The very beſt will variouſly incline,
And what rewards your Virtue, puniſh mine.
WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæſar—but for Titus too;
And which more bleſt? who chain'd his country, ſay,
Or he whoſe Virtue ſigh'd to loſe a day?
"But ſometimes Virtue ſtarves, while Vice is fed."
What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread?
That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deſerves it, when he tills the ſoil,
The knave deſerves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
"No—ſhall the good want Health, the good want
"Pow'r?
Add Health and Pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,
"Why bounded Pow'r! why private? why no king?"
Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n?
Who aſk and reaſon thus, will ſcarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give:
Immenſe the pow'r, immenſe were the demand;
Say at what part of nature will they ſtand?
What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The ſoul's calm ſun-ſhine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's prize: A better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and ſix,

Juſtice a Conqu'ror's ſword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a Crown.
Weak, fooliſh man! will Heav'n reward us there
With the ſame traſh mad mortals wiſh for here?
The Boy and Man an individual makes,
Yet ſigh'ſt thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in an other life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:
As well as dream ſuch trifles are aſſign'd,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
No joy, or be deſtructive of the thing:
How oft by theſe at ſixty are undone
The virtues of a ſaint at twenty-one!
To whom can Riches give Repute, or Truſt,
Content, or Pleaſure, but the Good or Juſt?
Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,
Eſteem and Love were never to be ſold.
O fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human-kind,
Whoſe life is healthful, and whoſe Conſcience clear,
Becauſe he wants a thouſand pounds a-year.
Honour and ſhame from no Condition riſe;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in Men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;

After ver. 172. in the MS.

Say, what rewards this idle world imparts,
Or fit for ſearching heads or honeſt hearts.

The cobler apron'd, and the parſon gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl!"
I'll tell you, friend! a wiſe man and a Fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parſon will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The reſt is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with ſtrings,
That thou may'ſt be by kings, or whores of kings.
Boaſt the pure blood of an illuſtrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your father's worth if your's you rate,
Count me thoſe only who were good and great.
Go, ! if your antient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' ſcoundrels ever ſince the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own, your fathers have been fools ſo long.
What can ennoble ſots, or ſlaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.

Look next on Greatneſs; ſay where Greatneſs lies?
"Where, but among the Heroes and the Wiſe?"

VER. 207. *Boaſt the pure blood, etc.*] in the MS. thus

The richeſt blood, right-honourably old,
Down from Lucretia to Lucretia roll'd,
May ſwell thy heart and gallop in thy breaſt,
Without one daſh of uſher or of prieſt:
Thy pride as much deſpiſe all other pride,
As Chriſt Church once all colleges beſide.

Heroes are much the ſame, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole ſtrange purpoſe of their lives, to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward ſtill he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his noſe.
No leſs alike the Politic and Wiſe:
All ſly ſlow things, with circumſpective eyes;
Men in their looſe ungarded hours they take,
Not that themſelves are wiſe, but others weak.
But grant that thoſe can conquer, theſe can cheat;
'Tis phraſe abſurd to call a Villain Great:
Who wickedly is wiſe, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, ſmiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.
What's Fame? a fancy'd life in others breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Juſt what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The ſame (my Lord) if Tully's or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the ſmall circle of our foes or friends;
To all beſide as much an empty ſhade
An Eugene living, as a Cæſar dead;
Alike or when, or where, they ſhone or ſhine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A Wit's a feather, and a Chief a rod;
neſt Man's the nobleſt work of God.

Fame but from death a villain's name can ſave,
As juſtice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were reſign'd,
Is hung on high' to poiſon half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true deſert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One ſelf-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of ſtupid ſtarers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæſar with a Senate at his heels.
In Parts ſuperior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wiſe?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To ſee all others faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in buſ'neſs or in arts to drudge,
Without a ſecond, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or ſave a ſinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few underſtand.
Painful preheminence! yourſelf to view
Above life's weakneſs, and its comforts too.
Bring then theſe bleſſings to a ſtrict account;
Make fair deductions; ſee to what they mount:
How much of other each is ſure to coſt,
How each for other oft is wholly loſt;
How inconſiſtent greater goods with theſe;
How ſometimes life is riſqu'd, and always eaſe:
Think, and if ſtill the things thy envy call,
Say, would'ſt thou be the Man to whom they fall
To ſigh for ribbands if thou art ſo ſilly,
Mark how thy grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.

Is yellow dirt the paſſion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon ſhin'd,
The wiſeſt, brighteſt, meaneſt of mankind:
Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a Name,
See Cromwell damn'd to everlaſting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient ſtory learn to ſcorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd and great,
See the falſe ſcale of Happineſs complete!
In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
How happy thoſe to ruin, theſe betray.
Mark by what wrethed ſteps their glory grows,
From dirt and ſea-weed as proud Venice roſe;
In each how guilt and greatneſs equal ran,
And all that rais'd the Hero, ſunk the Man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But ſtain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold:
Then ſee them broke with toils, or ſunk in eaſe,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to ſhine, or ſanctify'd from ſhame!
What greater bliſs attends their cloſe of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd arches, ſtory'd halls invade,
And haunt their ſlumbers in the pompous ſhade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
T ale, that blends their glory with their ſhame!

Know then this truth (enough for Man to know)
"Virtue alone is happineſs below."
The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only Merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſt in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
And if it loſe, attended with no pain:
Without ſatiety, tho' e'er ſo bleſs'd,
And but more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd:
The broadeſt mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Leſs pleaſing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good, from its object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppreſs'd;
Never dejected, while another's bleſs'd;
And where no wants no wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more Virtue is to gain.
See the ſole bliſs Heav'n could on all beſtow!
Which who but feels can taſte, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad muſt miſs, the good, untaught, will find.

After. ver. 316. In the MS.

Ev'n while it ſeems unequal to diſpoſe,
And checquers all the good Man's joys with woes,
'Tis but to teach him to ſupport each ſtate,
With patience this, with moderation that;
And raiſe his baſe on that one ſolid joy,
Which conſcience gives, and nothing can deſtroy

Slave to no ſect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro' Nature, up to Nature's God :
Purſues that Chain which links th' immenſe deſign,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine ;
Sees, that no being any bliſs can know,
But touches ſome above, and ſome below ;
Learns, from this union of the riſing Whole,
The firſt, laſt purpoſe of the human ſoul ;
And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
All end in LOVE OF GOD and LOVE OF MAN.
For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul :
'Till lengthn'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.
He ſees, why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliſs, and Faith in bliſs unknown :
(Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they ſeek they find)
Wiſe is her preſent ; ſhe connects in this
His greateſt Virtue with his greateſt Bliſs
At once his own bright proſpect to be bleſt,
And ſtrongeſt motive to aſſiſt the reſt.
  Self-love thus puſh'd to ſocial, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbours bleſſing thine.
Is this too little for the boundleſs heart ?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part :
Graſp the whole worlds of Reaſon, Life, and Senſe,
In one cloſe ſyſtem of Benevolence :
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of Bliſs but height of Charity.

God loves from Whole to Parts: But human ſoul
Muſt riſe from Individual to the Whole.
Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle ſtrait ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breaſt.
Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
Oh maſter of the poet, and the ſong!
And while the muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To Man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;
Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;
Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.

VER. 373. *Come then, my Friend! etc.*] In the MS. thus,

And now tranſported o'er ſo vaſt a Plain,
While the wing'd courſer flies with all her rein,
While heav'n-ward now her mounting wing ſhe feels,
Now ſcatter'd fools fly trembling from her heels,
Wilt thou, my St John! keep her courſe in ſight,
Confine her fury, and aſſiſt her flight.

Oh! while along the ſtream of Time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When ſtateſmen, heroes, kings, in duſt repoſe,
Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's falſe mirror held up Nature's light;
Shew'd erring pride, WHATEVER IS IS RIGHT;
That REASON, PASSION, anſwer one great aim;
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the ſame;
That VIRTUE only makes our Bliſs below;
And all our Knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

VER. 397. *That Virtue only, etc.*] in the MS. thus,

That juſt to find a God is all we can,
And all the ſtudy of Mankind is Man.

THE

Universal Prayer.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry Age,
In e'ery Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood:
Who all my Sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark Estate,
To see the Good from Ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the Human Will.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to shun,
That, more than Heav'n pursue.

What Bleſſings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid when Man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
Thy goodneſs let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thouſand Worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy Foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay:
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from fooliſh Pride,
Or impious Diſcontent,
At aught thy wiſdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy Goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's Woe,
To hide the Fault I ſee;
What Mercy I to others ſhow,
That Mercy ſhow to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly ſo,
  Since quick'ned by thy Breath;
O lead me whereſoe'er I go,
  Thro' this day's Life or Death.

This day, be Bread and Peace my Lot:
  All elſe beneath the Sun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
  And let thy Will be done.

To Thee, whoſe Temple is all Space,
  Whoſe Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies!
One Chorus let all Being raiſe!
  All Nature's Incenſe riſe!

MORAL ESSAYS,

IN

FOUR EPISTLES,

TO

Several Perſons.

Eſt brevitate opus, ut currat ſententia, neu ſe
Impediat verbis laſſas onerantibus aures:
Et ſermone opus eſt modo triſti, ſæpe jocoſo,
Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poetæ,
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas conſultò. HOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ESSAY ON MAN was intended to have been compriſed in Four Books:

The *Firſt* of which, the Author has given us under that title, in four Epiſtles.

The *Second* was to have conſiſted of the ſame number: 1. Of the extent and limits of human Reaſon. 2. Of thoſe Arts and Sciences, and of the parts of them, which are uſeful, and therefore attainable, together with thoſe which are unuſeful, and therefore unattainable. 3. Of the Nature, Ends, Uſe, and Application of the different Capacities of Men. 4. Of the Uſe of Learning, of the Science of the World, and of Wit; concluding with a Satire againſt a Miſapplication of them, illuſtrated by Pictures, Characters, and Examples.

The *Third* Book regarded Civil Regimen, or the Science of Politics, in which the ſeveral forms of a Republic were to be examined and explained, together with the ſeveral Modes of Religious Worſhip, as far forth as they affect Society; between which the Author always ſuppoſed there was the moſt intereſting relation and cloſeſt connection; ſo that this part would have treated of Civil and Religious Society in thir full extent.

The *Fourth* and laſt Book concerned private Ethics, or practical Morality, conſidered in all the Circumſtances, Orders, Profeſſions, and Stations of human Life.

The Scheme of all this had been maturely digeſted, and communicated to L. Bolingbroke, Dr Swift, and one or two more, and was intended for the only work of his riper Years; but was, partly through ill health, partly through diſcouragements from the depravity of the times, and partly on prudential and other conſiderations, interrupted, poſtponed, and, laſtly, in a manner laid aſide.

But as this was the Author's favourite Work, which more exactly reflected the Image of his ſtrong capacious Mind, and as we can have but a very imperfect idea of it from the *diſjecta membra Poetæ* that now remain, it may not be amiſs to be a little more particular concerning each of theſe projected books.

The FIRST, as it treats of Man in the abſtract, and conſiders him in general under every one of his relations, becomes the foundation, and furniſhes out the ſubjects, of the *three* following; ſo that

The SECOND Book was to take up again the *Firſt* and *Second* Epiſtles of the *Firſt* Book, and treats of Man in his intellectual Capacity at large, as has been explained above. Of this, only a ſmall part of the concluſion (which, as we ſaid, was to have contained a Satire againſt the miſapplication of Wit and Learning) may be found in the *Fourth* Book of the *Dunciad*, and up and down, occaſionally, in the other *three*.

The THIRD Book, in like manner, was to reaſſume the ſubject of the *Third* Epiſtle of the *Firſt*, which treats of Man in his Social, Political, and Religious Capacity. But this part the Poet afterwards conceived might be beſt executed in an EPIC POEM; as the Action would make it more animated, and the Fable leſs invidious; in which all the great Principles of true and falſe Governments and Religions ſhould be chiefly delivered in feigned Examples.

The FOURTH and laſt Book, was to purſue the ſubject of the *Fourth* Epiſtle of the *Firſt*, and treats of *Ethics*, or practical Morality; and would have conſiſted of many members; of which the four following Epiſtles were detached Portions: The *two firſt*, on the *Characters of Men and Women*, being the *introductory* part of this concluding Book.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE I.

TO

Sir Richard Temple, L. Cobham.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Knowledge *and* Characters *of* Men.

THAT it is not sufficient for this Knowledge to consider Man in the Abstract: Books *will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own* Experience *singly*, ver. 1. *General maxims, unless they be formed upon* both, *will be but notional*, ver. 10. *Some Peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself*, ver. 15. *Difficulties arising from our own Passions, Fancies, Faculties*, etc. ver. 31. *The shortness of Life to observe in, and the uncertainty of the* Principles of action *in men to observe by*, ver. 37, etc. *Our* own *Principle of action often hid from ourselves*, ver. 41. *Some few Characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent*, ver. 51. *The same man utterly different in different places and seasons*, ver. 71. *Unimaginable weaknesses in the great-*

eſt, ver. 70, etc. *Nothing conſtant and certain but* God *and* Nature, ver. 95. *No judging of the* Motives *from the actions; the ſame actions proceeding from contrary Motives, and the ſame Motives influencing contrary actions*, ver. 100. II. *Yet to form* Characters, *we can only take the* ſtrongeſt actions *of a man's life, and try to make them* agree: *The utter uncertainty of this, from* Nature *itſelf, and from* Policy, ver. 120. Characters *given according to the* rank *of men of the world*, ver. 135. *And ſome reaſon for it*, ver. 140. Education *alters the* Nature, *or at leaſt* Character, *of many*, ver. 149. Actions, Paſſions, Opinions, Manners, Humours, *or* Principles, *all ſubject to change. No judging by* Nature, *from* ver. 158 *to* ver. 178. III. *It only remains to find (if we can) his* RULING PASSION: *That will certainly influence all the reſt, and can reconcile the ſeeming or real inconſiſtency of all his actions*, ver. 175. *Inſtanced in the extraordinary character of* Clodio, ver. 179. *A caution againſt miſtaking* ſecond qualities *for* firſt, *which will deſtroy all poſſibility of the knowledge of mankind*, ver 210. *Examples of the ſtrength of the* Ruling Paſſion, *and its continuation to the laſt breath*, ver. 222, etc.

Pl. XII.

The proper Study of Mankind is MAN.

Essay on Man.

EPISTLE I.

YES, you deſpiſe the man to Books confin'd,
Who from his ſtudy rails at human kind;
Tho' what he learns he ſpeaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, ſo talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave,
Tho' many a paſſenger he rightly call,
You hold him no Philoſopher at all.
And yet the fate of all extremes is ſuch,
Men may be read, as well as Books, too much.
To obſervations which ourſelves we make,
We grow more partial for th' Obſerver's ſake;
To written Wiſdom as another's, leſs:
Maxims are drawn from Notions, thoſe from Gueſs.
There's ſome Peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or ſome varying vein:
Shall only Man be taken in the groſs?
Grant but as many ſorts of Mind as Moſs.
That each from other differs, firſt confeſs;
Next, that he varies from himſelf no leſs:
Add Nature's, Cuſtom's, Reaſon's, Paſſion's ſtrife,
And all Opinion's colours caſt on life.
Our depths who fathoms, or our ſhallows finds,
Quick whirls, and ſhifting eddies, of our minds?

VER. 18. There are above 300 ſorts of Moſs obſerved by Naturaliſts.

On human actions reaſon tho' you can,
It may be reaſon, but it is not Man:
His Principle of action once explore,
That inſtant 'tis his Principle no more.
Like following life thro' creatures you diſſect,
You loſe it in the moment you detect.

Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
The optics ſeeing, as the objects ſeen.
All Manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come diſcolour'd thro' our Paſſions ſhown.
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thouſand dyes.

Nor will Life's ſtream for obſervation ſtay,
It hurries all too faſt to mark their way:
In vain ſedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we muſt ſnatch, not take.
Oft in the Paſſion's wild rotation toſt,
Our ſpring of action to ourſelves is loſt:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the laſt we yield,
And what comes then is maſter of the field:
As the laſt image of the troubled heap,
When ſenſe ſubſides, and Fancy ſports in ſleep,
(Tho' paſt the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the ſtuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cauſe of moſt we do.

True, ſome are open, and to all men known;
Others ſo very cloſe they're hid from none;
(So darkneſs ſtrikes the ſenſe no leſs than Light)
Thus gracious CHANDOS is belov'd at ſight;

And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his ſoul
Still ſits at ſquat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 'tis Virtue, for he thinks them knaves:
When univerſal homage Umbra pays,
All ſee 'tis Vice, and itch of vulgar praiſe.
When Flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a Queen,
While one there is who charms us with his Spleen.
  But theſe plain Characters we rarely find;
Tho' ſtrong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
Or puzzling Contraries confound the Whole;
Or Affectations quite reverſe the ſoul;
The dull, flat Falſhood ſerves, for policy:
And in the Cunning, Truth itſelf's a lye:
Unthought of Frailties cheat us in the Wiſe;
The Fool lies hid in inconſiſtencies.
  See the ſame man, in vigor, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at Buſ'neſs, and at Hazard late;
Mad at a Fox-chaſe, wiſe at a Debate;
Drunk at a Borough, civil at a Ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithleſs at Whitehall.
  Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save juſt at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
A Rogue with Ven'ſon to a Saint without.
  Who would not praiſe Patricio's high deſert.
His hand unſtain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehenſive head! all int'reſts weigh'd,
All Europe ſav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.

He thanks you not, his Pride is in Picquette,
Newmarket-fame, and judgment at a Bett.

What made (ſay Montagne, or more ſage Charron!)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjur'd Prince a leaden ſaint revere,
A godleſs Regent tremble at a Star?
The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,
Faithleſs thro' Piety, and dup'd thro' Wit?
Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule,
And juſt her wiſeſt monarch make a fool?

After ver. 86. in the former Editions,

Triumphant leaders, at an army's head,
Hemm'd round with glories, pilfer cloth or bread;
As meanly plunder as they bravely fought,
Now ſave a People, and now ſave a groat.

Ver. 89. *A perjur'd Prince*] Louis XI. of France, wore in his Hat a leaden image of the Virgin Mary, which when he ſwore by, he feared to break his oath.

Ver. 90. *A godleſs Regent tremble at a Star?*] Philip Duke of Orleans, Regent of France in the minority of Louis XV. ſuperſtitious in judicial aſtrology, though an unbeliever in all religion.

Ver. 91. *The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,*] Philip V. of Spain, who, after renouncing the throne for Religion, reaſſumed it to gratify his Queen, and Victor Amadeus II King of Sardinia, who reſigned the crown, and trying to reaſſume it, was impriſoned 'till his death.

Ver. 93. *Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule, — And juſt her wiſeſt monarch made a fool?*] The Czarina, the King of France, the Pope, and the above mentioned King of Sardinia.

Know God and Nature only are the ſame:
In man the judgment ſhoots at flying game;
A bird of paſſage! gone as ſoon as found,
Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground.
In vain the ſage, with retroſpective eye,
Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why,
Infer the Motive from the Deed, and ſhew,
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
Behold! If Fortune or a Miſtreſs frowns,
Some plunge in buſ'neſs, others ſhave their crowns:
To eaſe the ſoul of one oppreſſive weight,
This quits an Empire, that embroils a State:
The ſame aduſt complexion has impell'd
Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.
Not always Actions ſhew the man: we find
Who does a kindneſs, is not therefore kind;
Perhaps Proſperity becalm'd his breaſt,
Perhaps the Wind juſt ſhifted from the eaſt:
Not therefore humble he who ſeeks retreat,
Pride guides his ſteps, and bids him ſhun the great:
Who combats bravely, is not therefore brave,
He dreads a death-bed like the meaneſt ſlave:
Who reaſons wiſely is not therefore wiſe,
His pride in Reas'ning, not in acting lies.
But grant that actions beſt diſcover man;
Take the moſt ſtrong, and Sort then as you can.

Ver. 108. Charles V. Philip II.

The few that glare, each character muſt mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with ſuch as diſagree?
Suppreſs them or miſcall them policy?
Muſt then at once (the character to ſave)
The plain rough Hero turn a crafty Knave?
Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was ſick, in love, or had not din'd.
Aſk why from Britain Cæſar would retreat;
Cæſar himſelf might whiſper he was beat.
Why riſk the world's great empire for a Punk!
Cæſar perhaps might anſwer he was drunk.
But, ſage hiſtorians! 'tis your taſk to prove
One action Conduct; one, heroic Love.
'Tis from high Life high Characters are drawn;
A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn;
A Judge is juſt, a Chanc'lor juſtier ſtill;
A Gownman, learn'd; a Biſhop, what you will;
Wiſe, if a miniſter; but, if a King,
More wiſe, more learn'd, more juſt, more ev'ry thing.
Court-Virtues bear, like Gems, the higheſt rate,
Born where heav'n's influence ſcarce can penetrate:
In life's low vale, the ſoil the Virtues like,
They pleaſe as beauties, here as wonders ſtrike.
Tho' the ſame ſun with all-diffuſive rays
Bluſh in the roſe, and in the Di'mond blaze,

VER. 129. In the former Editions;

Aſk why from Britain Cæſar made retreat,
Cæſar himſelf would tell you he was beat.
The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a Punk?
The mighty Czar would tell you he was drunk.

We prize the ſtronger effort of his pow'r,
And juſtly ſet the Gem above the Flow'r.
'Tis Education forms the common mind,
Juſt as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclin'd.
Boaſtful and rough, your firſt Son is a 'Squire;
The next a Tradeſman, meek, and much a lyar;
Tom ſtruts a ſoldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will ſneaks a Scriv'ner, an exceeding knave:
Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of pow'r:
A Quaker? ſly: A Preſbyterian? ſow'r:
A ſmart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.
Aſk mens Opinions: Scoto now ſhall tell
How Trade increaſes, and the world goes well;
Strike off his Penſion, by the ſetting ſun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.
That gay Free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a ſtupid ſilent dunce?
Some God, or Spirit he has lately found:
Or chanc'd to meet a Miniſter that frown'd.
Judge we by Nature? Habit can efface,
Int'reſt o'ercome, or Policy take place:
By Actions? thoſe Uncertainty divides:
By Paſſions? theſe Diſſimulation hides:
Opinions? they ſtill take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.
Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn with Climes,
Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.
Search then the RULING PASSION: There alone,
The Wild are conſtant and the Cunning known;

The Fool conſiſtent, and the Falſe ſincere;
Prieſts, Princes, Women, no diſemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the reſt,
The proſpect clears, and Wharton ſtands confeſt.
Wharton, the ſcorn and wonder of our days,
Whoſe ruling Paſſion was the Luſt of Praiſe:
Born with whate'er could win it from the Wiſe,
Women and Fools muſt like him or he dies;
Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he ſpoke,
The Club muſt hail him maſter of the joke.
Shall parts ſo various aim at nothing new?
He'll ſhine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the ſame ſpirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Frier.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honeſt heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And moſt contemptible, to ſhun contempt;
His Paſſion ſtill to covet gen'ral praiſe,
His Life, to forfeit it a thouſand ways;
A conſtant Bounty which no friend has made;
An angel Tongue, which no man can perſuade;
A Fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
Too raſh for Thought, for Action too refin'd:
A Tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A Rebel to the very king he loves;

Ver. 187. John Wilmot, E. of Rocheſter, famous for his Wit and Extravagancies in the time of Charles II.

He dies, ſad outcaſt of each church and ſtate,
And harder ſtill! flagitious, yet not great.
Aſk you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the Knaves ſhould call him fool.
Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.
Yet, in this ſearch, the wiſeſt may miſtake,
If ſecond qualities for firſt they take.
When Cataline by rapine ſwell'd his ſtore;
When Cæſar made a noble dame a whore;
In this the Luſt, in that the Avarice
Were means, not ends; Ambition was the vice.
That very Cæſar born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd like him, by Chaſtity at praiſe.
Lucullus, when Frugality could charm,
Had roaſted turnips in the Sabine farm.
In vain th' obſerver eyes the builder's toil,
But quite miſtakes the ſcaffold for the pile.
In this one paſſion man can ſtrength enjoy,
As Fits give vigor, juſt when they deſtroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it ſticks to our laſt ſand.
Conſiſtent in our follies and our ſins,
Here honeſt Nature ends as ſhe begins.
Old Politicians chew on wiſdom paſt,
And totter on in bus'neſs to the laſt;

In the former Editions, ver, 208.

Nature well known no *Miracles* remain.

Ver. 213.—*A noble Dame a whore;*] The ſiſter of Cato, and mother of Brutus.

As weak, as earneſt; and as gravely out,
As ſober Lanesb'row dancing in the gout.
Behold a rev'rend ſire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameleſs race,
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely preſs'd
By his own ſon, that paſſes by unbleſs'd:
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry ſparrow that he ſees.
A ſalmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late:
"Mercy! cries Helluo, mercy on my ſoul!
"Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl."
The frugal Crone, whom praying Prieſts attend,
Still ſtrives to ſave the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that Puff expires.
"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a Saint provoke,
(Were the laſt words that poor Narciſſa ſpoke)

VER. 231. *Lanesb'row*] An ancient Nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were diſabled by the gout. Upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, he demanded an audience of the Queen, to adviſe her to preſerve her health and diſpel her grief by *Dancing*.

VER. 242. *The frugal Crone,*] A fact told him of a Lady at Paris.

VER. 247.— *The laſt words that poor Narciſſa ſpoke*] This ſtory as well as the others, is founded on fact, though the author did not mention the names. Several attribute this in particular to a very celebrated Actreſs, who, in deteſtation of the thought of being buried in woollen, gave theſe her laſt orders with her dying breath.

" No, let a charming Chintz, and Bruſſels lace
" Wrap my cold limbs, and ſhade my lifeleſs face:
" One would not, ſure, be frightful when one's dead---
" And—Betty—give this Cheek a little Red."
The Courtier ſmooth, who forty years had ſhin'd
An humble ſervant to all human kind,
Juſt brought out this, when ſcarce his tongue could ſtir,
" If—where I'm going—I could ſerve you, Sir?"
" I give and I deviſe (old Euclio ſaid,
And ſigh'd) " my lands and tenements to Ned."
Your money, Sir? —" " My money, Sir, what all?
" Why,—If I muſt—(then wept) I give it Paul."
The Manor, Sir?—" The Manor! hold, he cry'd,
" Not that,—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.
And you! brave COBHAM, to the lateſt breath
Shall feel your ruling paſſion ſtrong in death:
Such in thoſe moments as in all the paſt,
" Oh, ſave my Country, Heav'n!" ſhall be your laſt.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE II.

TO

A LADY.

Of the Characters *of* Women.

NOTHING ſo true as what you once let fall,
"Moſt Women have no Characters at all."
Matter too ſoft a laſting mark to bear,
And beſt diſtinguiſh'd by black, brown, or fair.
How many Pictures of one Nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's Counteſs, here in ermin'd pride,
Is there, Paſtora by a fountain ſide.
Here Fannia leering on her own good man,
And there, a naked Leda with a Swan.
Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalen's looſe hair and lifted eye,
Or dreſt in ſmiles of ſweet Cecilia ſhine,
With ſimp'ring Angels, Palms, and Harps divine;
Whether the Charmer ſinner it, or ſaint it,
If Folly grow romantic, I muſt paint it.

N. v. Frankendael sculps.

In Men, we various ruling Paſsions find,
In Woman, two almost devide the kind:
Those only fixd, they first or last obey,
The love of Pleasure, and the love of Sway.

Char. of Women.

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air;
Chuſe a firm Cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere ſhe change, the Cynthia of this minute.
Rufa, whoſe eye quick-glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a Spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa ſtudying Locke,
As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty ſmock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greazy taſk,
With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning Maſk:
So morning Inſects that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the ſetting ſun.
How ſoft is Silia! fearful to offend;
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend.
To her, Caliſta prov'd her conduct nice;
And good Simplicius aſks of her advice.
Sudden, ſhe ſtorms! ſhe raves! You tip the wink,
But ſpare your cenſure; Silia does not drink.
All eyes may ſee from what the change aroſe,
All eyes may ſee—a Pimple on her noſe.
Papillia, wedded to her am'rous ſpark,
Sighs for the ſhades—"How charming is a Park!"
A Park is purchas'd, but the Fair he ſees
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious Trees!"

Ver. 21. Inſtances of contrarieties, given even from ſuch Characters as are moſt ſtrongly marked, and ſeemingly therefore moſt conſiſtent: As, I. In the *Affected*, ver. 21, etc.

Ver. 29, and 37. II. Contrarieties in the *Soft-natured*.

Ladies, like variegated Tulips, ſhow,
'Tis to their Changes half their Charms we owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy Spots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypſo once each heart alarm'd,
Aw'd without Virtue, without Beauty charm'd;
Her Tongue bewitch'd as odly as her Eyes,
Leſs Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than wiſe;
Strange Graces ſtill, and ſtranger flights ſhe had,
Was juſt not ugly, and was juſt not mad;
Yet ne're ſo ſure our paſſion to create,
As when ſhe touch'd the brink of all we hate.
Narciſſa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a waſh, would hardly ſtew a child;
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a Lover's pray'r,
And paid a Tradeſman once to make him ſtare;
Gave alms at Eaſter, in a Chriſtian trim,
And made a Widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare Good-nature is her ſcorn,
When 'tis by that alone ſhe can be born?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to Pleaſure, yet a ſlave to Fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking Citron with his Grace and Chartres:
Now conſcience chills her, and now Paſſion burns;
And Atheiſm and Religion take their turns,

Ver. 45. III. Contrarieties in the *Cunning* and *Artful*.

Ver. 53 IV. in the *Whimſical*.

A very Heathen in the carnal part,
Yet ſtill a ſad, good Chriſtian at her heart.
See Sin in State, majeſtically drunk;
Proud as a Peereſs, prouder as a Punk:
Chaſte to her Huſband, frank to all beſide,
A teeming Miſtreſs, but a barren Bride.
What then? let Blood and Body bear the fault,
Her Head's untouch'd, that noble Seat of Thought:
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She ſins with Poets thro' pure Love of Wit.
What has not fir'd her boſom or her brain?
Cæſar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlemaine.
As Helluo, late Dictator of the Feaſt,
The noſe of Hautgaut, and the Tip of Taſte,
Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
So Philomedé, lect'ring all mankind
On the ſoft Paſſion, and the Taſte refin'd,
Th' Addreſs, the Delicacy—ſtoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a Dunce.
Flavia's a Wit, has too much ſenſe to pray;
To toaſt our wants and wiſhes, is her way;
Nor aſks of God, but of her Stars, to give
The mighty bleſſing, "while we live, to live."

VER. 69. V. in the *Lewd* and *Vicious*.

VER. 87. Contrarieties in the *Witty* and *Refined*.

VER. 77. *What has not fir'd, etc.*] In the MS.

In whoſe mad brain the mixt ideas roll
Of Tall-boy's breeches, and of Cæſar's ſoul.

Then all for Death, that Opiate of the ſoul!
Lucretia's dagger, Roſamonda's bowl.
Say what can cauſe ſuch impotence of mind?
A Spark too fickle, or a Spouſe too kind.
Wife Wretch! with Pleaſures too refin'd to pleaſe;
With too much Spirit to be e'er at eaſe;
With too much Quickneſs ever to be taught;
With too much Thinking to have common Thought;
You purchaſe pain with all that Joy can give,
And die of nothing but a Rage to live.

Turn then from Wits; and look on Simo's Mate,
No Aſs ſo meek, no Aſs ſo obſtinate.
Or her that owns her Faults but never mends,
Becauſe ſhe's honeſt, and the beſt of Friends.
Or her, whoſe life the Church and Scandal ſhare,
For ever in a paſſion, or a pray'r.
Or her, who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, "Ah! how charming if there's no ſuch place!"
Or who in ſweet vicifſitude appears
Of Mirth and Opium, Ratafie and Tears,
The daily Anodyne, and nightly Draught,
To kill thoſe foes to Fair ones, Time and Thought.
Woman and Fool are too hard things to hit;
For true No-meaning puzzles more than Wit.

But what are theſe to great Atoſſa's mind?
Scarce once herſelf, by turns all Womankind!
Who, with herſelf, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
Shines, in expoſing Knaves, and painting Fools,
Yet is, whate'er ſhe hates and ridicules.

No Thought advances, but her Eddy Brain
Whiſks it about, and down it goes again.
Full ſixty years the World has been her Trade,
The wiſeſt Fool much Time has ever made.
From loveleſs youth to unreſpected age,
No Paſſion gratify'd, except her Rage.
So much the Fury ſtill out-ran the Wit,
The Pleaſure miſs'd her, and the Scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes Revenge from Hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her ev'ry turn with Violence purſu'd,
Nor more a ſtorm her Hate than gratitude:
To that each Paſſion turns, or ſoon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, muſt make her hate:
Superiors? death! and Equals? what a Curſe;
But an Inferior not dependent? worſe.
Offend her, and ſhe knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and ſhe'll hate you while you live:
But die, and ſhe'll adore you—Then the Buſt
And Temple riſe—then fall again to duſt.
Laſt night, her Lord was all that's good and great;
A Knave this morning, and his Will a Cheat.
Strange! by the Means defeated of the Ends,
By Spirit robb'd of Pow'r, by Warmth of Friends,
By Wealth of Follow'rs! without one diſtreſs
Sick of herſelf thro' very ſelfiſhneſs!

After ver. 122. in the MS.

Oppreſs'd with wealth and wit, abundance ſad!
One makes her poor, the other makes her mad.

Atoſſa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
Childleſs with all her Children, wants an Heir.
To Heirs unknown deſcends th' ungarded ſtore,
Or wanders Heav'n-directed to the Poor.

Pictures like theſe, dear Madam, to deſign,
Aſks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wand'ring touches, ſome reflected light,
Some flying ſtroke alone can hit them right:
For how ſhould equal Colours do the knack?
Chameleons who can paint in white and black?

"Yet Chloe ſure was form'd without a ſpot"—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
"With ev'ry pleaſing, ev'ry prudent part,
"Say, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a Heart.
She ſpeaks, behaves, and acts juſt as ſhe ought,
But never, never, reach'd one gen'rous Thought.
Virtue ſhe finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in Decencies for ever.
So very reaſonable, ſo unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her Lover pants upon her breaſt,
Can mark the figures on an Indian cheſt;
And when ſhe ſees her Friend in deep deſpair,
Obſerves how much a Chintz exceeds Mohair.

VER. 148. in the MS.

This Death decides, nor lets the bleſſing fall
On any one ſhe hates, but on them all.
Curs'd chance! this only could afflict her more,
If any part ſhould wander to the poor.

Forbid it Heav'n, a Favour or a Debt
She e'er ſhould cancel—but ſhe may forget.
Safe is your ſecret ſtill in Chloe's ear;
But none of Chloe's ſhall you ever hear.
Of all her Dears ſhe never ſlander'd one,
But cares not if a thouſand are undone.
Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her Footman put it in her head.
Chloe is prudent—Would you too be wiſe?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

One certain Portrait may (I grant) be ſeen,
Which Heav'n has varniſh'd out, and made a *Queen*:
THE SAME FOR EVER! and deſcrib'd by all
With Truth and Goodneſs, as with Crown and Ball.
Poets heap Virtues, Painters Gems at will,
And ſhew their zeal and hide their want of ſkill.
'Tis well—but, Artiſts! who can paint or write,
To draw the Naked is your true delight.
That Robe of Quality ſo ſtruts and ſwells,
None ſee what Parts of Nature it conceals:
Th' exacteſt traits of Body and of Mind,
We owe to models of an humbler kind.
If QUEENSBERY to ſtrip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a Handmaid we muſt take a Helen.
From Peer or Biſhop 'tis no eaſy thing
To draw the man who loves his God, or King:
Alas! I copy, (or my draught would fail)
From honeſt Mah'met, or plain Parſon Hale.

VER. 198. *Mah'met*, ſervant to the late King.

But grant, in Public Men ſometimes are ſhown,
A Woman's ſeen in private life alone:
Our Bolder Talents in full light diſplay'd;
Your Virtues open faireſt in the ſhade;
Bred to diſguiſe, in Public 'tis you hide:
There none diſtinguiſh 'twixt your Shame or Pride,
Weakneſs, or Delicacy; all ſo nice,
That each may ſeem a Virtue, or a Vice.
In Men we various Ruling Paſſions find;
In Women, two almoſt divide the kind;
Thoſe, only fix'd, they firſt or laſt obey,
The Love of Pleaſure and the Love of ſway.
That Nature gives; and where the leſſon taught
Is but to pleaſe, can Pleaſure ſeem a fault?

After ver. 199. in the MS.

Fain I'd in Fulvia ſpy the tender Wife;
I cannot prove it on her, for my life:
And, for a noble pride, I bluſh no leſs,
Inſtead of Berenice to think on Beſs.
Thus while immortal Cibber only ſigns
(As * and H**y preach) for queens and kings,
The Nymph that ne'er read Milton's mighty line,
May, if ſhe love, and merit verſe, have mine.

Ver. 207. In the firſt Edition,

In ſev'ral Men we ſev'ral paſſions find;
In Women, two almoſt divide the Kind.

Ver. 207. The former part having ſhewn, that the *particular Characters* of Women are more various than thoſe of Men, it is nevertheleſs obſerved, that the *general* Characteriſtic of the ſex, as to the *ruling Paſſion*, is more uniform.

Experience, this; by Man's oppreſſion curſt,
They ſeek the ſecond not to loſe the firſt.
Men ſome to Bus'neſs, ſome to Pleaſure take;
But ev'ry Woman is at heart a Rake:
Men, ſome to Quiet, ſome to public Strife;
But ev'ry Lady would be Queen for Life.
Yet mark the fate of a whole Sex of Queens!
Pow'r all their end, but beauty all the means:
In Youth they conquer with ſo wild a rage,
As leaves them ſcarce a ſubject in their Age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happineſs at home.
But Wiſdom's triumph is well-tim'd Retreat,
As hard a ſcience to the Fair as Great!
Beauties, like Tyrants, old and friendleſs grown,
Yet hate repoſe, and dread to be alone,
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one ſigh behind them when they die.
Pleaſures the ſex, as children birds, purſue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to ſpoil the Toy at moſt,
To covet flying, and regret when loſt:
At laſt, to follies Youth could ſcarce defend,
It grows their Age's prudence to pretend;
Aſham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more:
As Hags hold Sabbaths, leſs for joy than ſpight,
So theſe their merry, miſerable Night;

Still round and round the Ghosts of Beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.
See how the World its Veterans rewards!
A Youth of Frolicks, an old Age of Cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend;
A Fop their Passion, but their Prize a Sot,
Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot!
Ah! Friend! to dazzle let the Vain design;
To raise the thought and touch the Heart be thine!
That Charm shall grow, while what fatigues the Ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:
So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the Moon's more sober light,
Serene in Virgin Modesty she shines,
And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.
Oh blest with Temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day:
She who can love a Sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers 'till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys;
Let Fops or Fortune fly which way they will;
Disdains all loss of Tickets or Codille;
Spleen, Vapours, or Small-pox, above them all,
And Mistress of herself, tho' China fall.
And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a Contradiction still.

Heav'n, when it ſtrives to poliſh all it can
Its laſt beſt work, but forms a ſofter Man;
Picks from each ſex, to make the Fav'rite bleſt,
Your love of Pleaſure, our deſire of Reſt:
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your taſte of Follies, with our Scorn of Fools:
Reſerve with Frankneſs, Art with Truth ally'd,
Courage with Softneſs, Modeſty with Pride;
Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces—You.
Be this a Woman's Fame: with this unbleſt,
Toaſts live a ſcorn, and Queens may die a jeſt.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When thoſe blue eyes firſt open'd on the ſphere;
Aſcendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your Parents' ſimple Pray'r;
And gave you Beauty, but deny'd the Pelf
That buys your ſex a Tyrant o'er itſelf.
The gen'rous God, who Wit and Gold refines,
And ripens Spirits as he ripens Mines,
Kept Droſs for Ducheſſes, the world ſhall know it,
To you gave ſenſe, Good-humour, and a Poet.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE III.

TO

ALLEN, Lord BATHURST.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Use *of* RICHES.

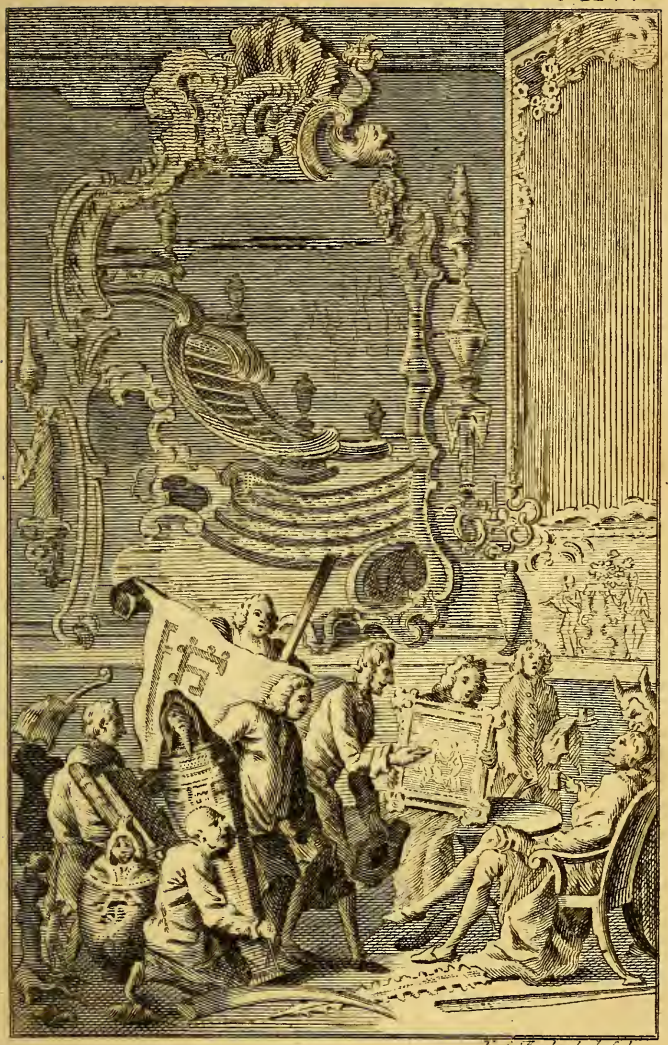
THAT it is known to few, moſt falling into one of the extremes, Avarice *or* Profuſion, ver. 1, etc. *The Point diſcuſſed, whether the invention of Money has been more commodious or pernicious to Mankind,* ver. 21 *to* 77. *That Riches, either to the* Avaricious *or the* Prodigal, *cannot afford Happineſs, ſcarcely Neceſſaries,* ver. 89 *to* 160. *That Avarice is an abſolute Frenzy without an End or Purpoſe,* ver. 113, etc. 152. *Conjectures about the Motives of Avaricious men,* ver. 121 *to* 153. *That the conduct of men, with reſpect to Riches, can only be accounted for by the* ORDER OF PROVIDENCE, *which works the general Good out of Extremes, and brings all to its great End by perpetual Revolutions,* ver. 161 *to* 178. *How*

a Miſer *acts upon Principles which appear to him reaſonable,* ver. 179. *How a* Prodigal *does the ſame,* ver. 199. *The due Medium, and true uſe of Riches,* ver. 219, *The* Man *of* Roſs, ver. 250. *The fate of the* Profuſe *and the* Covetous, *in two examples; both miſerable in Life and in Death,* ver. 300, etc. *The Story of Sir* Balaam, ver. 399 to the end.

EPISTLE III.

P. WHO ſhall decide when Doctors diſagree,
And ſoundeſt Caſuiſts doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word from Jove to Momus giv'n,
That Man was made the ſtanding jeſt of Heav'n;
And Gold but ſent to keep the Fools in play,
For ſome to heap, and ſome to throw away.
But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And ſurely, Heav'n and I are of a mind)
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the ſhining miſchief under ground:
But when by Man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival to, its Sire, the Sun,
Then careful Heav'n ſupply'd two ſorts of Men,
To ſquander Theſe, and Thoſe to hide agen.
Like Doctors thus, when much diſpute has paſt,
We find our tenets juſt the ſame at laſt.
Both fairly owning, Riches, in effect,
No grace of Heav'n or token of th' Elect;
Giv'n to the Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil.

VER. 20. JOHN WARD, of Hackney, Eſq; Member of Parliament, being proſecuted by the Ducheſs of Buckingham, and convicted of Forgery, was firſt expelled the Houſe, and then ſtood in the Pillory on the 17th of March 1727. He was ſuſpected of joining in a conveyance with Sir John Blunt, to ſecrete fifty thouſand pounds of that Director's Eſtate, forfeited to the South-Sea Company by Act of Parliament. The Company recovered the fifty thouſand pounds againſt Ward;



N. v. Frankendael sculps.

What brought S.r Visto's ill-got wealth to waste,
Some Dæmon whispers, Visto! have a Taste.

Epist. on Taste.

B. What Nature wants, commodious Gold beſtows,
'Tis thus we eat the bread another ſows.
P. But how unequal it beſtows, obſerve,
'Tis thus we riot, while, who ſow it, ſtarve:
What nature wants (a phraſe I much diſtruſt)
Extends to Luxury, extends to Luſt;
Uſeful, I grant, it ſerves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark Aſſaſſin hires:

but he ſet up prior conveyances of his real eſtate to his brother and ſon, and concealed all his perſonal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thouſand pounds. Theſe conveyances being alſo ſet aſide by a bill in Chancery, Ward was impriſoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his life, by not giving in his effects 'till the laſt day, which was that of his examination. During his confinement, his amuſement was to give poiſon to dogs and cats, and ſee them expire by ſlower or quicker torments. To ſum up the *worth* of this gentleman, at the ſeveral æra's of his life. At his ſtanding in the Pillory he was *worth above two hundred thouſand pounds*; at his commitment to Priſon, he was *worth one hundred and fifty thouſand*; but has been ſince ſo far diminiſhed in his reputation, as to be thought a *worſe man* by *fifty or ſixty thouſand*.

Fr. Chartres, a man infamous for all manner of vices. When he was an enſign in the army, he was drummed out of the regiment for a cheat; he was next baniſhed Bruſſels, and drummed out of Ghent on the ſame account. After a hundred tricks at the gaming-tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant intereſt and on great penalties, accumulating premium, intereſt, and capital into a new capital, and ſeizing to a minute when the payments became due; in a word, by a conſtant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immenſe fortune. His houſe was a perpetual Bawdy-houſe. He was twice condemned for rapes, and pardoned; but the laſt time not without impriſonment in Newgate, and large confiſcations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The populace at his funeral raiſed a great riot, almoſt tore the body out of the coffin, and caſt dead dogs, *&c.* into the grave along with it. The following Epitaph contains his character very juſtly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot:

B. Trade it may help, Society extend.
P. But lures the Pyrate, and corrupts the Friend.
B. It raiſes Armies in a Nation's aid.
P. But bribes a Senate, and the Land's betray'd.
In vain may Heroes fight, and Patriots rave;
If ſecret gold ſap on from knave to knave.

HERE continueth to rot
The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY,
and INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of Life,
PERSISTED,
In ſpite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
In the Practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE;
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY:
His inſatiable AVARICE exempted him from the firſt,
His matchleſs IMPUDENCE from the ſecond.
Nor was he more ſingular
in the undeviating *Pravity* of his *Manners*,
Than ſucceſsful
in *Accumulating* WEALTH;
For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY Service,
HE acquired, or more properly created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.
He was the only Perſon of his Time,
Who could CHEAT without the Maſk of HONESTY,
Retain his Primeval MANNERS
When poſſeſſed of TEN THOUSAND a Year,
And having daily deſerved the GIBBET for what he *did*,
Was at laſt condemned to it for what he *could* not *do*,
Oh Indignant Reader!
Think not his Life uſeleſs to Mankind!
PROVIDENCE connived at his execrable Deſigns,
To give to After-ages
A conſpicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE,
Of how ſmall Eſtimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
in the Sight of GOD,
By his beſtowing it on the moſt UNWORTHY of ALL MORTALS.

This gentleman was *worth ſeven thouſand pounds a-year* eſtate, in Land, and about *one hundred thouſand* in Money.

Once, we confeſs, beneath the Patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bag the dropping Guinea ſpoke,
And jingling down the back-ſtairs, told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a Rogue as you."
Bleſt paper-credit! laſt and beſt ſupply!
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold imp'd by thee, can compaſs hardeſt things,
Can pocket States, can fetch or carry Kings;
A ſingle leaf ſhall waft an Army o'er,
Or ſhip off Senates to a diſtant Shore;

Mr. Waters, the third of the worthies, was a man no way reſembling the former in his military, but extremely ſo in his civil capacity; his great fortune having been raiſed by the like diligent attendance on the neceſſities of others. But this gentleman's hiſtory muſt be deferred till his death, when his *worth* may be known more certainly.

Ver. 36. — *beneath the Patriot's cloak*,] This is a true ſtory, which happened in the reign of William III. to an unſuſpected old Patriot, who coming out at the back-door from having been cloſeted by the King, where he had received a large bag of Guineas, the burſting of the bag diſcovered his buſineſs there.

Ver. 42. — *fetch or carry Kings*;] In our author's time, many Princes had been ſent about the world, and great changes of Kings projected in Europe. The partition-treaty had diſpoſed of Spain; France had ſet up a King for England, who was ſent to Scotland, and back again; King Staniſlaus was ſent to Poland, and back again; the Duke of Anjou was ſent to Spain, and Don Carlos to Italy.

Ver. 44. *Or ſhip off Senates to ſome diſtant Shore*;] Alludes to ſeveral Miniſters, Counſellors, and Patriots baniſhed in our times to Siberia, and to that MORE GLORIOUS FATE of the PARLIAMENT of PARIS, baniſhed to Pontoiſe in the year 1720.

A leaf, like Sibyl's, ſcatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the wind ſhall blow:
Pregnant with thouſands flits the Scrap unſeen,
And ſilent ſells a King, or buys a Queen.
Oh! that ſuch bulky Bribes as all might ſee,
Still as of old, incumber'd Villany!
Could France or Rome divert our brave deſigns,
With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
What could they more than Knights and 'Squires confound,
Or water all the Quorum ten miles round?
A ſtateſman's ſlumbers how this ſpeech would ſpoil!
"Sir, Spain has ſent a thouſand jars of oil;
"Huge bales of Britiſh cloth blockade the door:
"A hundred oxen at your levee roar."
Poor Avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could Profuſion ſquander all in kind.
Aſtride his cheeſe Sir Morgan might we meet;
And Worldly crying coals from ſtreet to ſtreet,
Whom with a wig ſo wild, and mien ſo maz'd,
Pity miſtakes for ſome poor tradeſman craz'd.

VER. 63. Some Miſers of great wealth, proprietors of the coal-mines, had entered at this time into an Aſſociation to keep up coals to an extravagant price, whereby the poor were reduced almoſt to ſtarve, 'till one of them taking the advantage of underſelling the reſt, defeated the deſign. One of theſe Miſers was *worth ten thouſand*, another *ſeven thouſand* a year.

After ver. 50. in the MS.

To break a truſt were Peter bribe'd with wine,
Peter! 'twould poſe as wiſe a head as thine.

Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himſelf have ſent it to the dogs?
His Grace will game: to White's a Bull be led,
With ſpurning heels, and with a butting head.
To White's be carry'd, as to ancient games,
Fair Courſers, Vaſes, and alluring Dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the ſtakes he ſweep,
Bear home ſix Whores, and make his Lady weep?
Or ſoft Adonis, ſo perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St James's, a whole herd of ſwine!
Oh filthy check on all induſtrious ſkill,
To ſpoil the nation's laſt great trade, Quadrille!
Since then, my Lord, on ſuch a World we fall,
What ſay you? B. Say? Why take it Gold and all.
P. What Riches give us, let us then enquire:
Meat, Fire, and Cloaths. B. What more? P. Meat, Cloaths, and Fire.
Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.

VER. 65. *Colepepper.*] WILLIAM COLEPEPPER, Bart. a Perſon of an ancient family, and ample fortune, without one other quality of a Gentleman, who, after ruining himſelf at the Gaming-table, paſt the reſt of his days in ſitting there to ſee the ruin of others; preferring to ſubſiſt upon borrowing and begging, rather than enter into any reputable method of life, and refuſing a Poſt in the army which was offered him.

VER. 77. *Since then, &c.*] In the former Ed.

Well then, ſince with the world we ſtand or fall,
Come take it as we find it, Gold and all.

VER. 82. *Turner*] One, who, being poſſeſſed of three hundred thouſand pounds, laid down his Coach, becauſe

Alas! 'tis more than (all his viſions paſt)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at laſt!
What can they give? to dying Hopkins, Heirs;
To Chartres, Vigour; Japhet, Noſe and Ears?
Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
In Fulvia's buckle eaſe the throbs below,

Intereſt was reduced from five to four *per cent.* and then put ſeventy thouſand into the Charitable Corporation for better intereſt; which ſum having loſt, he took it ſo much to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have outlived it, but that he was heir to another conſiderable eſtate, which he daily expected; and that by this courſe of life he ſaved both cloaths and all other expences.

VER. 84. *Unhappy Wharton,*] A Nobleman of great qualities, but as unfortunate in the application of them, as if they had been vices and follies. See his Character in the firſt Epiſtle.

VER. 85. *Hopkins,*] A Citizen, whoſe rapacity obtained him the name of *Vulture Hopkins*. He lived worthleſs, but died *worth three hundred thouſand pounds*, which he would give to no perſon living, but left it ſo as not to be inherited till after the ſecond generation. His counſel repreſenting to him how many years it muſt be, before this could take effect, and that his money could only lie at intereſt all that time, he expreſſed great joy thereat, and ſaid, "They would "then be as long in ſpending, as he had been in getting it." But the Chancery afterwards ſet aſide the will, and gave it to the heir at law.

VER. 86. *Japhet, Noſe and Ears?*] JAPHET CROOK, alias Sir *Peter Stranger*, was puniſhed with the loſs of thoſe parts, for having forged a conveyance of an Eſtate to himſelf, upon which he took up ſeveral thouſand pounds. He was at the ſame time ſued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtained a Will, by which he poſſeſſed another conſiderable Eſtate, in wrong of the brother of the deceaſed. By theſe means he was *worth* a great ſum, which (in reward for the ſmall loſs of his ears) he enjoyed in priſon till his death, and quietly left to his executor.

Or heal, old Narſes, thy obſcener ail,
With all th'embroid'ry plaiſter'd at thy tail?
They might (were Harpax not too wiſe to ſpend)
Give Harpax ſelf the bleſſing of a Friend;
Or find ſome Doctor that would ſave the life
Of wretched Shylock ſpite of Shylock's Wife:
But thouſands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.
To ſome, indeed, Heav'n grants the happier fate,
T'enrich a Baſtard, or a Son they hate.
Perhaps you think the Poor might have their part,
Bond damns the Poor, and hates them from his heart:
The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule
That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool:
"God cannot love (ſays Blunt with tearleſs eyes)
"The wretch he ſtarves"—and piouſly denies:

VER. 96. *Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.*] A famous Ducheſs of R. in her laſt Will left conſiderable legacies and annuities to her Cats.

VER. 100. *Bond damns the Poor, &c.*] This epiſtle was written in the year 1730, when a corporation was eſtabliſhed to lend money to the poor upon pledges, by the name of the *Charitable Corporation*; but the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of ſuch numbers, that it became a parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of thoſe unhappy ſufferers, and three of the managers, who were members of the houſe, were expelled. By the report of the Committee, appointed to enquire into that iniquitous affair, it appears, that when it was objected to the intended removal of the office, that the Poor, for whoſe uſe it was erected, would be hurt by it, Bond, one of the Directors, replied, *Damn the Poor.* That "God "hates the poor," and, "That every man in want is knave "or fool," *&c.* were the genuine apothegms of ſome of the perſons here mentioned.

But the good Biſhop with a meeker air,
Admits and leaves them, Providence's care.
Yet to be juſt to theſe poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himſelf:
Damn'd to the Mines, an equal fate betides
The Slave that digs it, and the Slave that hides.

B. Who ſuffer thus, mere charity ſhould own,
Muſt act on motives powerful, tho' unknown.

P. Some War, ſome Plague, or Famine they foreſee,
Some Revelation hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal, the cauſe is found,
He thinks a Loaf wil riſe to fifty pound.
What made Directors Cheat in South-ſea year?
To live on Ven'ſon when it ſold ſo dear.
Aſk you why Phryne the whole Auction buys?
Phryne foreſees a general Exciſe.
Why ſhe and Sappho raiſe that monſtruous ſum?
Alas they fear a man will coſt a Plum.
Wiſe Peter ſees the World's reſpect for Gold,
And therefore hopes this Nation may be ſold;

VER. 118. *To live on Ven'ſon*] In the extravagance and luxury of the South-ſea year, the price of a haunch of Veniſon was from three to five pounds.

VER. 120. — *general Exciſe.*] Many people about the year 1733, had a conceit that ſuch a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this lady might have ſome intimation.

VER. 123. *Wiſe Peter*] *Peter Walter*, a perſon not only eminent in the wiſdom of his profeſſion, as a dextrous attorney, but allowed to be a good, if not a ſafe, conveyancer; extremely reſpected by the Nobility of this land, though free from all manner of luxury and oſtentation: his wealth was never ſeen, and his bounty never heard of, except to his own

Glorious Ambition! Peter, ſwell thy ſtore,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.
The Crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To juſt three millions ſtinted modeſt Gage.
But nobler ſcenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary Realms, and worlds of Gold.
Congenial ſouls! whoſe life one Av'rice join;
And one fate buries in th' Aſturian Mines.
Much injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in theſe words our fate:

ſon, for whom he procured an employment of conſiderable profit, of which he gave him as much as was *neceſſary*. Therefore the taxing this gentleman with any Ambition, is certainly a great wrong to him.

VER. 126. *Rome's great Didius*] A Roman Lawyer, ſo rich as to purchaſe the Empire when it was ſet to ſale upon the death of Pertinax.

VER. 127. *The Crown of Poland, &c.*] The two perſons here mentioned were of Quality, each of whom in the Miſſiſippi deſpiſed to realize above *three hundred thouſand pounds*; the Gentleman with a view to the purchaſe of the Crown of Poland, the Lady on a viſion of the like royal nature. They ſince retired into Spain, where they are ſtill in ſearch of gold in the mines of Aſturias.

VER. 133. *Much injur'd Blunt!*] Sir JOHN BLUNT, originally a ſcrivener, was one of the firſt projectors of the South-ſea company, and afterwards one of the directors and chief managers of the famous ſcheme in 1720. He was alſo one of thoſe who ſuffered moſt ſeverely by the bill of pains and penalties on the ſaid directors. He was a Diſſenter of a moſt religious deportment, and profeſſed to be a great believer. Whether he did really credit the prophecy here mentioned is not certain, but it was conſtantly in this very ſtyle he declaimed againſt the corruption and luxury of the age, the partiality of Parliaments, and the miſery of party-ſpirit. He was particularly eloquent againſt *Avarice* in great and noble perſons, of which he had indeed lived to ſee many miſerable examples. He died in the year 1732.

" At length Corruption, like a gen'ral flood,
" (So long by watchful Miniſters withſtood)
" Shall deluge all; and Av'rice creeping on,
" Spread like a low-born miſt, and blot the Sun;
" Stateſman and Patriot ply alike the ſtocks,
" Peereſs and Butler ſhare alike the Box,
" And Judges job, and Biſhops bite the town,
" And mighty Dukes pack cards for half a crown.
" See Britain ſunk in lucre's ſordid charms,
" And France reveng'd of ANNE's and EDWARD's
" arms! "

'Twas no Court-badge, great Scriv'ner, fir'd thy brain,
Nor lordly Luxury, nor City Gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, aſham'd to ſee
Senates degen'rate, Patriots diſagree,
A nobly wiſhing party-rage to ceaſe,
To buy both ſides, and give thy Country peace.

" All this is madneſs, " cries a ſober ſage:
But who, my friend has reaſon in his rage?
" The ruling Paſſion, be it what it will,
" The ruling Paſſion conquers Reaſon ſtill. "
Leſs mad the wildeſt whimſey we can frame,
Than ev'n that Paſſion, if it has no Aim;
For tho' ſuch motives Folly you may call,
The Folly's greater to have none at all.
Hear then the truth: " 'Tis Heav'n each Paſſion ſends,
" And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends.
" Extremes in Nature equal good produce,
" Extremes in Man concur to gen'ral uſe. "

Aſk we what makes one keep, and one beſtow?
That Pow'r which bids the ocean ebb and flow,
Bids ſeed-time, harveſt, equal courſe maintain,
Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,
Builds Life on Death, on Change Duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.
Riches, like inſects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their ſeaſon fly.
Who ſees pale Mammon pine amidſt his ſtore;
Sees but a backward ſteward for the Poor;
This year a Reſervoir, to keep and ſpare;
The next, a Fountain, ſpouting thro' his Heir,
In laviſh ſtreams to quench a Country's thirſt,
And men and dogs ſhall drink him till they burſt.
Old Cotta ſham'd his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What tho' (the uſe of barb'rous ſplits forgot)
His kitchen vy'd in coolneſs with his grot?
His court with nettles, moats with creſſes ſtor'd,
With ſoups unbought and ſallads bleſt his board?
If Cotta liv'd on pulſe, it was no more
Than Bramins, Saints, and Sages did before;
To cram the rich was prodigal expence,
And who would take the Poor from Providence?
Like ſome lone Chartreux ſtands the good old Hall,
Silence without, and faſts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor ſound,
No noontide bell invites the country round:

Tenants with ſighs the ſmoakleſs tow'rs ſurvey,
And turn th' unwilling ſteeds another way:
Benighted wanderers, the foreſt o'er,
Curſe the ſav'd candle, and unop'ning door;
While the gaunt maſtiff growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
Not ſo his Son, he mark'd this overſight,
And then miſtook reverſe of wrong for right.
(For what to ſhun will no great knowledge need,
But what to follow, is a taſk indeed.)
Yet ſure, of qualities deſerving praiſe,
More go to ruin Fortunes, than to raiſe.
What ſlaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'Squire, and deep Divine!
Yet no mean motive this profuſion draws,
His oxen periſh in his country's cauſe;
'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,
And Zeal for that great Houſe which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked ſeat,
The ſylvans groan—no matter—for the Fleet:
Next goes his Wool—to clothe our valiant bands,
Laſt, for his Country's love, he ſells his Lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold Train-bands, and burns a Pope.
And ſhall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain, that pays her Patriots with her Spoils?
In vain at Court the Bankrupt pleads his cauſe,
His thankleſs Country leaves him to her Laws.

The Senſe to value Riches, with the Art
T' enjoy them, and the Virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiouſly purſu'd,
Not ſunk by ſloth, not rais'd by ſervitude;
To balance Fortune by a juſt expence,
Join with OEconomy, Magnificence;
With Splendor, Charity; with Plenty, Health;
Oh teach us, BATHURST! yet unſpoil'd by wealth!
That ſecret rare, between th' extremes to move
Of mad Good-nature, and of mean Self-love.

B. To Worth or Want well-weigh'd, be Bounty giv'n,
And eaſe or emulate the care of Heav'n;
(Whoſe meaſure full o'erflows on human race)
Mend Fortune's fault, and juſtify her grace.
Wealth in the groſs is death; but life diffus'd;
As poiſon heals, in juſt proportion us'd:

After ver. 218. in the MS.

Where one lean herring furniſh'd Cotta's board,
And nettles grew, fit porridge for their Lord;
Where mad good-nature, bounty miſapply'd,
In laviſh Curio blaz'd awhile and dy'd;
There Providence once more ſhall ſhift the ſcene,
And ſhewing H—y, teach the golden mean.

After ver. 226. in the MS.

That ſecret rare, which affluence hardly join'd,
Which W—n loſt, yet B—y ne'er could find:
Still miſs'd by Vice, and ſcarce by Virtue hit,
By G—'s goodneſs, or by S—'s wit.

In heaps, like Ambergriſe, a ſtink it lies,
But well diſpers'd, is incenſe to the ſkies.

P. Who ſtarves by Nobles, or with Nobles eats?
The Wretch that truſts them, and the Rogue that cheats.
Is there a Lord, that knows a chearful noon
Without a Fiddler, Flatt'rer, or Buffoon?
Whoſe table, Wit, or modeſt Merit ſhare,
Un-elbow'd by a Gameſter, Pimp, or Play'r?
Who copies Your's, or Oxford's better part,
To eaſe th' oppreſs'd, and raiſe the ſinking heart?
Where-e'er he ſhines, Oh Fortune, gild the ſcene,
And Angels guard him in the golden Mean!
There, Engliſh Bounty yet a-while may ſtand,
And honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praiſes why ſhould Lords engroſs?
Riſe, honeſt Muſe! and ſing the Man of Ross:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarſe applauſe reſounds.

Ver. 243. Oxford's *better part,*] Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford. The ſon of Robert, created Earl of Oxford, and Earl Mortimer by Queen Anne. This nobleman died regreted by all men of letters, great numbers of whom had experienced his benefits. He left behind him one of the moſt noble Libraries in Europe.

Ver. 250. *The* Man *of* Ross:] The perſon here celebrated, who with a ſmall Eſtate actually performed all theſe good works, and whoſe true name was almoſt loſt (partly by the title of the *Man of Roſs*, given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without ſo much as an Inſcription) was called Mr John Kyrle. He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interred in the chancel of the church of Roſs in Herefordſhire.

After ver. 250. in the MS.

Trace humble worth beyond Sabrina's ſhore,
Who ſings not him, oh, may he ſing no more!

Who hung with woods yon mountain's ſultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow;
Not to the ſkies in uſeleſs columns toſt,
Or in proud falls magnificently loſt,
But clear and artleſs, pouring thro' the plain
Health to the ſick, and ſolace to the ſwain?
Whoſe Cauſe-way parts the vale with ſhady rows?
Whoſe Seats the weary Traveller repoſe?
Who taught that heav'n-directed ſpire to riſe?
"The MAN of Ross," each liſping babe replies.
Behold the Market-place with poor o'erſpread!
The MAN of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon Alms-houſe, neat, but void of ſtate,
Where Age and Want ſit ſmiling at the gate;
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bleſt,
The young who labour and the old who reſt.
Is any ſick? the MAN of Ross relieves,
Preſcribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the Courts, and conteſt is no more.
Deſpairing Quacks with curſes fled the place,
And vile Attorneys, now an uſeleſs race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to purſue
What all ſo wiſh, but want the pow'r to do!
Oh ſay, what ſums that gen'rous hand ſupply?
What mines to ſwell that boundleſs charity?

P. Of Debts and Taxes, Wife and Children clear,
This man poſſeſt—five hundred pounds a year.

Bluſh, Grandeur, bluſh! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little Stars! hide your diminiſh'd rays.

B. And what? no monument, inſcription, ſtone?
His race, his form, his name almoſt unknown?

P. Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his Name;
Go ſearch it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the hiſtory.
Enough, that Virtue fill'd the ſpace between;
Prov'd by the ends of being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thouſand lights attend
The wretch, who living ſav'd a candle's end;
Should'ring God's altar, a vile image ſtands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live-long wig, which Gorgon's ſelf might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian ſtone.
Behold what bleſſings Wealth to life can lend:
And ſee, what comfort it affords our end.

Ver. 287. *Go, ſearch it there,*] The pariſh-Regiſter.

Ver. 287. Thus in the MS.

The Regiſter enrolls him with his Poor,
Tells he was born, and dy'd, and tells no more.
Juſt as he ought, he fills the Space between;
Then ſtole to reſt unheeded and unſeen.

Ver. 296. *Eternal buckle takes in Parian ſtone.*] The Poet ridicules the wretched taſte of carving large perriwigs on buſto's, of which there are ſeveral vile examples in the tombs at Weſtminſter, and elſewhere.

In the worſt inn's worſt Room, with mat half hung,
The floors of plaiſter, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with ſtraw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow ſtrove with dirty red,
Great Villers lies — alas how chang'd from him,
That life of pleaſure, and that ſoul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud Alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewſbury and love;
Or juſt as gay, at Council, in a ring
Of mimick'd Stateſmen, and their merry King;
No Wit to flatter, left of all his ſtore!
No Fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.
There victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame; this lord of uſeleſs thouſands ends.
His Grace's fate ſage Cutler could foreſee,
And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me."
As well his Grace replied, "Like you, Sir John?
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."

Ver, 305. *Great Villers lies*—] This Lord, yet more famous for his vices than his misfortunes, having been poſſeſſed of about 5000*l.* a year, and paſſed through many of the higheſt poſts in the kingdom, died in the year 1687, in a remote inn in Yorkſhire, reduced to the utmoſt miſery.

VER 307. *Cliveden*] A delightful palace, on the banks of the Thames, built by the D. of Buckingham.

VER. 308. *Shrewsbury*] The Counteſs of Shrewſbury, a woman abandoned to gallantries. The Earl her huſband was killed by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel; and it has been ſaid, that during the combat ſhe held the Duke's horſes in the habit of a page.

Reſolve me, Reaſon, which of theſe is worſe,
Want with a full, or with an empty purſe?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confeſs'd,
Ariſe and tell me was thy death more bleſs'd?
Cutler ſaw tenants break, and houſes fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a ſtranger's pow'r,
For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.
A few gray hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
'Twas very want that ſold them for two pound.
What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
Baniſh'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus, dying both exclaim,
"Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name!"
Say, for ſuch worth are other worlds prepar'd?
Or are they both, in this their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale—B. Agreed.
P. Where London's column, pointing at the ſkies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lyes;
There dwelt a Citizen of ſober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;

VER. 337. In the former Editions,

That knotty point, my Lord, ſhall I diſcuſs,
Or tell a tale? --- A Tale.-- It follows thus.

VER. 339. *Where London's column.*] The Monument, built in memory of the fire of London, with an inſcription, importing that city to have been burnt by the Papiſts.

Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords;
An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's:
Constant at Church, and Change; his gains were sure,
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The Dev'l was piq'd such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old:
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Rouz'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his Father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
"Live like yourself," was soon my Lady's word;
And lo! two puddings smoak'd upon the board.

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a Gem away;
He pledg'd it to the knight; the knight had wit,
So kept the Di'mond and the rogue was bit.

Ver. 352. *Cornish*] The author has placed the scene of these shipwrecks in Cornwall, not only from their frequency on that coast, but from the inhumanity of the inhabitants to those to whom that misfortune arrives: When a ship happens to be stranded there, they have been known to bore holes in it, to prevent its getting off; to plunder, and sometimes even to massacre the people: Nor has the Parliament of England been yet able wholly to suppress these barbarities.

Some ſcruple roſe, but thus he eas'd his thought,
" I'll now give ſix-pence where I gave a groat;
" Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
" And am ſo clear too of all other vice."
The Tempter ſaw his time; the work he ply'd;
Stocks and Subſcriptions pour on ev'ry ſide,
'Till all the Dæmon makes his full deſcent
In one abundant ſhow'r of Cent per Cent,
Sinks deep within him, and poſſeſſes whole,
Then dubs Director, and ſecures his ſoul.
Behold Sir Balaam now a man of ſpirit,
Aſcribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a Bleſſing, now was Wit,
And God's good Providence, a lucky Hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn:
His Compting-houſe employ'd the Sunday-morn:
Seldom at Church ('twas ſuch a buſy life)
But duly ſent his family and wife.
There (ſo the Dev'l ordain'd) one Chriſtmas-tide
My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.
A Nymph of Quality admires our Knight;
He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to pleaſe the fair)
The well-bred Cuckolds in St. James's air;
Firſt, for his Son a gay Commiſſion buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies:
His daughter flaunts a Viſcount's tawdry wife;
She bears a Coronet and P--x for life.

In Britain's Senate he a ſeat obtains,
And one more Penſioner St Stephen gains.
My Lady falls to play; ſo bad her chance,
He muſt repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The Houſe impeach him; Coningſby harangues;
The Court forſake him, and Sir Balaam hangs:
Wife, ſon, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown:
The Devil and the King divide the Prize,
And ſad Sir Balaam curſes God and dies.

VER. 394. *And one more Penſioner St Stephen gains.*]

—atque unum civem donare *Sibyllæ.* JUV.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE IV.

TO

Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Use *of* Riches.

THE Vanity of Expence in People of Wealth and Quality. The abuse of the word Taste, ver. 13. *That the first principle and foundation in this, as in every thing else, is* Good Sense, ver. 40. *The chief proof of it is to* follow Nature, *even in works of mere Luxury and Elegance. Instanced in* Architecture *and* Gardening, *where all must be adapted to the* Genius *and* Use *of the* Place, *and the Beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it,* ver, 50. *How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true Foundation, without which nothing can please* long, *if* at all; *and the best* Examples *and* Rules *will but be perverted into something* burdensome *or ridiculous,* ver. 65, etc. *to* 92. *A description of the* false Taste *of* Magnificence; *the first grand error of which is to imagine, that* Greatness

N. v. Frankendaal sculps

Proceed great Days! ——

Dunciad.

conſiſts in the Size *and* Dimenſion, *inſtead of the* Proportion *and* Harmony *of the* whole, ver. 97. *and the ſecond, either in joining together* Parts incoherent, *or too* minutely reſembling, *or in the* Repetition *of the* ſame *too frequently*, ver. 105, etc. *A word or two of falſe Taſte in* Books, *in* Muſic, *in* Painting, *even in* Preaching *and* Prayer, *and laſtly in* Entertainments, ver. 133, etc. *Yet* PROVIDENCE *is juſtified in giving Wealth to be ſquandered in this manner, ſince it is diſperſed to the Poor and Laborious part of mankind*, ver. 169. [*recurring to what is laid down in the firſt Book, Ep.* ii. *and in the Epiſtle preceeding this*, ver. 159, etc.] *What are the* proper Objects *of Magnificence, and a proper field for the Expence of* Great Men, ver. 177, etc. *and finally the Great and Public Works which become a* Prince, ver. 101, to the end.

EPISTLE IV.

'TIS ſtrange, the Miſer ſhould his Cares employ
To gain thoſe riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it leſs ſtrange, the prodigal ſhould waſte
His wealth, to purchaſe what he ne'r can taſte?

EPISTLE IV.] Ths extremes of *Avarice* and *Profuſion* being treated of in the foregoing Epiſtle; this takes up one particular branch of the latter, the *Vanity of Expence* in people of wealth and quality; and is therefore a corollary to the preceeding, juſt as the epiſtle on the *Characters of Women* is to that *of the Knowledge and Characters of Men.*

Not for himſelf he ſees, or hears, or eats;
Artiſts muſt chuſe his Pictures, Muſic, Meats;
He buys for Topham, Drawings and Deſigns,
For Pembroke Statues, dirty Gods, and Coins;
Rare monkiſh Manuſcripts for Hearne alone,
And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all theſe are for himſelf? no more
Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to ſhew, how many taſtes he wanted.
What brought Sir Viſto's ill-got wealth to waſte?
Some Dæmon whiſper'd, "Viſto! have a Taſte."
Heav'n viſits with a Taſte the wealthy fool,
And needs no Rod but Ripley with a Rule.
See! ſportive fate, to puniſh aukward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and ſends him ſuch a Guide:
A ſtanding ſermon at each year's expence,
That never Coxcomb réach'd Magnificence!

VER. 7. *Topham*,] A Gentleman famous for a judicious collection of Drawings.

VER. 10. *And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane*] Two eminent Phyſicians; the one had an excellent Library, the other the fineſt collection in Europe of natural curioſities; both men of great learning and humanity,

VER. 18. *Ripley*] This man was a carpenter, employed by a firſt Miniſter, who raiſed him to an Architect, without any genius in the art; and after ſome wretched proofs of his inſufficiency in public Buildings, made him Comptroller of the Board of works.

You ſhow us, Rome was glorious, not profuſe,
And pompous buildings once were things of Uſe.
Yet ſhall (my Lord) your juſt, your noble rules
Fill half the land with Imitating-Fools;
Who random drawings from your ſheets ſhall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load ſome vain Church with old Theatric ſtate,
Turn Arcs of triumph to a Garden-gate;
Reverſe your ornaments, and hang them all
On ſome patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;
Then clap four ſlices of Pilaſter on't,
That, lac'd with bits of ruſtic makes a Front;
Shall call the wind thro' long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conſcious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they ſtarve, they ſtarve by rules of art.
Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is more needful than Expence,
And ſomething previous ev'n to Taſte—'tis Senſe:
Good Senſe, which only is the gift of Heav'n,
And tho' no Science, fairly worth the ſeven:

VER. 23. The Earl of Burlington was then publiſhing the Deſigns of Inigo Jones, and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio.

After ver. 22. in the MS.

Muſt Biſhops, Lawyers, Stateſmen, have the ſkill
To build, to plant, judge painting, what you will?
Then why not Kent as well our treaties draw,
Bridgman explain the Goſpel, Gibbs the Law?

A Light, which in yourſelf you muſt perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.
To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,
To ſwell the Terras, or to ſink the Grot;
In all, let Nature never be forgot.
But treat the Goddeſs, like a modeſt fair,
Nor over-dreſs, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be ſpy'd,
Where half the ſkill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleaſingly confounds,
Surprizes, varies, and conceals the Bounds.
Conſult the Genius of the Place in all;
That tells the waters or to riſe, or fall;
Or helps th' ambitious Hill the heav'ns to ſcale,
Or ſcoops in circling theatres the Vale;
Calls in the Country, catches op'ning glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies ſhades from ſhades;
Now breaks, or now directs, th'intending Lines;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, deſigns.
Still follow ſenſe, of ev'ry Art the Soul,
Parts anſwering parts ſhall ſlide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from Difficulty, ſtrike from Chance;
Nature ſhall join you; Time ſhall make it grow
A Work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow.

Vfe. 46. *Inigo Jones* the celebrated Architect, and M. *Le Nôtre*, the deſigner of the beſt Gardens in France.

Without it, proud Verſailles! thy glory falls;
And Nero's Terraces deſert their walls;
The vaſt Parterres a thouſand hands ſhall make,
Lo! COBHAM comes, and floats them with a Lake:
Or cut wide views thro' Mountains to the Plain,
You'll wiſh your hill or ſhelter'd ſeat again.
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an Hermitage ſet Dr Clarke.

Behold Villario's ten-years toil complete;
His Quincunx darkens, his Eſpaliers meet;
The Wood ſupports the Plain, the parts unite,
And ſtrength of Shade contends with ſtrength of Light;
A weaving Glow the bloomy beds diſplay,
Bluſhing in bright diverſities of day,
With ſilver-quiv'ring rills mæander'd o'er—
Enjoy them, you! Villario, can no more;
Tir'd of the ſcene Parterres and Fountains yield,
He finds at laſt he better likes a Field.

Thro' his young Woods how pleas'd Sabinus ſtray'd,
Or ſat delighted in the thick'ning ſhade,

VER. 70. The ſeat and gardens of the Lord Viſcount Cobham in Buckinghamſhire.

VER. 75, 76. *Or cut wide views thro' Mountains to the Plain, You'll wiſh your hill or ſhelter'd ſeat again.*] This was done in Hertfordſhire by a wealthy citizen, at the expence of above 5000 *l.* by which means (merely to overlook a dead plain) he let in the north-wind upon his houſe and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods.

VER. 78—*ſet Dr Clarke.*] Dr S. Clarke's buſto placed by the Queen in the Hermitage, while the Dr duly frequented the Court.

With annual joy the red'ning ſhoots to greet,
Or ſee the ſtretching branches long to meet!
His Son's fine Taſte an op'ner Viſta loves,
Foe to the Dryads of his Father's groves;
One boundleſs Green, or flouriſh'd Carpet views,
With all the mournful family of Yews:
The thriving plants, ignoble broomſticks made,
Now ſweep thoſe Alleys they were born to ſhade.
At Timon's Villa let us paſs a day,
Where all cry out "What ſums are thrown away!"
So proud, ſo grand; of that ſtupenduous air,
Soft and Agreeable come never there.
Greatneſs, in Timon, dwells in ſuch a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compaſs this his building is a Town,
His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down:

VER. 95. The two extremes in parterres, which are equally faulty; a *boundleſs Green*, large and naked as a field, or a *flouriſh'd carpet*, where the greatneſs and nobleneſs of the piece is leſſened by being divided into too many parts, with ſcroll'd works and beds, of which the examples are frequent.

VER 96.--*mournful family of Yews*;] Touches upon the ill taſte of thoſe who are ſo fond of Ever-greens (particularly Yews, which are the moſt tonſile) as to deſtroy the nobler Foreſt-trees, to make way for ſuch little ornaments as Pyramids of dark green continually repeated, not unlike a Funeral proceſſion.

VER. 99. *At* Timon's *Villa*] This deſcription is intended to compriſe the principles of a falſe Taſte of Magnificence, and to exemplify what was ſaid before, that nothing but Good-Senſe can attain it.

VER. 104--*all Brobdignag*] A region of giants, in the ſatires of *Gulliver*.

Who but muſt laugh, the maſter when he ſees,
A puny inſect, ſhiv'ring at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleneſs around!
The whole a labour'd Quarry above ground,
Two Cupids ſquirt before: a Lake behind
Improves the keenneſs of the Northern wind.
His Gardens next your admiration call,
On ev'ry ſide you look, behold the Wall!
No pleaſing Intricacies intervene,
No artful wildneſs to perplex the ſcene;
Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,
And half the platform juſt reflects the other.
The ſuffering eye inverted Nature ſees,
Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees;
With here a Fountain never to be play'd;
And there a Summer-houſe, that knows no ſhade;
Here Amphitrite ſails thro' myrtle bow'rs;
There Gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs;
Un-water'd ſee the drooping ſea-horſe mourn,
And ſwallows rooſt in Nilus duſty Urn.
My Lord advances with majeſtic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleaſure, to be ſeen:
But ſoft—by regular approach—not yet—
Firſt thro' the length of yon hot Terrace ſweat:
And when up ten ſteep ſlopes you've drag'd your thighs,
Juſt at his Study door he'll bleſs your eyes.

VER. 124. The two Statues of the *Gladiator pugnans* and *Gladiator moriens*

VER. 130. The *Approaches* and *Communication* of houſe with garden, or of one part with another, ill-judged, and inconvenient.

His Study! with what Authors is it ſtor'd?
In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round;
Theſe Aldus printed, thoſe Du Sueïl bound
Lo ſome are Vellum, and the reſt as good
For all his Lordſhip knows, but they are Wood.
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
Theſe ſhelves admit not any modern book.
And now the Chapel's ſilver bell you hear,
That ſummons you to all the Pride of pray'r:
Light quirks of Muſic, broken and uneven,
Make the ſoul dance upon a jig to Heav'n.
On painted Ceilings you devoutly ſtare,
Where ſprawl the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
On gilded clouds in fair expanſion lie,
And bring all Paradiſe before your eye.

Ver. 133 *His ſtudy, etc.*] The falſe Taſte in Books; a ſatire on the vanity in collecting them, more frequent in men of Fortune than the ſtudy to underſtand them. Many delight chiefly in the elegance of the print, or of the binding; ſome have carried it ſo far, as to cauſe the upper ſhelves to be filled with painted books of wood; others pique themſelves ſo much upon books in a language they do not underſtand, as to exclude the moſt uſeful in one they do.

Ver. 141. The falſe taſte in *Muſic*, improper to the ſubjects, as of light airs in churches, often practiſed by the organiſts, *etc.*

Ver. 142. — And in *Painting* (from which even Italy is not free) of naked figures in Churches, *&c.* which has obliged ſome Popes to put draperies on ſome of thoſe of the beſt maſters.

Ver. 146. *Verrio, or Laguerre,*] Verrio (Antonio) painted many ceilings, *&c.* at Windſor, Hampton-Court, *&c.* and Laguerre at Blenheim-caſtle, and other Places.

To reſt the Cuſhion and the ſoft Dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.
But hark! the chiming Clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footſteps ſcrape the marble Hall:
The rich Buffet well-colour'd Serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons ſpew to waſh your face.
Is this a dinner? this a Genial room?
No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb.
A ſolemn Sacrifice, perform'd in ſtate,
You drink by meaſure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying courſe, you'd ſwear
Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there.
Between each act the trembling ſalvers ring,
From ſoup to ſweet-wine, and God bleſs the King.
In plenty ſtarving, tantaliz'd in ſtate,
And complaiſantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, careſs'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from Morn to Eve;

VER. 150. *Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.*] This is a fact; a reverend Dean preaching at Court, threatned the ſinner with puniſhment in "a place which he thought it not "decent to name in ſo polite an aſſembly."

VER. 153. Taxes the incongruity of *Ornaments* (though ſometimes practiſed by the ancients) where an open mouth ejects the water into a fountain, or where the ſhocking images of Serpents, *&c.* are introduced in Grottos or Buffets.

VER. 155. *Is this a dinner, &c.*] The proud Feſtivals of ſome men are here ſet forth to ridicule, where pride deſtroys the eaſe, and formal regularity all the pleaſurable enjoyment of the entertainment.

VER. 160. Sancho's *dread Doctor*] See Don Quixote, chap. xlvii.

I curſe ſuch laviſh coſt, and little ſkill,
And ſwear no Day was ever paſt ſo ill.
Yet hence the Poor are cloath'd the Hungry fed;
Health to himſelf, and to his Infants bread
The Lab'rer bears: What his hard heart denies,
His charitable Vanity ſupplies.
Another age ſhall ſee the golden Ear
Imbrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre,
Deep Harveſts bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-aſſume the land.
Who then ſhall grace, or who improve the Soil?
Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like BOYLE.
'Tis Uſe alone that ſanctifies Expence,
And ſplendor borrows all her rays from Senſe.
His Father's Acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his Neighbours glad, if he increaſe:
Whoſe chearful Tenants bleſs their yearly toil,
Yet to their Lord owe more than to the ſoil;
Whoſe ample Lands are not aſham'd to feed
The milky heifer and deſerving ſteed;
Whoſe riſing Foreſts, not for pride or ſhow,
But future Buildings, future Navies, grow:
Let his plantations ſtretch from down to down,
Firſt ſhade a Country, and then raiſe a Town.

VER. 169. *Yet hence the Poor, &c.*] The *Moral* of the whole, where PROVIDENCE is juſtified in giving Wealth to thoſe who ſquander it in this manner. A bad Taſte employs more hands, and diffuſes Expence more than a good one. This recurs to what is laid down in Book I. Ep. ii. ver. 230—7, and in the Epiſtle preceeding this, ver. 161, *&c.*

You too proceed! make falling Arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themſelves reſtore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
'Till Kings call forth th'Ideas of your mind,
(Proud to accompliſh what ſuch hands deſign'd,)
Bid Harbours open, public Ways extend,
Bid Temples, worthier of the God, aſcend;

VER. 195, 197, *&c.* *'Till Kings — Bid Harbours open &c.*] The poet after having touched upon the proper objects of Magnificence and Expence, in the private works of great men, comes to thoſe great and public works which become a prince. This poem was publiſhed in the year 1732, when ſome of the new-built churches, by the act of Queen Anne, were ready to fall, being founded in boggy land (which is ſatirically alluded to in our author's imitation of Horace, Lib. ii. Sat. 2.

Shall half the new-built Churches round thee fall)

others very vilely executed, through fraudulent cabals between undertakers, officers, *&c.* Dagenham-breach had done very great miſchiefs; many of the Highways throughout England were hardly paſſable; and moſt of thoſe which were repaired by Turnpikes were made jobs for private lucre, and infamouſly executed, even to the entrance of London itſelf: The propoſal of building a Bridge at Weſtminſter had been petitioned againſt and rejected; but in two years after the publication of this poem, an Act for building a Bridge paſſed through both houſes. After many debates in the committee, the execution was left to the carpenter above-mentioned, who would have made it a wooden one; to which our author alludes in theſe lines,

Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile?
Should Ripley venture, all the world would ſmile.

See the notes on that place.

Bid the broad Arch the dan'grous Flood contain,
The Mole projected break the roaring Main;
Back to his bounds their ſubject ſea command,
And roll obedient Rivers thro' the Land:
Theſe Honours, Peace to happy Britain brings,
Theſe are Imperial Works, and worthy Kings.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE V.

To Mr ADDISON.

Occaſioned by his Dialogues on MEDALS.

SEE the wild Waſte of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own ſad ſepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples ſpread!
The very Tombs now vaniſh like their dead!
Imperial wonders rais'd on Nations ſpoil'd,
Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd;

EPISTLE V.] This was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr Addiſon intended to publiſh his book of Medals; it was ſome time before he was Secretary of State; but not publiſhed till Mr Tickell's Edition of his works; at which time the verſes on Mr Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added, viz. in 1720.

As the third Epiſtle treated of the extremes of *Avarice* and *Profuſion*; and the fourth took up one particular branch of the latter, namely, the *vanity of expence* in people of wealth and quality, and was therefore a corollary to the third; ſo this treats of one circumſtance of that Vanity, as it appears in the common collectors of old coins: and is, therefore, a corollary to the fourth.

Huge Theatres, that now unpeopled Woods,
Now drain'd a distant Country of her Floods:
Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride survey,
Statues of Men, scarce less alive than they!
Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage.
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preserves a name;
That Name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd: she found it vain to trust
The faithless Column and the crumbling Bust:
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her Triumphs shrink into a Coin.
A narrow orb each crouded conquest keeps,
Beneath her Palm here sad Judea weeps.
Now scantier limits the proud Arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
A small Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little Eagles wave their wings in gold.

The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one short view subjected to our eye
Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale Antiquaries pore,
The inscription value, but the rust adore.

This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Pescenius one employs his Schemes,
One grasps a Cecrops in extatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his Shield was scour'd:
And Curio, restless by the Fair-one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.
Their's is the Vanity, the Learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine;
Her Gods, and god-like Heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom a-new.
Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;
These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage:
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected Images to Art.
Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals see her wars enroll'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
Here rising bold, the Patriot's honest face;
There Warriors frowning in historic brass:
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
Or in fair series laurell'd Bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
Then shall thy CRAGGS (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine;
With aspect open shall erect his head,
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,

" Stateſman, yet friend to Truth! of ſoul ſincere,
" In action faithful, and in honour clear;
" Who broke no promiſe, ſerv'd no private end,
" Who gain'd no title, and who loſt no friend;
" Ennobled by himſelf, by all approv'd,
" And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muſe he lov'd."

EPISTLE to Dr *Arbuthnot*.

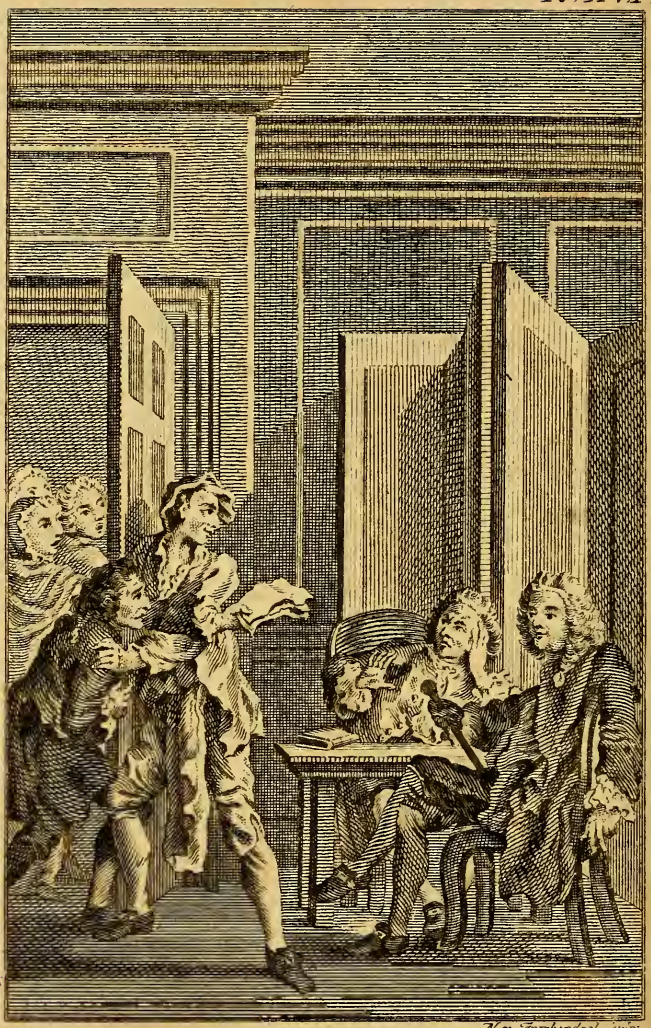
ADVERTISEMENT to the First Publication.

THIS paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune [the Authors of *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*, and of an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity, from a Nobleman at Hampton Court*] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my Writings (of which, being public, the Public is judge) but my *Person, Morals* and *Family*, whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of *myself*, and my own laziness to undertake so aukward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the *Truth* and the *Sentiment*; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, *the vicious* or *the ungenerous*.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have, for the most part, spared their *Names*, and they may escape being laughed at, if they please.

I would have ſome of them know, it was owing to the requeſt of the learned and candid Friend to whom it is inſcribed, that I make not as free uſe of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I ſhall have this advantage, and honour, on my ſide, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuſe may be directed at any man, no injury can poſſibly be done by mine, ſince a nameleſs Character can never be found out, but by its *truth* and *likeneſs*.

Pl. XVI.



N. v. Frankendaal sculps.

Shut shut the Door good John, fatigud Isaid
Tye up the Knocker, say Im sick Im dead.

Ep, to Arbuthnot.

EPISTLE to Dr *Arbuthnot*

BEING THE

PROLOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

P. SHUT, ſhut the door, good John! fatigu'd, I ſaid,
Tye up the knocker, ſay I'm ſick, I'm dead,
The Dog-ſtar rages! nay 'tis paſt a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnaſſus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what ſhades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, thro' my Grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They ſtop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is ſacred, not the Church is free,
Ev'n Sunday ſhines no Sabbath-day to me:
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme
Happy! to catch me, juſt at Dinner-time.

VER. 1. *Shut, ſhut the door, good John!*] John Searl, his old and faithful ſervant, whom he has remembered, under that character, in his Will.

Is there a Parſon, much be-mus'd in beer,
A maudlin Poeteſs, a rhyming Peer,
A Clerk foredoom'd his father's ſoul to croſs,
Who pens a Stanza, when he ſhould *engroſs?*
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, ſcrawls
With deſp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to TWIT'NAM, and in humble ſtrain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whoſe giddy ſon neglects the Laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cauſe:
Poor Cornus ſees his frantic wife elope,
And curſes Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle ſong)
What *Drop* or *Noſtrum* can this plague remove?
Or which muſt end me, a Fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm ſped.
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.

VER. 13 *Mint.*] A place to which inſolvent debtors retired, to enjoy an illegal protection, which they were there ſuffered to afford one another, from the perſecution of their creditors.

After ver. 20. in the MS.

Is there a Bard in durance? turn them free,
With all their brandiſh'd reams they run to me:
Is there a Prentice, having ſeen two plays,
Who would do ſomething in his Semptreſs' praiſe.—

VER. 29. in the 1ſt Ed.

Dear Doctor tell me, is not this a curſe?
Say, is their anger or their friendſhip worſe?

Seis'd and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be ſilent, and who will not lye:
To laugh, were want of goodneſs and of grace,
And to be grave exceeds all pow'r of face.
I ſit with ſad civility, I read
With honeſt anguiſh and an aching head;
And drop at laſt, but in unwilling ears,
This ſaving counſel, "Keep your piece nine years."
Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by ſoft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before *Term* ends,
Oblig'd by hunger and requeſt of friends:
"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it,
"I'm all ſubmiſſion, what you'd have it, make it."
Three things another's modeſt wiſhes bound,
My Friendſhip and a Prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon ſends to me: "You know his Grace,
"I want a Patron; aſk him for a Place."
Pitholeon libell'd me—"but here's a letter
"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
"Dare you refuſe him? Curl invites to dine,
"He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn Divine."

VER. 49. *Pitholeon*] The name taken from a fooliſh Poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to *Greek*. Schol. in Horat. l. 1. Dr Bentley pretends, that this Pitholeon libelled Cæſar alſo.

VER. 53. in the MS.

If you refuſe, he goes, as fates incline,
To plague Sir Robert, or to turn Divine.

Bleſs me! a packet.—" 'Tis a ſtranger ſues,
" A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muſe."
If I diſlike it, " Furies, death and rage! "
If I approve, " Commend it to the Stage."
There (thank my ſtars) my whole commiſſion ends,
The players and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fir'd that the houſe reject him, " 'Sdeath I'll print it,
" And ſhame the fools—Your int'reſt, Sir, with
" Lintot."
Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
" Not, Sir, if you reviſe it, and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks;
At laſt he whiſpers, " Do, and we go ſnacks."
Glad of a quarrel, ſtrait I clap the door,
Sir, let me ſee your works and you no more.
'Tis ſung, when Midas' Ears began to ſpring,
(Midas, a ſacred perſon and a King)
His very Miniſter who ſpy'd them firſt,
(Some ſay his Queen) was forc'd to ſpeak, or burſt.
And is not mine, my friend, a ſorer caſe,
When every coxcomb perks them in my face?
A. Good friend forbear! you deal in dang'rous things,
I'd never name Queens, Miniſters, or Kings;
Keep cloſe to Ears, and thoſe let aſſes prick,
'Tis nothing—P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?

VER. 60. in the former Ed.

Cibber and I are luckily no friends.

VER. 72. *Queen*] The ſtory is told, by ſome, of his Barber, but by *Chaucer* of his Queen. See Wife of Bath's Tale in *Dryden*'s Fables.

Out with it DUNCIAD! let the ſecret paſs,
That ſecret to each fool, that he's an Aſs:
The truth once told (and wherefore ſhould we lie?)
The queen of Midas ſlept, and ſo may I.
You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature ſmarts ſo little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canſt hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulſions hurl'd,
Thou ſtandſt unſhook amidſt a burſting world.
Who ſhames a Scribler? break one cobweb thro',
He ſpins the ſlight, ſelf-pleaſing thread a-new:
Deſtroy his fib or ſophiſtry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd on the centre of his thin deſigns,
Proud of a vaſt extent of flimzy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer,
Loſt the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnaſſian ſneer:
And has not Colly ſtill his lord, and whore?
His butchers Henly, his free-maſons Moor?
Does not one table Bavius ſtill admit?
Still to one Biſhop Philip ſeem a wit?
Still Sappho—A. Hold; for God-ſake—you'll offend,
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:

VER. 88. Alluding to Horace,

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

VER. 98. *free maſons Moor?*] He was of this Society, and frequently headed their proceſſions.

I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
But foes like these—P. One Flatt'rer's worse than all.
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they *repent*.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grubstreet will my fame defend,
And more abusive, calls himself my friend.
This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."

There are, who to my person pay their court:
I cough like *Horace*, and, tho' lean, am short,
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such *Ovid*'s nose, and, "Sir! you have an Eye—
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgrac'd my Betters, met in me.
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal *Maro* held his head:"
And when I die, be sure to let me know
Great *Homer* dy'd three thousand years ago.

VER 111. in the MS.

For song, for silence some expect a bribe:
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."
Time, praise, or money, is the least they crave;
Yet each declares the other fool or knave.

After ver. 124. in the MS.

But friend, this shape, which You and Curl admire,
Came not from Ammon's son, but from my Sire:

Why did I write? what ſin to me unknown
Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I liſp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father diſobey'd.
The Muſe but ſerv'd to eaſe ſome friend, not Wife,
To help me thro' this long diſeaſe, my Life,
To ſecond, ARBUTHNOT! thy Art and Care,
And teach the Being you preſerv'd, to bear.
But why then publiſh? *Granville* the polite,
And knowing *Walſh*, would tell me I could write;
Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praiſe,
And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays;
The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield*, read,
Ev'n mitred *Rocheſter* would nod the head,

And for my head, if you'll the truth excuſe,
I had it from my Mother, not the Muſe.
Happy, if he, in whom theſe frailities join'd,
Had heir'd as well the virtues of the mind.

Curl ſet up his head for a ſign. His father was crooked. His Mother was much afflicted with head-achs.

VER. 139. *Talbot, &c.*] All theſe were Patrons or Admirers of Mr Dryden; tho' a ſcandalous libel againſt him, intitled, *Dryden's Satyr to his Muſe*, has been printed in the name of the Lord *Somers*, of which he was wholly ignorant.

Theſe are the perſons to whoſe account the Author charges the publication of his firſt pieces: perſons, with whom he was converſant (and he adds beloved) at 16 or 17 years of age; an early period for ſuch acquaintance. The catalogue might be made yet more illuſtrious, had he not confined it to that time when he writ the *Paſtorals* and *Windſor-Foreſt*, on which he paſſes a ſort of Cenſure in the lines following,

While pure Deſcription held the place of Senſe? &c.

And *St John*'s ſelf (great *Dryden*'s friends before)
With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.
Happy my ſtudies, when by theſe approv'd!
Happier their author, when by theſe belov'd!
From theſe the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixons* and *Cooks*.
Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
While pure Deſcription held the place of Senſe?
Like gentle *Fanny*'s was my flow'ry theme,
A painted miſtreſs, or a purling ſtream.
Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;
I wiſh'd the man a dinner, and ſate ſtill.
Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret:
I never anſwer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madneſs made them print,
I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.
Did ſome more ſober Critic come abroad;
If wrong, I ſmil'd: if right, I kiſs'd the rod.
Pains, reading, ſtudy, are their juſt pretence,
And all they want, is ſpirit, taſte, and ſenſe.
Comma's and points they ſet exactly right,
And 'twere a ſin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one ſprig of laurel grac'd theſe ribalds,
From ſlaſhing *Bentley* down to pidling *Tibalds*:
Each wight, who reads not, and but ſcans and ſpells,
Each Word-catcher, that lives on ſyllables,
Ev'n ſuch ſmall Critics ſome regard may claim,
Preſerv'd in *Milton*'s or in *Shakeſpear*'s name.

VER. 150. *A painted meadow, or a purling ſtream*, is a verſe of Mr Addiſon.

Pretty! in amber to obſerve the forms
Of hairs, or ſtraws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's ſecret ſtandard in his mind,
That Caſting-weight pride adds to emptineſs,
This, who can gratify? for who can *gueſs?*
The Bard whom pilfer'd Paſtorals renown,
Who turns a Perſian tale for half a Crown,
Juſt writes to make his barrenneſs appear,
And ſtrains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a-year;
He, who ſtill wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
Steals much, ſpends little, yet has nothing left:
And He, who now to ſenſe, now nonſenſe leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And He, whoſe fuſtian's ſo ſublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but proſe run mad:
All theſe my modeſt Satire bad *tranſlate*,
And own'd that nine ſuch Poets made a *Tate*.
How did they fume, and ſtamp, and roar, and chafe!
And ſwear, not ADDISON himſelf was ſafe.
Peace to all ſuch! but were there one whoſe fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inſpires;

VER. 180.---*a Perſian tale.*] Amb. Philips tranſlated a Book called the *Perſian tales.*

VER. 186. *All theſe my modeſt Satire bad tranſlate,*] See their works, in the Tranſlation of claſſical books by *ſeveral hands.*

Bleſt with each talent and each art to pleaſe,
And born to write, converſe, and live with eaſe:
Should ſuch a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with ſcornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himſelf to riſe;
Damn with faint praiſe, aſſent with civil leer,
And without ſneering, teach the reſt to ſneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to ſtrike,
Juſt hint a fault, and heſitate diſlike;
Alike, reſerv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a ſuſpicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers beſieg'd,
And ſo obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd:
Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,
And ſit attentive to his own applauſe;
While Wits and Templars ev'ry ſentence raiſe,
And wonder with a fooliſh face of praiſe—
Who but muſt laugh, if ſuch a man there be?
Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he!
What tho' my name ſtood rubric on the walls,
Or plaiſter'd poſts, with claps, in capitals?
Or ſmoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
On wings of wind came flying all abroad?

After ver. 208. in the MS..

Who, if two Wits on rival themes conteſt,
Approves of each, but likes the worſt the beſt.

Alluding to Mr P.'s and Tickell's Tranſlation of the firſt Book of the Iliad.

VER. 217. *On wings of winds came flying all abroad?* Hopkins, in the civth Pſalm.

I ſought no homage from the Race that write;
I kept, like *Aſian* Monarchs, from their ſight:
Poems I heeded (now berhym'd ſo long)
No more than thou, great GEORGE! a birth-day ſong.
I ne'er with wits or witlings paſs'd my days,
To ſpread about the itch of verſe and praiſe;
Nor like a puppy, daggl'd thro' the town,
To fetch and carry ſing-ſong up and down;
Nor at Rehearſals ſweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my ſide;
But ſick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To *Bufo* left the whole *Caſtalian* ſtate.
Proud as *Apollo* on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown *Bufo*, puff'd by ev'ry quill;
Fed with ſoft Dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand and hand in ſong.
His Library, (where buſts of Poets dead
And a true *Pindar* ſtood without a head)
Receiv'd of wits an undiſtinguiſh'd race,
Who firſt his judgment aſk'd, and then a place:
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his ſeat,
And flatter'd ev'ry day, and ſome days eat:

After VER. 234. in the MS.

To Bards reciting he vouchſaf'd a nod,
And ſnuff'd their incenſe like a gracious god.

VER. 236.—*a true* Pindar *ſtood without a head.*] Ridicules the affectation of Antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headleſs *Trunks* and *Terms* of Statues, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, &c. Vid. *Fulv. Urſin. &c.*

Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with praise,
To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye:
But still the *Great* have kindness in reserve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.
May some choice patron bless each gray-goose quill!
May every *Bavius* have his *Bufo* still!
So when a Statesman wants a day's defence,
Or Envy holds a whole weeks war with Sense,
Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
Blest be the *Great!* for those they take away,
And those they left me, for they left me GAY;
Left me to see neglected Genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My Verse, and QUEENSB'RY weeping o'er thy urn!
Oh let me live my own, and die so too!
(To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a Poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I please:
Above a Patron, tho' I condescend
Sometimes to call a Minister my friend.

VER. 248.---*helped to bury*] Mr *Dryden*, after having liv'd in exigences, had a magnificent Funeral bestowed upon him by the contribution of several persons of quality.

I was not born for Courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers;
Can sleep without a Poem in my head,
Nor know, if *Dennis* be alive or dead.
Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has Life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
"I found him close with *Swift*—Indeed? no doubt
"(Cries prating *Balbus*) something will come out.
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will.
"No, such a Genius never can lie still;
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first Lampoon Sir *Will.* or *Bubo* makes.
Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,
When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my *Style?*

After VER. 270. in the MS.

Friendships from youth I sought, and seek them still:
Fame, like the wind, may breathe where'er it will.
The world I knew but made it not my school,
And in a course of flatt'ry liv'd no fool.

After VER. 282. in the MS.

P. What if I sing Augustus, great and good?
A. You did so lately, was it understood?
Be nice no more, but, with a mouth profound,
As rumbling D—s or a Norfolk hound;
With GEORGE and FRED'RIC roughen ev'ry verse,
Then smooth up all and CAROLINE rehearse.
P. No—the high task to lift up Kings to Gods
Leave to Court-sermons and to birth-day Odes.

Curſt be the verſe, how well ſoe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue ſcandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the ſoft-ey'd Virgin ſteal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmleſs neighbour's peace,
Inſults fallen worth, or Beauty in diſtreſs,
Who loves a Lye, lame ſlander helps about,
Who writes a Libel, or who copies out:
That Fop, whoſe pride affects a patron's name,
Yet abſent wounds an author's honeſt fame:
Who can *your* merit *ſelfiſhly* approve,
And ſhow the *ſenſe* of it without the *love*;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you ſay,
And, if he lye not, muſt at leaſt betray:
Who to the *Dean* and *ſilver bell* can ſwear,
And ſees at *Cannons* what was never there;
Who reads, but with a luſt to miſapply,
Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction Lye.
A laſh like mine no honeſt man ſhall dread,
But all ſuch babbling blockheads in his ſtead.

On themes like theſe, ſuperior far to thine,
Let laurell'd Cibber, and great Arnal ſhine.
Why write at all?--A. Yes, ſilence if you keep,
The Town, the Court, the Wits, the Dunces weep.

VER. 289. *Who to the* Dean *and* ſilver bell, *&c.*] Meaning the man who would have perſuaded the Duke of Chandos that Mr P. meant him in thoſe circumſtances ridiculed in the Epiſtle on *Taſte*. See Mr Pope's Letter to the Earl of Burlington concerning this matter.

Let *Sporus* tremble—A. What? that thing of ſilk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of Aſs's milk?
Satire or ſenſe, alas! can *Sporus* feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt that ſtinks and ſtings;
Whoſe buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er taſtes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred ſpaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal ſmiles his emptineſs betray,
As ſhallow ſtreams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he ſpeaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet ſqueaks;
Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar Toad,
Half froth, half venom, ſpits himſelf abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or ſpite, or ſmut, or rhymes, or blaſphemies.
His wit all ſee-ſaw, between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now maſter up, now miſs,
And he himſelf one vile Antitheſis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
Now trips a Lady, and now ſtruts a Lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have expreſt,
A Cherub's face, a reptile all the reſt.
Beauty that ſhocks you, parts that none will truſt,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the duſt.

VER. 319. See Milton, Book iv.

Not Fortune's worſhipper, nor Faſhion's fool
Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor ſervile; Be one Poet's praiſe,
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways:
That flatt'ry ev'n to Kings, he held a ſhame,
And thought a Lye in verſe or proſe the ſame.
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But ſtoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his ſong:
That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
He ſtood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loſs of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The diſtant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never ſhed;
The tale reviv'd, the lye ſo oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed traſh, and dulneſs not his own;
The morals blacken'd when the writings 'ſcape,
The libel'd perſon, and the pictur'd ſhape;
Abuſe, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, ſpread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead;

VER. 350. *The lie ſo oft o'erthrown*] As that he received ſubſcriptions for Shakeſpear, that he ſet his name to Mr. Broome's verſes, &c. which, tho' publicly diſproved, were nevertheleſs ſhamelеſsly repeated in the Libels, and even in that called the *Nobleman's Epiſtle*.

VER. 351. *Th' imputed Traſh.*] Such as profane *Pſalms*, *Court-Poems*, and other ſcandalous things, printed in his Name by Curl and others.

VER. 354. *Abuſe on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, ſpread,*] Namely on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Lord

The whiſper, that to greatneſs ſtill too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his SOV'REIGN's ear—
Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue!* all the paſt:
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the *laſt!*

A. But why inſult the poor, affront the great?
P. A knave's a knave, to me, in ev'ry ſtate:
Alike my ſcorn, if he ſucceed or fail,
Sporus at court, or *Japhet* in a jail,
A hireling ſcribler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the poſt corrupt, or of the ſhire;
If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,
He gain his Prince's ear, or loſe his own.

Yet ſoft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This dreaded Sat'riſt *Dennis* will confeſs
Foe to his pride, but friend to his diſtreſs:
So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald*'s door,
Has drunk with *Cibber*, nay has rhym'd for *Moor*.

Bathurſt, Lord Bolingbroke, Biſhop Atterbury, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, his Friends, his Parents, and his very Nurſe, aſperſed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Ducket, L. Welſted, Tho. Bentley, and other obſcure perſons.

Ver. 368. in the MS.

Once, and but once, his heedleſs youth was bit,
And lik'd that dang'rous thing, a female wit:
Safe as he thought, tho' all the prudent chid;
He writ no Libels, but my Lady did:
Great odds in am'rous or poetic game,
Where Woman's is the ſin, and Man's the ſhame.

Full ten years ſlander'd, did he once reply?
Three thouſand ſons went down on *Welſted*'s lye.
To pleaſe a Miſtreſs one aſpers'd his life:
He laſh'd him not, but let her be his wife:
Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubſtreet* on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will;
Let the two *Curls* of town and Court, abuſe
His father, mother, body, ſoul, and muſe,

Ver. 374. *Ten years*] It was ſo long after many libels before the Author of the Dunciad publiſhed that poem, till when, he never writ a word in anſwer to the many ſcurillities and falſehoods concerning him.

Ver. 375. *Welſted's lye*] This man had the impudence to tell in print, that Mr. P. had occaſioned a *Lady's death*, and to name a perſon he never heard of. He alſo publiſhed that he libell'd the Duke of Chandos; with whom, (it was added) that he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a preſent of *five hundred pounds:* the falſehood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr. P. never received any preſent, farther than the ſubſcription for Homer, from him, or from *any great man* whatſoever.

Ver. 378. *Let Budgel*] *Budgel*, in a weekly pamphlet called the *Bee*, beſtowed much abuſe on him, in the imagination that he writ ſome things about the *Laſt Will* of Dr. *Tindal*, in the *Grubſtreet Journal*; a Paper wherein he never had the leaſt hand, direction, or ſuperviſal, nor the leaſt knowledge of its Author.

Ver. 379. *Except his Will;*] Alluding to Tindal's Will: by which, and other indirect practices, Budgel, to the excluſion of the next heir, a nephew, got to himſelf almoſt the whole fortune of a man entirely unrelated to him.

Ver. 381. *His father, mother,* &c.] In ſome of Curl's and other pamphlets, Mr. Pope's father was ſaid to be a Mechanic, a Hatter, a Farmer, nay a Bankrupt. But, what is ſtranger, a *Nobleman* (if ſuch a reflection could be thought to come from a Nobleman) had dropt an alluſion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper call'd an *Epiſtle to a Doctor of Divinity:* And the following line,

Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obſcure.

Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,
It was a ſin to call our neighbour fool:
That harmleſs Mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and ſpare his family, *James Moore!*
Unſpotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.
Of gentle blood (part ſhed in Honour's cauſe,
While yet in *Britain* Honour had applauſe)
Each parent ſprung — A. What fortune, pray? — P.
Their own,
And better got, than *Beſtia*'s from the throne.
Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
Nor marrying Diſcord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age.

had fallen from a like *Courtly* pen, in certain *Verſes to the Imitator of Horace.* Mr. Pope's Father was of a Gentleman's Family in Oxfordſhire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whoſe ſole Heireſs married the Earl of Lindſey.—His mother was the daughter of William Turnor, Eſq; of York: She had three brothers, one of whom was killed, another died in the ſervice of King Charles; the eldeſt following his fortunes, and becoming a general Officer in Spain, left her what eſtate remained after the ſequeſtrations and forfeitures of her family.—Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged 75; She in 1733, aged 93, a very few weeks after this poem was finiſhed. The following inſcription was placed by their ſon on their Monument in the pariſh of Twickenham, in Middleſex.

D. O. M.
ALEXANDRO. POPE. VIRO. INNOCVO. PROBO. PIO.
QVI. VIXIT. ANNOS. LXXV. OB. MDCCXVII.
ET. EDITHAE. CONIVGI. INCVLPABILI.
PIENTISSIMAE. QVAE. VIXIT. ANNOS.
XCIII. OB. MDCCXXXIII.
PARENTIBVS. BENEMERENTIBVS. FILIVS. FECIT.
ET. SIBI.

No Courts he ſaw, no ſuits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lye.
Unlearn'd he knew no ſchoolman's ſubtile art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By Nature honeſt, by Experience wiſe,
Healthy by temp'rance, and by exerciſe;
His life, tho' long, to ſickneſs paſt unknown,
His death was inſtant, and without a groan.
O grant me, thus to live, and thus to die!
Who ſprung from Kings ſhall know leſs joy than I.
O Friend! may each domeſtic bliſs be thine!
Be no unpleaſing Melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of repoſing Age,
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
Make Languor ſmile, and ſmooth the bed of Death,
Explore the thought, explain the aſking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the ſky!
On cares like theſe if length of days attend,
May Heav'n, to bleſs thoſe days, preſerve my friend,
Preſerve him ſocial, chearful, and ſerene,
And juſt as rich as when he ſerv'd a QUEEN.
A. Whether that bleſſing be deny'd or giv'n,
Thus far was right, the reſt belongs to Heav'n.

After VER. 405. MS.

And of myſelf, too, ſomething muſt I ſay?
Take then this verſe, the trifle of a day.
And if it live, it lives but to commend
The man whoſe heart has ne'er forgot a friend,
Or head, an Author: Critic, yet polite,
And friend to Learning, yet too wiſe to write.

SATIRES

AND

EPISTLES

OF

HORACE

IMITATED.

Advertiſement.

THE occaſion of publiſhing theſe *Imitations* was the Clamour rais'd on ſome of my *Epiſtles*. An Anſwer from *Horace* was both more full, and of more Dignity, than any I could have made in my own perſon; and the Example of much greater Freedom in ſo eminent a Divine as Dr *Donne*, ſeem'd a proof with what indignation and contempt a Chriſtian may treat Vice or Folly, in ever ſo low, or ever ſo high a Station. Both theſe Authors were acceptable to the *Princes* and *Miniſters* under whom thay lived. The Satires of Dr *Donne* I verſified, at the deſire of the Earl of *Oxford* while he was Lord Treaſurer, and of the Duke of *Shrewſbury*, who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom look'd upon a Satire on Vicious Courts as any Reflection on thoſe they ſerv'd in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which Fools are ſo apt to fall into, and Knaves with good reaſon, to encourage the miſtaking a *Satiriſt* for a *Libeller*; whereas to a *true Satiriſt* nothing is ſo odious as a *Libeller*, for the ſame reaſon as to a man *truly virtuous* nothing is ſo hateful as a *Hypocrite*.

Uni aequus Virtuti atque ejus Amicis. P.

THE

First Satire of the Second Book

OF

HORACE

IMITATED.

WHOEVER expects a *Paraphraſe* of Horace, or a faithful Copy of his genius, or manner of writing, in theſe IMITATIONS, will be much diſappointed. Our Author uſes the Roman Poet for little more than his canvas: And if the old deſign or colouring chance to ſuit his purpoſe, it is well: if not, he employs his own, without ſcruple or ceremony. Hence it is, he is ſo frequently ſerious where Horace is in jeſt; and at eaſe where Horace is diſturbed. In a word, he regulates his movements no further on his Original, than was neceſſary for his concurrence, in promoting their common plan of *Reformation of manners*.

Had it been his purpoſe merely to paraphraſe an ancient Satiriſt, he had hardly made choice of Horace; with whom, as a Poet, he held little in common, beſides a comprehenſive knowledge of life and manners, and a certain *curious felicity* of expreſ-

ſion, which conſiſts in uſing the ſimpleſt language with dignity, and the moſt ornamented, with eaſe. For the reſt, his harmony and ſtrength of numbers, his force and ſplendor of colouring, his gravity and ſublimity of ſentiment, would have rather led him to another model. Nor was his temper leſs unlike that of Horace, than his talents. What Horace would only ſmile at, Mr Pope would treat with the grave ſeverity of Perſius: and what Mr Pope would ſtrike with the cauſtic lightning of Juvenal, Horace would content himſelf in turning into ridicule.

If it be aſked then, why he took any body at all to *imitate*, he has informed us in his *Adverti ſement*. To which we may add, that this ſort of Imitations, which are of the nature of *Parodies*, adds reflected grace and ſplendor on original wit. Beſides, he deemed it more modeſt to give the name of Imitations to his Satires, than, like Deſpreaux, to give the name of Satires to Imitations.

Pl. XVII.

N. v. Frankenstein sculpt.

Safe from the Bar; the Pulpit and the Throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.

Ep. to Satires part 2.

SATIRE I.

To Mr FORTESCUE.

P. THERE are (I ſcarce can think it, but am told)
[a] There are, to whom my Satire ſeems too bold:
Scarce to wiſe Peter complaiſant enough,
And ſomething ſaid of Chartres much too rough.
[b] The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to ſay,
Lord Fanny ſpins a thouſand ſuch a day.
Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,
[c] I come to Counſel learned in the Law:
You'll give me, like a friend both ſage and free,
Advice; and (as you uſe) without a Fee.
F. [d] I'd write no more.
P. Not write? but then I think,
[e] And for my ſoul I cannot ſleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools ruſh into my head, and ſo I write.

[a] SUNT quibus in Satira videar nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus; [b] ſine nervis altera, quidquid
Compoſui, pars eſſe putat, ſimileſque meorum
Mille die verſus deduci poſſe. [c] Trebati,
Quid faciem? preſcribe.
T. [d] Quieſcas.
H. Ne faciam, inquis,
Omnino verſus?
T. Aio.
H. Peream male, ſi non
Optimum erat: [e] verum nequeo dormire.

F. You could not do a worſe thing for your life.
Why, if the nights ſeem tedious——take a wife:
[f] Or rather truly, if your point be reſt,
Lettuce and cowſlip-wine; *Probatum eſt.*
But talk with Celſus, Celſus will adviſe
Hartſhorn, or ſomething that ſhall cloſe your eyes.
[g] Or, if you needs muſt write, write CÆSAR's Praiſe,
[h] You'll gain at leaſt a *Knighthood*, or the *Bays*.
P. What? like Sir [i] Richard, rumbling, rough, and fierce,
With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK crowd the verſe,
Rend with tremendous ſound your years aſunder,
With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuſs, and Thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Budgel's fire and force,
Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horſe?
F. [k] Then all your Muſe's ſofter art diſplay,
Let CAROLINA ſmooth the tuneful lay,

T. [f] Ter uncti
Tranſnanto Tiberim, ſomno quibus eſt opus alto;
Irriguumve mero ſub noctem corpus habento.
[g] Aut, ſi tantus amor ſcribendi te rapit, aude
CÆSARIS invicti res dicere, [h] multa laborum
Præmia laturus.
H. Cupidum, pater optime, vires
Deficiunt: [i] neque enim quivis *horrentia pilis*
Agmina, nec *fracta pereuntes cuſpide Gallos*,
Aut *labentis equo* deſcribat vulnera *Parthi*.
T. [k] Attamen et juſtum poteras et ſcribere fortem,
Scipiadam ut ſapiens Lucilius.

VER. 28. *falling Horſe?*] The horſe on which his Majeſty charged at the battle of Oudenard; when the Pretender, and the Princes of the blood of France, fled before him.

Lull with AMELIA's liquid name the Nine,
And ſweetly flow thro' all the Royal Line.
P. [l] Alas! few verſes touch their nicer ear;
They ſcarce can bear their *Laureate* twice a year;
And juſtly CÆSAR ſcorns the Poet's lays,
It is to *Hiſtory* he truſts for Praiſe.
F. [m] Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it ſtill,
Than ridicule all Taſte, blaſpheme Quadrille,
Abuſe the City's beſt good men in metre,
And laugh at Peers that put their truſt in Peter.
[n] Ev'n thoſe you touch not, hate you.
P. What ſhould ail them?
F. A hundred ſmart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer ſtill you name, you wound the more:
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a ſcore.
P. [o] Each mortal has his pleaſure: none deny
Scarſdale his Bottle, Darty his Ham-pye;
Ridotta ſips and dances, till ſhe ſee
The doubling luſtres dance as faſt as ſhe;
[p] F— loves the Senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
Like in all elſe, as one Egg to another,

H. Haud mihi deero,
Cum res ipſa feret: [l] niſi *dextro tempore*, Flacci
Verba per attentam non ibunt *Cæſaris* aurem:
Cui male ſi palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.
T. [m] Quanto rectius hoc, quam triſti lædere verſu
Pantolabum ſcurram, Nomentanumve nepotem?
[n] Cum ſibi quiſque timet, quamquam eſt *intactus*, et odit.
H. [o] Quid faciam? ſaltat Milonius, ut ſemel icto
Acceſſit fervor capiti, numeruſque lucernis.
[p] Caſtor gaudet equis; *ovo prognatus eodem*,

q I love to pour out all myſelf, as plain
As downright SHIPPEN, or as old Montagne:
In them, as certain to be lov'd as ſeen,
The Soul ſtood forth, nor kept a thought within:
In me what ſpots (for ſpots I have) appear,
Will prove at leaſt the Medium muſt be clear.
In this impartial glaſs, my Muſe intends
Fair to expoſe myſelf, my foes, my friends;
Publiſh the preſent age; but where my text
Is Vice too high, reſerve it for the next:
My foes ſhall wiſh my life a longer date,
And ev'ry friend the leſs lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,
r Verſe-man or Proſe-man, term me which you will,
Papiſt or Proteſtant, or both between,
Like good Eraſmus in an honeſt Mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

Pugnis. quot capitum vivunt, totidem ſtudiorum
Millia. q me pedibus delectat claudere verba,
Lucili ritu, noſtrûm melioris utroque.
Ille velut fidis arcana ſodalibus olim
Credebat libris; neque, ſi male geſſerat, uſquam
Decurrens alio, neque ſi bene: quo fit, ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti deſcripta tabella
Vita ſenis. ſequor hunc, r Lucanus an Appulus, anceps:
[Nam Venuſinus arat finem ſub utrumque colonus,
Miſſus ad hoc, pulſis (vetus eſt ut fama) Sabellis;
Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hoſtis;
Sive quod Appula gens, ſeu quod Lucania bellum

[s] Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet;
[t] I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers and Directors.
[u] Save but our *Army!* and let Jove incrust
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
[w] Peace is my dear delight—not FLEURY's more:
But touch me, and no minister so sore.
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
[x] Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song.
[y] Slander or Poison dread from Delia's rage,
Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be Page.
From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
[z] Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels;
Bulls aim their horns, and Asses lift their heels;
'Tis a Bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he's not stung by Pug.

Incuteret violenta.] [s] sed hic stylus haud petet ultro
Quemquam animantem, et me veluti custodiet ensis
Vagina tectus, quem cur destringere coner,
[t] Tutus ab infestis latronibus? [u] O pater et rex
Jupiter, ut pereat positum rubigine telum,
Nec quisquam noceat [w] cupido mihi pacis! at ille,
Qui me commôrit, (melius non tangere, clamo)
[x] Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.
[y] Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam;
Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum;
Grande malum Turius, si quid se judice certes:
[z] Ut, quo quisque valet, suspectos terreat, utque

[a] So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They'll never poiſon you, they'll only cheat.
[b] Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter ſhort)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,
Whether Old age, with faint but chearful ray,
Attends to gild the Evening of my day,
Or Death's black wing already be diſplay'd,
To wrap me in the univerſal ſhade;
Whether the darken'd room to muſe invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the ſkew'r to write:
In durance exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
[c] Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print.

F. [d] Alas young man! your days can ne'er be long,
In flow'r of age you periſh for a ſong!
Plums and Directors, Shylock and his Wife,
Will club their Teſters, now, to take your life!

P. [e] What? arm'd for Virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of ſhameleſs guilty men;

Imperet hoc Natura potens, ſic collige mecum.
Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde, niſi intus
Monſtratum! [a] Scaevae vivacem crede nepoti
Matrem; nil faciet ſceleris pia dextra (mirum?
Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, neque dente petit bos)
Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.
[b] Ne longum faciam: ſeu me tranquilla ſenectus
Expectat, ſeu mors atris circumvolat alis,
Dives, inops; Romae, ſeu fors ita juſſerit, exſul;
[c] Quiſquis erit vitae, ſcribam, color.

T. [d] O Puer, ut ſis
Vitalis metuo; et majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat.

H. [e] Quid? cum eſt Lucilius auſus

Dash the proud Gamester in his gilded Car;
Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a *Star*;
Can there be wanting, to defend Her cause,
Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?
Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
Flatt'rers and Bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?
Could Laureate Dryden Pimp and Fry'r engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not [f] strip the gilding off a Knave,
Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir, or slave?
I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause:
Hear this, and tremble! you who 'scape the Laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the World, in credit, to his grave.
[g] To VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS a FRIEND,
The World beside may murmur, or commend.
Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but sooths my sleep.
[h] There, my retreat the best Companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place.

Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,
[f] *Detrahere et pellem, nitidus* qua quisque per ora
Cederet, *introrsum turpis;* num Lælius, et qui
Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen,
Ingenio offensi? aut laeso doluere Metello,
Famosisque Lupo cooperto versibus? atqui
Primores populi arripuit *populumque* tributim;
Scilicet [g] UNI ÆQUUS VIRTUTI ATQUE EJUS AMICIS.
[h] Quin ubi se a *vulgo* et *scena* in *secreta* remôrant
Virtus Scipiadae et mitis *sapientia Laeli*,
Nugare cum illo, et discincti ludere, donec

There St JOHN mingles with my friendly bowl
The Feaſt of Reaſon and the Flow of ſoul:
And He, whoſe lightning pierc'd th' Iberian Lines,
Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,
Or tames the Genius of the ſtubborn plain,
Almoſt as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

[i] *Envy* muſt own, I live among the Great,
No Pimp of pleaſure, and no Spy of ſtate,
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to ſpread friendſhips, but to cover heats;
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be,
Scriblers or Peers, alike are *Mob* to me.
This is my Plea, on this I reſt my cauſe—
[k] What ſaith my Council, learned in the laws!

F. [l] Your Plea is good; but ſtill I ſay, beware!
Laws are explain'd by men—ſo have a care.
It ſtands on record, that in Richard's times
A man was hang'd for very honeſt rhymes;

Decoqueretur olus, ſoliti.
Quidquid ſum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucili cenſum, ingeniumque; tamen me
[i] Cum *magnis vixiſſe* invita fatebitur uſque
Invidia; et fragili quaerens illidere dentem,
Offendet ſolido:
[k] niſi quid tu, *docte Trebati*,
Diſſentis.

T. [l] Equidem nihil hinc diffingere poſſum
Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negotî
Incutiat tibi quid ſanctarum inſcitia legum:

[m] Conſult the Statute, *quart.* I think, it is,
Edwardi ſext. or *prim. et quint. Eliz.*
See *Libels*, *Satires*—here you have it—read.
P. [n] *Libels* and *Satires!* lawleſs things indeed!
But grave *Epiſtles*, bringing Vice to light,
Such as a King might read, a Biſhop write,
Such as Sir ROBERT would approve—
F. Indeed?
The Caſe is alter'd—you may then proceed;
[o] In ſuch a cauſe the Plaintiff will be hiſs'd,
My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're diſmiſs'd.

[m] "*Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus eſt*
"*Judiciumque.*"
H. Eſto, ſiquis [n]*mala*. ſed *bona* ſi quis
Judice condiderit laudatus CÆSARE? ſi quis
Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipſe?
T. [o] Solventur riſu tabulæ: tu miſſus abibis.

THE

Second Satire of the Second Book

OF

HORACE.

To Mr BETHEL.

[a] WHAT, and how great, the Virtue and the Art
To live on little with a chearful heart;
[b] (A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)
Let's talk, my Friends, but talk [c] before we dine.
[e] Not When a gilt Buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from sound Philosophy aside:

[a] QUAE virtus & quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo,
(Nec meus hic sermo: sed quae praecepit Ofellus,
Rusticus, [b] *abnormis* Sapiens, *crassaque Minerva*)
Discite, [c] non inter lances *mensasque nitentes;*
Cum stupet *insanis acies fulgoribus*, et cum
Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat!
[e] Verum hic *impransi* mecum disquirite. Cur hoc?
Dicam si potero. male verum examinat omnis

Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
Hear BETHEL's Sermon, not one vers'd in ſchools,
[d] But ſtrong in ſenſe, and wiſe without the rules.
[h] Go work, hunt, exerciſe! (he thus began)
Then ſcorn a homely dinner, if you can.
[i] Your wine lock'd up, your Butler ſtroll'd abroad,
Or fiſh deny'd (the river yet unthaw'd)
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleaſure lies in you, and not the meat.
[k] Preach as I pleaſe, I doubt our curious men
Will chuſe a pheaſant ſtill before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold,

Corruptus judex. Leporem ſectatus, equove
Laſſus ab indomito; vel (ſi Romana fatigat
Militia aſſuetum graecari) ſeu pila velox,
Molliter auſterum ſtudio fallente laborem;
Seu te diſcas agit, pete cedentem aëra diſco:
Cum labor extulerit faſtidia; ſiccus, inanis,
Sperne *cibum vilem:* niſi Hymettia mella Falerno,
Ne biberis, diluta. [i] foris eſt promus, et atrum
Defendens piſces hiemat mare: cum ſale panis
Latrantem Stomachum bene leniet. unde putas, aut
Qui partum? non in caro nidore voluptas
Summa, ſed in *teipſo* eſt. tu pulmentaria quaere
Sudando. pinguem vitiis albumque neque oſtrea,
Nec ſcarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagoïs
[k] Vix tamen eripiam, poſito *pavone*, velis quin
Hoc potius quam *Gallina* tergere palatum;

VER. 9. BETHEL.] The ſame to whom ſeveral of Mr Pope's letters are adreſſed.

[l] Of carps and mullets why prefer the great.
(Tho' cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat)
Yet for ſmall Turbots ſuch eſteem profeſs?
Becauſe God made theſe large, the other leſs.
[m] Oldfield, with more than Harpy throat endu'd,
Cries "Send me, Gods! a whole Hog barbecu'd!"
Oh blaſt it, [n] South-winds! till a ſtench exhale
Rank as the ripeneſs of a rabbit's tail.
By what Criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
If this is priz'd for ſweetneſs, that for ſtink?

Corruptus vanis rerum: quia veneat auro
Rara avis, et picta pandat ſpectacula cauda:
Tamquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num veſceris iſta,
Quam laudas, pluma? coctove num adeſt honor idem?
Carne tamen quamvis diſtat nihil hac magis illa;
Imparibus formis deceptum te patet, eſto.
Unde datum ſentis, lupus hic, Tiberinus an alto
Captus hiet? ponteſne inter jactatus, an amnis
Oſtia ſub Tuſci? [l] Laudas, inſane, *Trilibrem*
Mullum; in ſingula quem minuas pulmenta neceſſe eſt;
Ducit te ſpecies, video. quo pertinet ergo
Proceros odiſſe *lupos*? quia ſcilicet illis
Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.
Jejunus raro ſtomachus vulgaria temnit.
[m] *Porrectum magno magnum ſpectare catino*
Vellem ait *Harpyiis* gula digna rapacibus. At vos,
[n] Praeſentes Auſtri, coquite horum opſonia: quamquam

VER. 26. *Hog barbecu'd, etc.*] A Weſt Indian term of gluttony, a hog roaſted whole, ſtuffed with ſpice, and baſted with Madeira wine.

When the tir'd glutton labours thro' a treat,
He finds no reliſh in the ſweeteſt meat,
He calls for ſomething bitter, ſomething ſour,
And the rich feaſt concludes extremely poor:
° Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives ſtill we ſee;
Thus much is left of old Simplicity!
P The Robin-red-breaſt till of late had reſt,
And children ſacred held a Martin's neſt,
Till Becca-ficos ſold ſo dev'liſh dear
To one that was, or would have been, a Peer.
9 Let me extol a Cat, on oiſters fed;
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;
Or ev'n to crack live Crowfiſh recommend;
I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.
r 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:

Putet aper rhombuſque recens, mala copia quando
Aegrum ſollicitat ſtomachum; cum *rapula* plenus
Atque acidas mavult *inulas*. ° necdum *omnis* abacta
Pauperies epulis regum: nam *vilibus ovis*
Nigriſque eſt *oleis* hodie locus. Haud ita pridem
Galloni praeconis erat acipenſere menſa
Infamis. quid? tum rhombos minus aequora alebant?
P Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque *ciconia* nido,
Donec vos auctor docuit *praetorius*. ergo
9 Si quis nunc *mergos* ſuaves edixerit *aſſos*,
Parebit pravi docilis *Romana juventus*.
r Sordidus a tenui victus diſtabit, Ofello
Judice: nam fruſtra vitium vitaveris iſtud

VER. 42. *Bedford-head*;] A famous Eating houſe.

Between Exceſs and Famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not ſordid; tho' not ſplendid, clean.
[s] Avidien, or his Wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a [t] dog, and her a bitch)
Sell their preſented partridges, and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
[u] One half-pint bottle ſerves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on ſome [w] lucky day, (as when they found
A loſt Bank-bill, or heard their ſon was drown'd)
At ſuch a feaſt, [x] old vinegar to ſpare,
Is what two ſouls ſo gen'rous cannot bear:
Oil, tho' it ſtink, they drop by drop impart,
But ſowſe the cabage with a bounteous heart.
[y] He knows to live, who keeps the middle ſtate,
And neither leans on this ſide, nor on that;
Nor ſtops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;

Si te alio pravus detorſeris. [s] Avidienus,
[t] Cui *Canis ex* vero ductum cognomen adhæret,
Quinquennes oleas eſt, et, ſylveſtria cornu;
[u] Ac, niſi *mutatum*, parcit defundere *vinum*; et
Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit
Ille *repotia*, *natales*, alioſque dierum
[w] *Feſtos* albatus celebret) cornu ipſe bilibri
Caulibus inſtillat, [x] *veteris non parcus aceti.*
Quali igitur victu ſapiens utetur, et horum
Utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupus, hac canis, aiunt.
[y] Mundus erit, qua non offendat ſordibus, atque
In neutram partem cultus miſer. [a] Hic neque *ſervis*
Albuti ſenis exemplo, dum munia dicit,

Nor lets, like [b] Nævius, ev'ry error paſs,
The muſty wine, foul cloth or greaſy glaſs.
[c] Now hear what bleſſings Temperance can bring
(Thus ſaid our friend, and what he ſaid I ſing)
[d] Firſt Health: the ſtomach (cramm'd from every diſh,
A tomb of boil'd and roaſt, and fleſh and fiſh,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one inteſtine war)
Remembers oft [e] the School-boy's ſimple fare,
The temp'rate ſleeps, and ſpirits light as air.
[f] How pale, each Worſhipful and Rev'rend gueſt
Riſe from a Clergy, or a City feaſt!
What life in all that ample body, ſay?
What heavenly particle inſpires the clay?
The Soul ſubſides, and wickedly inclines
To ſeem but mortal, ev'n in ſound Divines.
[g] On morning wings how active ſprings the Mind
That leaves the load of yeſterday behind?

Saevus erit; nec ſi ut ſimplex [b] Naevius, *unctam*
Convivis praebebit *aquam*: vitium hoc quoque magnum.
[c] Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quae quantaque ſecum
Afferat. [d] In primis valeas bene; nam variae res
Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius eſcae,
Quae ſimplex [e] *olim* tibi ſederit. at ſimul aſſis
Miſcueris elixa, ſimul conchylia turdis;
Dulcia ſe in bilem vertent, ſtomachoque tumultum
Lenta feret pituita. [f] Vides, ut pallidus omnis
Cœna deſurgat dubia? quin corpus onuſtum
Heſternis vitiis *animum* quoque praegravat una,
Atque affigit humo *divinæ particulum aurae*.
[g] Alter, ubi dicto citius curata ſopori
Membra dedit, vegetus praeſcripta ad munia ſurgit.

How eaſy ev'ry labour it purſues?
How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muſe?
[h] Not but we may exceed, ſome holy time,
Or tir'd in ſearch of Truth, or ſearch of Rhyme;
Ill health ſome juſt indulgence may engage;
And more the ſickneſs of long life, Old age;
[i] For fainting Age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate Youth the veſſel drains?
[k] Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'ſon. You ſuppoſe,
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no noſe.
Not ſo: a Buck was then a week's repaſt,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it laſt;
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends would come,
Than eat the ſweeteſt by themſelves at home.
[l] Why had not I in thoſe good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb-pyes, or coxcombs, were on earth?
Unworthy he, the voice of Fame to hear,
[m] That ſweeteſt muſic to an honeſt ear;

[h] Hic tamen ad melius poterit tranſcurrere quondam;
Sive *diem* feſtum rediens advexerit annus,
Seu recreare volet *tenuatum corpus*: ubique
Accedent anni, et *tractari mollius aetas*
Imbecilla volet. [i] Tibi quidnam accedet ad iſtam,
Quam puer et validus praeſumis, mollitiem; ſeu
Dura valetudo inciderit, ſeu tarda ſenectus?
[k] *Rancidum aprum* antiqui laudabant: non quia naſus
Illis nullus erat; ſed, *credo*, hac mente, quod hoſpes
Tardius adveniens vitiatum commodius, quam
Integrum edax dominus conſumeret. [l] hos utinam inter
Heroas natum tellus me prima tuliſſet.
[m] Das aliquid *famae*, quae *carmine gratior* aurem
Occupet humanam? grandes rhombi, patinæque

(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a ſong)
Who has not learn'd, [n] freſh ſturgeon and ham-pye
Are no rewards for want, and infamy!
When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Curs'd by thy [o] neighbours, thy truſtees, thyſelf,
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a ſhame,
Think how poſterity will treat thy name;
And [q] buy a rope, that future times may tell,
Thou haſt at leaſt beſtow'd one penny well.

[p] "Right, cries his Lordſhip, for a rogue in need
"To have a taſte is inſolence indeed:
"In me 'tis noble, ſuits my birth and ſtate,
"My wealth unwieldy, [r] and my heap too great."
Then like the ſun, let bounty ſpread her ray,
And ſhine that ſuperfluity away.
Oh impudence of wealth! with all thy ſtore,
How dar'ſt thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the [s] new-built churches round thee fall?
Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair White-hall:

Grande ferunt una [n] cum *damno dedecus*, adde
[o] Iratum patruum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,
Et fruſtra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti
[p] As, *laquei* pretium.
[q] Jure, inquit, Trauſius iſtis
Jurgatur verbis: ego vectigalia magna,
Divitiaſque habeo tribus amplas regibus. [r] Ergo,
Quod *ſuperat*, non eſt *melius quo* inſumere poſſis?
Cur eget indignus *quiſquam*, te divite? quare
[s] *Templa* ruunt *antiqua* Deûm? *cur*, improbe, carae
Non aliquid *patriae* tanto emetiris acervo?
Uni nimirum tibi recte ſemper erunt res?

Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,
As M**o's was, but not at five per cent.
[t] Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jeſt for all mankind.
And [u] who ſtands ſafeſt? tell me, is it he
That ſpreads and ſwells in puff'd Proſperity,
Or bleſt with little, whoſe preventing care
In peace provides fit arms againſt a war?
[w] Thus BETHEL ſpoke, who always ſpeaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought:
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the Man.
In South-ſea days not happier, when ſurmis'd
The Lord of Thouſands, than if now [x] *Excis'd*;
In foreſt planted by a Father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little, I can piddle here
On [y] brocoli and mutton, round the year;

[t] O magnus poſthac inimicis riſus! uterne
[u] Ad caſus dubios fidet ſibi certius; hic, qui
Pluribus affuêrit mentem corpuſque ſuperbum;
An qui contentus parvo metuenſque futuri,
In pace, ut ſapiens, aptarit idonea bello?
[w] Quo magis his credas: puer hunc ego parvus *Oſellum*
Integris opibus novi non latius uſum,
Quam nunc *acciſi*. Videas, *metato* in agello,
Cum pecore et gnatis, fortem mercede colonum,
Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profeſta
Quidquam, praeter [y] *olus* fumoſe cum pede pernae.

But [z] ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true, no [a] Turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
To Hounslow-heath I point and Banſted-down,
Thence comes your mutton, and theſe chicks my own;
[b] From yon old walnut-tree a ſhow'r ſhall fall;
And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,
And figs from ſtandard and eſpalier join;
The dev'l is in you if you cannot dine;
Then [c] chearful healths (your Miſtreſs ſhall have place)
And, what's more rare, a Poet ſhall ſay Grace.
Fortune not much of humbling me can boaſt:
Tho' double tax'd, how little have I loſt?
My Life's amuſements have been juſt the ſame
Before, and after [d] Standing Armies came.

Ac mihi ſeu [z] *longum poſt tempus* venerat hoſpes,
Sive *operum vacuo* gratus conviva per imbrem
Vicinus; bene erat, non *piſcibus* urbe petitis,
Sed *pullo* atque *hoedo*: tum [a] *penſilis uva* ſecundas
Et nux ornabat menſas, cum *duplice ficu*.
Poſt hoc ludus erat [b] cuppa ludare magiſtra:
Ac *venerata Ceres*, ita culmo ſurgeret alto,
Explicuit vino contractae ſeria frontis.
Saeviat atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultus!
Quantum hinc imminuet? quanto *aut ego* parcius, *aut vos*,
O pueri, nituiſtis, ut hoc [d] *novus incola* venit?

My lands are ſold, my father's houſe is gone ;
I'll hire anothers; is not that my own,
And your's my friends? thro' whoſe free-op'ning gate
None comes too early, none departs too late;
(For I who hold ſage Homer's rule the beſt,
Welcome the coming, ſpeed the going gueſt.)
" Pray heav'n it laſt! (cries SWIFT!) as you go on;
" I wiſh to God this houſe had been your own:
" Pity! to build, without a ſon or wife;
" Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."
Well if the uſe be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
What's [e] *Property?* dear Swift! you ſee it alter
From you to me, from me to [f] Peter Walter;
Or, in a mortgage, prove a Lawyer's ſhare;
Or, in a jointure, vaniſh from the heir;
Or in pure [f] equity (the caſe not clear)
The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:
At beſt it falls to ſome [g] ungracious ſon,
Who cries, " My father's damn'd, and all's my own."
[h] Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby Lord;
And Hemſly, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a Scriv'ner or a city Knight.

Nam [e] *propriae telluris* herum natura neque illum,
Nec me, nec quemquam ſtatuit. nos expulit ille;
Illum aut [f] nequities aut [g] *vafri inſcitia juris*,
Proſtremum expellet certe [h] *vivacior heres.*

VER. 177. *proud Buckingham's, etc.*] Villiers Duke of Buckingham.

[i] Let lands and houſes have what lords they will,
Let Us be fix'd, and our own maſters ſtill.

[i] Nunc ager *Umbreni ſub nomine*, nuper *Oſelli*
Dictus erat: nulli proprius; ſed cedit in uſum
Nunc mihi, nunc alii. [k] quocirca vivite fortes,
Fortiaque adverſis opponite pectora rebus.

BOOK I. of HORACE.

EPISTLE I.

To L. BOLINGBROKE.

St. John, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
Why [b] will you break the Sabbath of my days?
Now sick alike of Envy and of Praise.
Public too long, ah let me hide my Age!
See Modest [c] Cibber now has left the Stage:
Our Gen'rals now, [d] retired to their Estates,
Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,
In Life's cool Ev'ning satiate of Applause,
Not [e] fond of bleeding, ev'n in Brunswick's cause.

Prima dicte mihi, summa dicende camena,
[b] Spectatum satis, et donatum jam rude, quaeris,
Maecenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.
Non eadem est aetas, non mens. [c] Veianius, armis
[d] Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro;
Ne populum [e] extrema toties exoret arena.

[f] A voice there is, that whiſpers in my ear,
('Tis Reaſon's voice, which ſometimes one can hear)
"Friend Pope! be prudent, let your [g] Muſe take breath,
"And never gallop Pegaſus to death;
"Leſt ſtiff, and ſtately, void of fire or force,
"You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's horſe."

Farewell then [h] Verſe and Love, and ev'ry Toy,
The Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy;
What [i] right, what true, what fit we juſtly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is All:
To lay this [k] harveſt up, and hoard with haſte
What ev'ry day will want, and moſt the laſt.
But aſk not to what [l] Doctors I apply?
Sworn to no Maſter, of no Sect am I:
As drives the [m] ſtorm, at any door I knock:
And houſe with Montagne now, or now with Locke,
Sometimes a [n] Patriot active in debate,
Mix with the World, and battle for the State,

[f] Eſt mihi purgatam crebro qui perſonet aurem;
Solve [g] ſeneſcentem mature ſanas equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.
Nunc itaque et [h] verſus, et *caetera ludicra* pono:
Quid [i] verum atque *decens*, curo et rogo, et *omnis* in hoc ſum:
[k] Condo, et compono, quæ mox depromere poſſim.
Ac ne forte roges, [l] quo me *duce*, quo *Lare* tuter:
Nullius addictus jurare in verba magiſtri,
[m] Quo me cunque rapit tempeſtas deferor *hoſpes*.
Nunc *agilis* fio, et merſor [n] *civilibus undis*.

Free as young Lyttelton, her cauſe purſue,
Still true to Virtue, [o] and as warm as true:
Sometimes with Ariſtippus, or St Paul,
Indulge my candor, and grow all to all;
Back to my [p] native Moderation ſlide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.
[q] Long, as to him who works for debt, the day,
Long as the Night to her whoſe Love's away,
Long as the Year's dull circle ſeems to run,
When the briſk Minor pants for twenty-one:
So ſlow th' [r] unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the Functions of my ſoul;
That keep me from myſelf; and ſtill delay
Life's inſtant buſineſs to a future day;
That [s] taſk, which as we follow, or deſpiſe,
The eldeſt is a fool, the youngeſt wiſe.
Which done, the pooreſt can no wants endure;
And which not done, the richeſt muſt be poor.
[t] Late as it is, I put myſelf to ſchool,
and feel ſome [u] comfort, not to be a fool.

Virtutis verae cuſtos [o] *rigiduſque ſatelles*:
Nunc in * Ariſtippi [p] *furtim* praecepta *relabor*,
Et mihi res, non me rebus, ſubjungere conor.
[q] Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica; dieſq
Lenta videtur *opus debentibus*: ut piger annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit cuſtodia matrum:
Sic mihi tarda [r] fluunt *ingrataque* tempora, quae ſpem
Conſiliumque *morantur* agendi gnaviter [s] id, quod
Aeque *pauperibus* prodeſt, *locupletibus* aeque,
Aeque neglectum *pueris ſenibuſque* nocebit.
[t] *Reſtat*, ut his ego me ipſe regam [u] ſolerque *elementis*:

* Omnis Ariſtippum decuit color, et æatus et res.

[w] Weak tho' I am of limb, and ſhort of Sight,
Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite;
I'll do what Mead and Cheſelden adviſe,
To keep theſe limbs, and to preſerve theſe eyes.
Not to [x] go back is ſomewhat to advance,
And men muſt walk at leaſt before they dance.
Say, does thy [y] blood rebel, thy boſom move
With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?
Know, there are Words and Spells, which can controll.
[z] Betwen the Fits this Fever of the ſoul:
Know, there are Rhymes, which [a] freſh and freſh apply'd
Will cure the arrant'ſt Puppy of his Pride.
Be [b] furious, envious, ſlothful, mad, or drunk,
[c] Slave to a Wife, or Vaſſal to a Punk,
A Switz, a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch [d] Bear;
All that we aſk is but a patient Ear.
[e] 'Tis the firſt Virtue, Vices to abhor;
And the firſt Wiſdom, to be fool no more.

[w] Non poſſis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus:
Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi:
Nec, quia deſperes invicti membra Glyconis,
Nodoſa corpus nolis prohibere cheragra.
Eſt quadam prodire [x] tenus, ſi non datur ultra.
[y] Fervet avaritia, miſeroſque cupidine pectus?
Sunt *verba* et *voces*, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Poſſis et [z] magnam morbi deponere partem.
Laudis amore tumes? ſunt [a] certa *piacula*, quae te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.
[b] Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinoſus, [c] *amator*;
Nemo [d] adeo *ferus* eſt, ut non mitescere poſſit,
Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.
[e] Virtus eſt, vitium fugere; et ſapientia prima,

But to the world no [f] bugbear is so great,
As want of figure, and a small Estate.
To either India see the Merchant fly,
Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty!
See him with pains of body, pangs of soul,
Burn thro' the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing to make Philosophy thy friend?
To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,
And [g] ease thy heart of all that it admires?
[h] Here, Wisdom calls: [i] "Seek Virtue first, be bold!
"As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."
There, London's voice, [k] "Get Money, Money still!
"And then let Virtue follow, if she will."
This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From [l] low St James's up to high St Paul;
From him whose [m] quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.

Stultitia caruisse. vides, quae [f] maxima credis
Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,
Quanto devites animi capitisque labore.
Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
Per [g] mare *pauperiem* fugiens, per saxa per ignes:
Ne cures [h] ea, quae *stulte* miraris et optas,
Discere et audire, et meliori credere non vis?
Quis circum pagos et circum compita pugnax
Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui spes,
Cui sit conditio dulcis sine pulvere palmae?
"[i] Vilius est auro argentum, virtutibus aurum
"[k] O cives, cives! quaerenda pecunia primum est;
Virtus post nummos: haec [l] *janus summus* ab *imo*
Prodocet: haec recinunt juvenes dictata senesque,
[m] Lævo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto.

VER. 84. *notches sticks*] Exchequer Taillies.

Barnard [n] in ſpirit, ſenſe, and truth abounds;
"Pray then, what wants he?" Fourſcore thouſand pounds;
A penſion, or ſuch Harneſs for a ſlave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard, thou art a [o] Cit, with all thy worth:
But Bug and D*l, Their *Honours*, and ſo forth.
Yet ev'ry [p] child another ſong will ſing,
"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."
True, conſcious Honour is to feel no ſin,
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
Be this thy [q] Screen, and this thy Wall of Braſs;
Compar'd to this a Miniſter's an Aſs.
[r] And ſay, to which ſhall our applauſe belong,
This new Court jargon, or the good old ſong?
The modern language of corrupted Peers,
Or what was ſpoke at [s] CRESSY and POITIERS?
[t] Who counſels beſt? who whiſpers, "Be but great,
"With Praiſe or Infamy leave that to fate;

[n] Eſt animus tibi, ſunt mores, eſt lingua fidēſque:
Sed quadringentis ſex ſeptem millia deſint
[o] *Plebs* eris. [p] at pueri ludentes, *Rex* eris, aiunt,
Si recte facies. Hic [q] *murus aheneus eſto*,
Nil *conſcire* ſibi, nulla palleſcere culpa.
[r] Roſcia, dic ſodes, melior lex, an puerorum eſt
Naenia, quae regnum recte facientibus offert,
Et *maribus* [s] *Curiis* et decantata *Camillis*?
[t] Iſne tibi melius ſuadet, qui, "Rem facias; rem,
"Si poſſis, recte; ſi non, quocunque modo rem."

"Get Place and Wealth, if poſſible, with grace;
"If not by any means get Wealth and Place.
For what? to have a [u] Box where Ennuchs ſing,
And foremoſt in the Circle eye a King.
Or [w] he, who bids thee face with ſteady view
Proud Fortune, and look ſhallow greatneſs thro:
And, [x] while he bids thee, ſets th' Example too?
If [y] ſuch a doctrine, in St James's air,
Should chance to make the well-dreſt Rabble ſtare;
If honeſt S*z take ſcandal at a Spark,
That leſs admires the [z] Palace than the Park:
Faith I ſhall give the anſwer [a] Reynard gave:
"I cannot like, dread Sir, your Royal Cave:
"Becauſe I ſee, by all the tracks about,
"Full many a Beaſt goes in, but none come out."
Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a Slave:
Send her to court, you ſend her to her grave.
Well, if a King's a Lion, at the leaſt
The [b] People are a many-headed Beaſt:

[u] Ut propius ſpectes lacrymoſa poemata Pupi!
An, [w] qui fortunae te reſponſare ſuperbae
Liberum et erectum, [x] *praeſens* hortatur et aptat?
[y] Quod ſi me Populus Romanus forte roget, cur
Non, ut [z] porticibus, ſic judiciis fruar iſdem;
Nec ſequar aut fugiam, quae diligit ipſe vel odit:
Olim quod [a] vulpes aegroto cauta leoni
Reſpondit, referam: Quia me veſtigia terrent
Omnia te adverſum ſpectantia, nulla retrorſum.
[b] *Belua multorum* es *capitum*. nam quid ſequar aut
quem?

Can they direct what measures to pursue,
Who know themselves so little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one Lust of Gold,
Just half the land would buy, and half be sold:
Their [c] Country's wealth our mightier Misers drain,
Or cross, to plunder Provinces, the Main;
The rest, some farm the Poor-box, some the Pews;
Some keep Assemblies, and would keep the Stews,
Some [d] with fat Bucks on childless dotards fawn;
Some win rich Widows by their Chine and Brawn;
While with the silent growth of ten per cent,
In dirt and darkness, [e] hundreds stink content.
Of all these ways, if each [f] pursues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone:
But shew me one who has it in his pow'r
To act consistent with himself an hour.
Sir Job [g] sail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and still,
"No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich hill!"
[h] Up starts a Palace, lo, th' obedient base
Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
The silver Thames reflects its marble face,

Pars hominum gestit [c] conducere, *publica*: sunt qui
[d] Crustis et *pomis* viduas venentur avaras,
Excipiantque senes, quos in vivaria mittant:
[e] *Multis* occulto crescit res fenore. [f] verum
Esto aliis alios rebus studiisque teneri:
Iidem eadem possunt horam durare probantes?
[g] Nullus in urbe sinus *Baiis* prælucet amœnis,
Si dixit *dives*; [h] lacus et mare *sentit* amorem

Now let ſome whimſy, or that [i] Dev'l within
Which guides all thoſe who know not what they mean,
But give the Knight (or give his Lady) ſpleen;
"Away, away! take all your ſcaffolds down,
"For Snug's the word: My dear! we'll live in Town."
At am'rous Flavio is the [k] ſtocken thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.
[l] The Fool, whoſe Wife elopes ſome thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial ſolace dies a martyr,
Did ever [m] Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themſelves ſo ſtrangely as the Rich?
Well, but the [n] Poor--The Poor have the ſame itch;
They change their [o] weekly Barber, weekly News,
Prefer a new Japanner, to their ſhoes,
Diſcharge their Garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a Chaiſe and one;
They [p] hire their ſculler, and when once aboard,
Grow ſick, and damn the climate—like a Lord.
[q] You laugh, half Beau, half Sloven if I ſtand,
My wig all powder, and all ſnuff my band;

Feſtinantis heri: cui ſi [i] vitioſa *libido*
Fecerit auſpicium; cras ferramenta *Teanum*
Tolletis, fabri. [k] lectus genialis in aula eſt?
Nil ait eſſe prius, melius nil cœlibe vita
[l] Si non eſt, jurat bene ſolis eſſe maritis.
[m] Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?
Quid [n] *pauper*? ride: mutat [o] *cœnacula*, *lectos*,
Balnea; [p] *tonſores*, conducto navigio æque
Nauſeat, ac locuples quem ducit priva triremis.
[q] Si curatus *inæquali* tonſore capillos

You laugh, if coat and breeches ſtrangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!
But when [r] no Prelate's Lawn with hair-ſhirt lin'd,
Is half ſo incoherent as my Mind,
When (each opinion with the next at ſtrife,
One [s] ebb and flow of Follies all my life)
I [t] plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
Turn round to ſquare, and ſquare again to round;
[u] You never change one muſcle of your face,
You think this Madneſs but a common caſe,
Nor [w] once to Chanc'ry, nor to Hale apply;
Yet hang your lip, to ſee a Seam awry!
Careleſs how ill I with myſelf agree,
Kind to my dreſs, my figure, not to Me.
Is this my [x] Guide, Philoſopher and Friend?
This he, who loves me, and who ought to mend;
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none,)
That Man divine whom Wiſdom calls her own;
Great without Title, without Fortune bleſs'd;
Rich [y] ev'n when plunder'd, [z] honour'd while oppreſs'd;

Occurro; rides. ſi forte ſubucula pexae
Trita ſubeſt tunicae, vel ſi toga *diſſidet impar*;
Rides. quid, [r] mea cum pugnat *ſententia* ſecum;
Quod petiit, ſpernit; repetit quod nuper omiſit;
[s] Aeſtuat, et vitae diſconvenit ordine toto;
[t] Diruit, aedificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?
[u] Inſanire putas ſolennia me, neque rides,
Nec [w] *medici* credis, nec *curatoris* egere
A *praetore* dati; rerum [x] tutela mearum
Cum ſis, et prave ſectum ſtomacheris ob unguem,
De te *pendentis, te reſpicientis* amici.

Lov'd [x] without youth, and follow'd without power;
At home tho' exil'd; [b] free, tho' in the Tower;
In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal Thing;
Juſt [c] leſs than Jove, and [d] much above a King,
Nay, half in heav'n---[e] except (what's mighty odd)
A fit of Vapours clouds this Demy-God?

Ad ſummam, *ſapiens* uno [y] minor eſt *Jove*, dives,
[z] Liber, [a] honoratus, [b] pulcher, [c] rex denique regum;
Praecipue ſanus, [d] niſi cum pituita moleſta eſt.

THE

Sixth Epiſtle of the Firſt Book

OF

HORACE;

To Mr MURRAY.

"NOT to admire, is all the Art I know,
"To make men happy, and to keep them ſo."
(Plain Truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flow'rs of ſpeech,
So take it in the very words of Creech.)
[b] This Vault of Air, this congregated Ball,
Self-center'd Sun, and Stars that riſe and fall,
There are, my Friend! whoſe philoſophic eyes
Look thro', and truſt the Ruler with his ſkies,
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view [c] this dreadful All without a fear.

NIL *admirari*, prope res eſt una, Numici,
Solaque quae poſſit facere et ſervare beatum.
[b] Hunc ſolem, et ſtellas, et decidentia certis
Tempora momentis, ſunt qui [c] formidine nulla.

Admire we then what [d] Earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian ſhores, or Indian ſeas infold;
All the mad trade of [e] Fools and Slaves for Gold?
Or [f] Popularity? or Stars and Strings?
The Mob's applauſes, or the gifts of Kings?
Say with what [g] eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,
And pay the Great our homage of Amaze?
If weak the [h] pleaſure that from theſe can ſpring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we deſire,
In either caſe, believe me, we admire;
Whether we [i] joy or grieve, the ſame the curſe,
Surpriz'd at better, or ſurpriz'd at worſe.
Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and ſnatch the Man away:
For [k] Virtue's ſelf may too much zeal be had;
The worſt of Madmen is a Saint run mad.
[l] Go then, and if you can, admire the ſtate

Imbuti ſpectent. [d] quid cenſes, munera terrae?
Quid, maris extremos Arabas [e] ditantis et Indos?
Ludicra, quid, [f] plauſus, et amici dona Quiritis?
Quo ſpectanda modo [g] quo *ſenſu* credis et *ore?*
[h] Qui *timet* his adverſa, fere miratur eodem
Quo *cupiens* pacto: pavor eſt *utrobique* moleſtus:
Improviſa ſimul ſpecies exterret *utrumque*:
[i] Gaudeat, an doleat; cupiat, metuatne; quid ad rem,
Si quidquid videt melius pejuſve ſua ſpe,
Defixis oculis animoque et corpore torpet?
[k] Inſani ſapiens nomen ferat, aequus iniqui;
Ultra quam ſatis eſt, *virtutem* ſi petat ipſum.
[l] I nunc, argentum et marmor [m] *vetus* aeraque et artes

Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
Procure a TASTE to double the ſurpriſe,
And gaze on [m] Parian Charms with learned eyes:
Be ſtruck with bright [n] Brocade, or Tyrian Dye,
Our Birth-day nobles' ſplendid Livery.
If not ſo pleas'd, at [o] Council-board rejoice,
To ſee their Judgments hang upon thy Voice;
From [p] morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this ſtrife?
For [q] Fame, for Riches, for a noble Wife?
Shall [r] One whom Nature, Learning, Birth conſpir'd
To form, not to admire but be admir'd,
Sigh, while his Chloe blind to Wit and Worth
Weds the rich Dulneſs of ſome Son of earth?
Yet [s] Time ennobles, or degrades each Line;
It brighten'd CRAGGS's, and may darken thine:
And what is Fame? the Meaneſt have their day,
The Greateſt can but blaze, and paſs away.
Grac'd as thou art, [t] with all the Pow'r of Words,
So known, ſo honour'd, at the Houſe of Lords:

Suſpice: cum gemmis [n] Tyrios mirare colores:
Gaude, quod ſpectant oculi te mille loquentem:
Gnavus [p] mane forum, et veſpertinus pete tectum;
[q] Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris
Mutus et (indignum; quod ſit pejoribus ortus)
[r] Hic tibi ſit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi.
[s] Quicquid ſub terra eſt, in apricum proferet aetas;
Defodiet condetque nitentia. [t] cum bene notum
Porticus Agrippae, et via te conſpexerit Appi

Conſpicuous Scene! another yet is nigh,
(More ſilent far) where Kings and Poets lie;
Where MURRAY (long enough his Country's pride)
Shall be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE!
[w] Rack'd with Sciatics, martyr'd with the Stone,
Will any mortal let himſelf alone?
See Ward by batter'd Beaus invited over,
And deſp'rate Miſery lays hold on Dover.
The caſe is eaſier in the Mind's diſeaſe:
There all Men may be cur'd, whene'er they pleaſe.
Would ye be [x] bleſt; deſpiſe low Joys, low Gains;
Diſdain whatever CORNBURY diſdains;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.
[y] But art thou one, whom new opinions ſway,
One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
Who Virtue and a Church alike diſowns,
Thinks that but words, and this like brick and ſtones?
Fly [z] then, on all the wings of wild deſire,
Admire what'ere the madeſt can admire:
Is Wealth thy paſſion? Hence! from Pole to Pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
For Indian ſpices, for Peruvian Gold,
Prevent the greedy, and out-bid the bold:

Ire tamen reſtat, Numa [u] quo devenit et Ancus.
[w] Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,
Quaere fugam morbi. [x] vis recte vivere; quis non?
Si virtus hoc *una* poteſt dare, fortis omiſſis
Hoc age *deliciis*
[y] virtutem verba putes, et
Lucum ligna; [z] cave ne portus occupet alter:

[a] Advance thy golden Mountain to the ſkies;
On the broad baſe of fifty thouſand riſe,
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a ſquare.
For, mark th' advantage; juſt ſo many ſcore
Will gain a [b] Wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaſte,
And then ſuch [c] Friends—as cannot fail to laſt.
A [d] Man of wealth is dubb'd a Man of worth,
Venus ſhall give him Form, and Anſtis' Birth.
(Believe me, many a [e] German Prince is worſe,
Who proud of Pedigree is poor of Purſe)
His wealth brave [f] Timon glorioufly confounds;
Aſk'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if three Ladies like a luckleſs Play,
Take the whole Houſe upon the Poet's day.
[g] Now, in ſuch exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you muſt be rich indeed;

Ne Cibyratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas:
[a]Mille talenta rotundentur, todidem altera, porro et
Tertia ſuccedant, et quae pars quadret acervum,
Scilicet [b] uxorem *cum dote*, *fidemque*, et *amicos*.
Et *genus* et *formam*, regina [d] Pecunia donat;
Ac bene nummatum decorat Saudela, Venuſque.
Mancipiis locuples, eget aeris [e] *Capadocum rex*
Ne fueris hic tu. [f] chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,
Si poſſet centum ſcenae praebere rogatus,
Qui poſſum tot? ait: tamen et quaeram, et quot habebo
Mittam: poſt paulo ſcribit, ſibi millia quinque
Eſſe domi chlamydum: partem, vel tolleret omnes.
[g] Exilis domus eſt, ubi non et multa *ſuperſunt*,

A nobler ſuperfluity it craves,
Not for yourſelf, but for your Fools and Knaves;
Something, which for your Honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
[h] If Wealth alone then make and keep us bleſt,
Still, ſtill be getting, never, never reſt.
[i] But if to Pow'r and Place your paſſion lie,
If in the Pomp of Life conſiſt the joy;
Then [k] hire a Slave, or (if you will) a Lord
To do the Honours, and to give the Word;
Tell at your Levee, as the Crouds approach,
To whom [l] to nod, whom take into your Coach,
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
Who [m] rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
"This may be troubleſome, is near the Chair:
"That makes three Members, this can chuſe a
"May'r."
Inſtructed thus, you bow, embrace, proteſt,
Adopt him [n] Son, or Couſin at the leaſt,
Then turn about, and [o] laugh at your own Jeſt.

Et *dominum fallunt*, et *proſunt furibus*. [h] ergo,
Si res ſola poteſt facere et ſervare beatum,
Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc poſtremus omittas.
[i] Si fortunatum ſpecies et gratia praeſtat,
[k] *Mercemur* ſervum, qui dictet nomina, laevum
Qui fodicet latus, et [l] cogat trans pondera dextram
Porrigere: [m] Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille *Velina*:
Cui libet, is faſces dabit; eripietque curule,
Cui volet, *importunus* ebur: [n] Frater, Pater, adde:
Ut cuique eſt aetas, ita, quemque [o] *facetus* adopta.

Or if your life be one continued Treat,
If [p] to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the Deer, and drag the finny-prey;
With hounds and horns go hunt an Appetite—
So [q] Ruſſel did, but could not eat at night,
Call'd happy Dog! the Beggar at his door,
And envy'd Thirſt and Hunger to the Poor.
Or ſhall we [r] ev'ry Decency confound,
Thro' Taverns, Stews, and Bagnio's take our round,
Go dine with Chartres, in each Vice out-do
[s] K—l's lewd Cargo, or Ty—y's Crew,
From Latian Syrens, French Circæan Feaſts,
Return well travell'd, and transform'd to Beaſts,
Or for a titled Punk, or foreign Flame,
Renounce our [t] Country, and degrade our Name?
If, after all, we muſt with Wilmot own,
The Cordial Drop of Life is Love alone,
And SWIFT cry wiſely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"
The Man that loves and laughs, muſt ſure do well.

Si [p] bene qui coenat, bene vivit; lucet: eamus
Quo ducit gula: piſcemur, venemur, ut [q] olim
Gargilius: qui mane plagas, vanebula, ſervos,
Differtum tranſire forum populumque jubebat,
Unus ut e multis populo ſpectante referret.
Emtum mulus aprum. [r] crudi, tumidique lavemur,
Quid *deceat*, quid non, obliti; Caerite cera
Digni; [s] *remigium vitioſum* Ithacenſis Ulyſſei;
Cui *potior* [t] *patria* fuit interdicta voluptas.
[u] Si, Mimnermus uti cenſet, ſine *amore jociſque*

VER. 127. *Wilmot.*] Earl of Rocheſter.

w Adieu—if this advice appear the worſt,
E'en take the Counſel which I gave you firſt:
Or better Precepts if you can impart,
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

Nil eſt jucundum; vivas in amore jociſque.
w Vive vale. ſi quid noviſti rectius iſtis,
Candidus imperti; ſi non, his utere mecum.

THE

First Epiſtle of the Second Book

OF

HORACE.

Advertiſement.

THE Reflections of *Horace*, and the Judgments paſt in his Epiſtle to *Auguſtus*, ſeem'd ſo ſeaſonable to the preſent Times, that I could not help applying them to the uſe of my own Country. The Author thought them conſiderable enough to addreſs them to his Prince; whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a Monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the Encreaſe of an *abſolute Empire*. But to make the Poem entirely Engliſh, I was willing to add one or two of thoſe which contribute to the Happineſs of a *Free People*, and are more conſiſtent with the Welfare of *our Neighbours*.

The Epiſtle will ſhew the learned World to have fallen into Two miſtakes: one, that *Auguſtus was a Patron of Poets in general*; whereas he not only prohibited all but the Beſt Writers to name him, but recommended that Care even to the Civil Magiſtrate; *Admonebat Praetores, ne paterentur Nomen ſuum obſolefiere*, &c. The other, that this Piece was

only a *general Diſcourſe of Poetry*; whereas it was an *Apology of the Poets*, in order to render *Auguſtus* more their Patron. *Horace* here pleads the Cauſe of his Cotemporaries, firſt againſt the Taſte of the *Town*, whoſe humour it was to magnify the Authors of the preceeding Age; ſecondly, againſt the *Court* and *Nobility*, who encouraged only the Writers for the Theatre; and laſtly againſt the *Emperor* himſelf, who had conceived them of little Uſe to the Government. He ſhews (by a View of the Progreſs of Learning, and the Change of Taſte among the Romans) that the Introduction of the Polite Arts of *Greece* had given the Writers of his Time great advantages over their Predeceſſors; that their *Morals* were much improved, and the licence of thoſe ancient Poets reſtrained: that *Satire* and *Comedy* were become more juſt and uſeful; that whatever extravagance were left on the Stage were owing to the *Ill Taſte* of the *Nobility*; that Poets, under due Regulations, were in many reſpects uſeful to the *State*; and concludes, that it was upon them the *Emperor* himſelf muſt depend for his Fame with Poſterity.

We may farther learn from this Epiſtle, that *Horace* made his Court to this Great Prince by writing with a decent Freedom toward him, with a juſt Contempt of his low Flatterers, and with a manly Regard to his own Character.

EPISTLE I.

To AUGUSTUS.

WHile you, great Patron of Mankind! [a] ſuſtain
The balanc'd World, and open all the Main;
Your Country, chief in Arms, abroad defend,
At Home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend;
How ſhall the Muſe, from ſuch a Monarch, ſteal
An hour, and not defraud the Public Weal?
[c] Edward and Henry, now the Boaſt of Fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more [d] ſacred Name,
After a Life of gen'rous toils endur'd,
The Gaul ſubdu'd, or Property ſecur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities ſtorm'd,
Or Laws eſtabliſh'd, and the world reform'd;

Cum tot [a] ſuſtineas et tanta negotia ſolus,
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus emendes; in [b] publica commoda peccem,
Si longa ſermone morer tua tempora, Caeſar.
[c] Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Caſtore Pollux,
Poſt ingentia facta, [d] Deorum in templa recepti,

[e] Clos'd their long Glories with a ſigh, to find
Th'unwilling Gratitude of baſe mankind!
All human Virtue, to its lateſt breath,
[f] Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death.
The great Alcides, ev'ry Labour paſt,
Had ſtill this Monſter to ſubdue at laſt.
[g] Sure fate of all, beneath whoſe riſing ray
Each ſtar of meaner merit fades away!
Oppreſs'd we feel the beam directly beat,
Thoſe Suns of Glory pleaſe not till they ſet.
To thee, the World its preſent homage pays,
The Harveſt early, [h] but mature the praiſe:
Great friend of LIBERTY! in *Kings* a Name
Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame*:
Whoſe Word is Truth, as ſacred and rever'd,
As Heaven's own Oracles from Altars heard.
Wonder of King! like whom, to mortal eyes
[k] None e'er has riſen, and none e'er ſhall riſe.

Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aſpera bella
Componunt, agros adſignant, oppida condunt;
[e] Ploravere ſuis non reſpondere favorem
Speratum meritis. diram qui contudit Hydram,
Notaque fatali portenta labore ſubegit,
Comperit [f] invidiam ſupremo fine domari.
[g] Urit enim fulgore ſuo, qui praegravat artes
Infra ſe poſitas: extinctus amabitor idem.
[h] Præſenti tibi *maturos* largimur honores,
[i] Jurandaſque tuum per numen ponimus aras,
[k] *Nil oriturum* alias, *nil ortum tale* fatentes.
Sed tuus hoc populus ſapiens et juſtus in uno.
** *Te noſtris ducibus, te Graiis* anteferendo,

Juſt in one inſtance, be yet confeſt
Your People, Sir, are partial in the reſt:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And Advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the ruſt we value, not the gold.
[l] Chaucer's worſt ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beaſtly Skelton Heads of houſes quote:
One likes no language but the Fairy Queen;
A Scot will fight for Chriſt's Kirk o' the Green:
And each true Briton is to Ben ſo civil,
[m] He ſwears the Muſes met him at the Devil.
Tho' juſtly [n] Greece her eldeſt ſons admires,
Why ſhould not We be wiſer than our ſires?

Caetera nequaquam ſimili ratione modoque
Aeſtimat; et, niſi quae terris ſemota ſuiſque
Temporibus defuncta videt, faſtidit et odit:
[l] Sic fautor *veterum*, ut tabulas peccare vetantes
Quas bis quinque viri ſanxerunt, foedera regum,
Vel Gabiis vel cum ridigis aequata Sabinis,
Pontificum libros, annoſa volumina Vatum,
[m] Dictitet Albano Muſas in monte locutas.
Si, quia [n] Graecarum ſunt antiquiſſima quaeque
Scripta vel optima, Romani penſantur eadem
Scriptores trutina: non eſt quod multa loquamur:

VER. 38. *And beaſtly Skelton, &c.*] Skelton, Poet Laureat to Henry VIII. a volume of whoſe verſes has been lately reprinted, conſiſting almoſt wholly of ribaldry, obſcenity, and ſcurrilous language.

VER. 40. *Chriſt's Kirk o'the Green*;] A Ballad made by a King of Scotland.

VER. 42. *met him at the Devil*] The Devil Tavern, where Ben Johnſon held his Poetical Club.

In ev'ry Public Virtue we excell:
We build, we paint,[o] we ſing we dance as well,
And [p] learned Athens to our Art muſt ſtoop,
Could ſhe behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.
If [q] Time improve our Wits as well as Wine,
Say at what age a Poet grows divine?
Shall we, or ſhall we not, account him ſo,
Who dy'd, perhaps an hundred years ago?
End all diſpute; and fix the year preciſe?
When Britiſh bards begin t' immortalize?
"Who laſts a [r] century can have no flaw,
"I hold that Wit a Claſſic, good in law.
Suppoſe he wants a year, will you compound!
And ſhall we deem him [s] Ancient, right and ſound,
Or damn to all eternity at once,
At ninety nine, a Modern and a Dunce?
"We ſhall not quarrel for a year or two;
"By [t] courteſy of England, he may do.

Nil intra eſt oleam, nil extra eſt in nuce duri.
Venimus ad ſummum fortunae: *pingimus*, atque
[o] *Pſallimus*, et [p] *luctamur Achivis doctius unctis.*
Si [q] meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;
Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus.
Scriptor ab hinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter
Viles atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.
Eſt vetus atque probus, [r] centum qui perficit annos.
Quid? qui deperiit minor uno menſe vel anno,
Inter quos referendus erit? [s] veteresne poetas,
An quos et praeſens et poſtera reſpuat aetas?
Iſte quidem veteres inter ponetur [t] *honeſte*,
Qui vel menſe brevi, vel toto eſt junior anno.

Then by the rule that made the [u] Horſe-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt [w] down Ancients like a heap of ſnow:
While you, to meaſure merits, look in [x] Stowe,
And eſtimating authors by the year,
Beſtow a Garland only on a [y] Bier.
[z] Shakeſpear (whom you and ev'ry Play-houſe bill
Style the divine, the matchleſs, what you will)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own deſpight.
Ben, old, and poor, as little ſeem'd to heed
[a] The life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.
Who now reads [b] Cowley? if he pleaſes yet,
His Moral pleaſes, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric Art,
But ſtill [c] I love the language of his heart.

Utor permiſſo, caudaeque pilos ut [u] equinae
Paulatim vello; et demo unum, demo et item unum;
Dum cadat eluſus ratione [w] ruentis acervi,
Qui redit in [x] *faſtos*, et virtutem aeſtimat annis,
Miraturque nihil, niſi quod [y] *Libitina* ſacravit.
[z] Ennius et *ſapiens*, et *fortis*, et *alter Homerus*,
Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur
Quo [a] *promiſſa* cadant, et *ſomnia Pythagorea*.
[b] Nævius in manibus non eſt: at [c] mentibus hæret
Pene recens: [d] adeo ſanctum eſt vetus omne poema.

VER. 69. *Shakeſpear*,] Shakeſpear and Ben Johnſon may truly be ſaid not much to have thought of this Immortality; the one in many pieces compoſed in haſte for the Stage; the other in his later works in general which *Dryden* called his *Dotages*.

VER. 77. *Pindarick Art*,] Which has much more merit than his Epic, but very unlike the Character, as well as Numbers, of Pindar.

" Yet ſurely, [d] ſurely, theſe were famous men!
" What boy but hears the ſayings of old Ben?
" In all [e] debates where Critics bear a part.
" Not one but nods, and talks of Johnſon's Art,
" Of Shakeſpear's Nature and of Cowley's Wit:
" How Beamont's judgment check'd what Fletcher
" writ;
" How Shadwell haſty, Wycherly was ſlow;
" But for the Paſſions, Southern ſure and Rowe.
" Theſe, [f] only theſe, ſupport the crouded ſtage,
" From eldeſt Heywood down to Cibber's age.
All this may be; [g] the People's Voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.

Ambigitur [e] quoties, uter utro ſit prior; aufert
Pacuvius docti famam ſenis, Accius alti:
Dicitur Afrani toga conveniſſe Menandro;
Plautus ad examplar Siculi properare Epicharmi,
Vincere Caecilius gravitate, Terentius arte:
Hos ediſcit, et hos arcto ſtipato theatro
Spectat Roma potens; [f] habet hos numeratque poetas
Ad noſtrum tempus, Livî ſcriptoris ab aevo.
[g] Interdum vulgus rectum videt: eſt ubi peccat.

VER. 85. *Shadwell haſty, Wycherly was ſlow.*] Nothing was leſs true than this particular: but the whole paragraph has a mixture of Irony, and muſt not altogether be taken for Horace's own Judgment; only the common Chat of the pretenders to Criticiſm, in ſome things right, in others, wrong, as he tells us in his anſwer.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt: eſt ubi peccat.

To [h] Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careleſs Huſband praiſe,
Or ſay our Fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I ſay, the Public is a fool.
But let them own, that greater Faults than we
They had, and greater Virtues, I'll agree.
Spenſer himſelf affects the [i] Obſolete,
And Sydney's verſe halts ill on [k] Roman feet:
Milton's ſtrong pinion now not Heav'n can bound,
Now Serpent-like, in [l] proſe he ſweeps the ground,
In Quibbles, Angel and Archangel join,
And God the Father turns a ſchool-divine.
[m] Not that I'd lop the Beauties from his book,
Like [n] ſlaſhing Bentley with his deſp'rate hook,
Or damn all Shakeſpear, like th'affected Fool
At Court, who hates whate'er he [o] read at ſchool.
But for the Wits of either Charles's days,
The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Eaſe;

Si [h] veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,
Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat;
Si quaedam nimis [i] *antique*, ſi pleraque [k] *dure*
Dicere cedit eos, [l] *ignave* multa fatetur;
Et ſapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat aequo.
[m] Non equidem inſector, *delendaque carmina* Livi
Eſſe reor, memini quae [n] *plagoſum* [o] *mihi parvo*
Orbilium dictare;
ſed emendata videri
Pulchraque, et exactis minimum diſtantia, miror:

VER. 91. *Gammer Gurton.*] A piece of very low humour, one of the firſt printed Plays in Engliſh, and therefore much valued by Antiquaries.

Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling ſtars the Miſcellanies o'er)
One Simile, that [p] ſolitary ſhines
In the dry deſert of a thouſand lines,
Or [q] lengthen'd Thought that gleams thro' many a page,
Has ſanctify'd whole poems for an age.
[r] I loſe my patience, and I own it too,
When works are cenſur'd, not as bad but new;
While if our Elders break all reaſon's laws,
Theſe fools demand not pardon, but applauſe.
[s] On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
If I but aſk, if any weed can grow?
One tragic ſentence if I dare deride,
Which Betterton's grave action dignify'd,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphaſis proclaims.
(Tho' but, perhaps, a muſter-roll of Names)

Inter quae [p] *verbum* emicuit ſi forte *decorum*,
Si [q] *verſus* paulo *concinnior* unus et alter;
Injuſte *totum* ducit venitque poema.
[r] Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia craſſe
Compoſitum, illepideve putetur, ſed quia nuper;
Nec veniam antiquis, ſed honorem et praemia poſci.
[s] Recte necne *crocum floresque* perambulat *Attae*
Fabula, ſi dubitem; clamant periiſſe pudorem
Cuncti pene *patres*: ea cum reprehendere coner,

VER. 119. *On Avon's bank*,] At Stratford in Warwickſhire, where Shakeſpear had his birth.

VER. 124. *A muſter-roll of Names*,] An abſurd cuſtom of ſeveral Actors, to pronounce with emphaſis the mere *Proper Names* of Greeks or Romans, which (as they call it) *fill the mouth* of the Player.

How will our Fathers riſe up in a rage,
And ſwear all, ſhame is loſt in George's Age!
You'd think [u] no Fools diſgrac'd the former reign,
Did not ſome grave Examples yet remain,
Who ſcorn a Lad ſhould teach his father ſkill,
And, having once been wrong, will be ſo ſtill.
He, who to ſeem more deep than you or I,
Extols old Bards, [w] or Merlin's Prophecy,
Miſtake him not; he envies, not admires,
And to debaſe the Sons, exalts the Sires.
[x] Had ancient times conſpir'd to diſallow
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd, ſo worthy to be read
By learned Critics, of the mighty Dead?
[y] In Days of Eaſe, when now the weary Sword
Was ſheath'd, and *Luxury* with *Charles* reſtor'd;
In ev'ry taſte of foreign Courts improv'd,
"All, by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd."

Quae [t] *gravis Aeſopus*, quae doctus *Roſcius* egit.
Vel quia nil [u] rectum, niſi quod placuit ſibi, ducunt:
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quae
Imberbi didicere, ſenes perdenda fateri.
Jam [w] *Saliare Numae carmen* qui laudat, et illud,
Quod mecum ignorat, ſolus vult ſcire videri;
Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque ſepultis,
Noſtra ſed impugnat, nos noſtraque lividus odit.
[x] Quod ſi tam Graecis *novitas* inviſa fuiſſet,
Quam nobis; quid nunc eſſet vetus! aut quid haberet,
Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus uſus?
[y] Ut primum poſitis nugari Graecia bellis

Ver. 142. A verſe of the Lord Lanſdown.

Then Peers grew proud in [z] Horſmanſhip t'excell,
Newmarket's Glory roſe as Britain's fell;
The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France,
And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.
Then [a] Marble, ſoften'd into life, grew warm,
And yielding Metal flow'd to human form.
Lely on [b] animated Canvas ſtole
The ſleepy Eye, that ſpoke the melting ſoul.
No wonder then, when all was Love and ſport
The willing Muſes were debauch'd at Court;
On [c] each enervate ſtring they taught the note
To pant or tremble thro' a Eunuch's throat.
But [d] Britain, changeful as a child at play,
Now calls in Princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for Pleaſure, now for Church and State:

Coepit, et in *vitium fortuna labier aequa*;
Nunc athletarum ſtudiis, nunc arſit [z] *equorum*
[a] Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut aeris amavit;
Suſpendit [b] picta vultum mentemque tabella:
Nunc [c] tibicinibus, nunc eſt gaviſa tragoedis:
[d] Sub nutrice puella velut ſi luderet infans,
Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.
Quid placet, aut odio eſt, quod non mutabile credas?
Hoc paces habuere bonae, ventique ſecundi.

VER. 143. *In Horſemanſhip t'excell,*] ——*And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.*] The Duke of Newcaſtle's Book of Horſemanſhip: the Romance of *Partheniſſa*, by the Earl of Orrery, and moſt of the French Romances tranſlated by *perſons of Quality*.

VER. 153. *On each enervate ſtring, etc.*] The Siege of Rhodes by Sir William Davenant, the firſt Opera ſung in England.

Now for Prerogative, and now for laws;
Effects unhappy from a noble Cause.
[e] Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,
Instruct his Family in ev'ry rule,
And send his Wife to church, his Son to School.
To [f] worship like his Fathers, was his care;
To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir;
To prove, that Luxury could never hold;
And place, on good [g] Security, his Gold.
Now times are chang'd, and one Poetic Itch
Has seiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich:
Sons, Sires, and Grandsires, all will wear the bays,
Our Wives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,
To theatres, and to Rehearsals throng,
And all our Grace at table is a Song.
I, who so oft renounce the Muses, [i] lye,
Not —'s self e'er tells more *Fibbs* than I;
When sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,
And promise our best Friends to rhyme no more;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to show our Wit.

[e] Romæ dulce diu fuit et solemne, reclusa
Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura;
Scriptos [f] nominibus rectis expendere nummos;
[g] *Majores* audire, minori dicere, per quae
Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.
Mutavit mentem populus levis, [h] et calet uno
Scribendi studio: puerique patresque severi
Fronde comas vincti cœnant, et carmina dictant.
Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,

[k] He ſerv'd a 'Prenticeſhip, who ſets up ſhop;
Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;
Ev'n [l] Radcliff's Doctors travel firſt to France,
Nor dare to practiſe till they've learned to dance.
Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile?
(Should Ripely venture, all the world would ſmile)
But [m] thoſe who cannot write, and thoſe who can,
All rhyme, and ſcrawl, and ſcribble to a man.

Yet, Sir, [n] reflect, the miſchief is not great;
Theſe Madmen never hurt the Church or State:
Sometimes the Folly benefits mankind;
And rarely [o] Av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his [p] plaything of a Pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
[q] Flight of Caſhiers, or Mobs, he'll never mind;
And knows no loſſes while the Muſe is kind.

Invenior [i] Parthis *mendacior*; et prius orto
Sole vigil, calamum et chartas et ſcrinia poſco.
[k] Navem agere *ignarus* navis timet: abrotonum ægro
Non audet, niſi qui *didicit*, dare: quod *medicorum* eſt,
Promittunt [l] medici: tractant fabrilia fabri:
[m] Scribimus indocti doctique poemata paſſim.
[n] Hic error tamen et levis haec inſania, quantas
Virtutes habeat, ſic collige: vatis [o] *avarus*
Non temere eſt animus: [p] verſus amat, hoc ſtudet unum;
Detrimenta, [q] *fugus* ſervorum, *incendia* ridet;

VER. 182. *Ward*] A famous Empiric, whoſe Pill and Drop had ſeveral ſurpriſing Effects, and were one of the principal ſubjects of writing and converſation at this time.

To [r] cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys his Garden and his book in quiet;
And then—a perfect Hermit in his [s] diet.
Of little use the Man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose;
Yet let me show, a Poet's of some weight,
And ([t] tho' no Soldier) useful to the State.
[u] What will a Child learn sooner than a song?
What better teach a Foreigner the tongue?
What's long or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in publick with some sort of grace.
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some Monster of a King;
Or Virtue, or Religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd, or unbelieving Court.

Non [r] *fraudem socio*, puerove incogitat ullam
Pupillo; vivit siliquis, et pane secundo [s];
[t] Militiæ quanquam piger et malus *utilis urbi*;
Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari;
[u] Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat:

VER. 204. *And (tho' no Soldier)*] Horace had not acquitted himself much to his credit in this capacity (*non bene relicta parmula*) in the battle of Philippi. It is manifest he alludes to himself, in this whole account of a Poet's character; but with an intermixture of irony: *Vivit siliquis et pane secundo*, has a relation to his Epicurism; *Os tenerum pueri*, is ridicule: The nobler office of a Poet follows: *Torquet ab obscoenis—Mox etiam pectus—Recte facta refert*, &c. which the Imitator has apply'd where he thinks it more due than to himself. He hopes to be pardoned, if, as he is sincerely inclined to praise what deserves to be praised, he arraigns what deserves to be araigned, in the 210, 211, and 212th Verses.

Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,
Roſcommon only boaſts unſpotted bays;
And in our own (excuſe ſome Courtly ſtains)
No whiter page than Addiſon remains.
He, [w] from the taſte obſcene reclaims our youth,
And ſets the Paſſions on the ſide of Truth,
Forms the ſoft boſom with the gentleſt art,
And pours each human Virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her cauſe,
Her Trade ſupported, and ſupplied her Laws:
And leave on SWIFT this grateful verſe ingrav'd,
"The Rights a Court atttack'd, a Poet ſav'd."
Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure,
Stretch'd to [x] relieve the Ideot and the Poor,
Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,
And [y] ſtretch the Ray to ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with Pſalms:

Torquet [w] ab *obſcoenis* jam nunc ſermonibus aurem;
Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,
Aſperitatis, et invidiae corrector, et irae;
Recte facta refert; [x] orientia tempora notis
Inſtruit exemplis; [y] *inopem* ſolatur et *aegrum.*

VER. 226. *the Ideot and the Poor.*] A foundation for the maintenance of Idiots, and a Fund for aſſiſting the Poor, by lending ſmall ſums of money on demand.

VER. 230. *Sternhold.*] One of the verſifiers of the old ſinging pſalms. He was a Courtier, and Groom of the Robes to Hen. VIII. and of the Bedchamber to Edward VI. Fuller, in his *Church Hiſtory*, ſays he was eſteemed an *excellent Poet.*

The [z] Boys and Girls whom charity maintains,
Implore your help in theſe pathetic ſtrains:
How could Devotion [b] touch the country pews,
Unleſs the Gods beſtow'd a proper Muſe;
Verſe chears their leiſure, Verſe aſſiſts their work,
Verſe prays for Peace, or ſings down [c] Pope and Turk.
The ſilenc'd Preacher yields to potent ſtrain,
And feels that grace his pray'r beſought in vain;
The bleſſing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,
And [d] Heav'n is won by Violence of Song.
Our [e] rural Anceſtors, with little bleſt,
Patient of labour when the end was reſt,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
With feaſts, and off'rings, and a thankful ſtrain:
The joy their wives, their ſons, and ſervants ſhare,
Eaſe of their toil, and part'ners of their care:
The laugh, the jeſt, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry ſoul:

Caſtis cum [z] pueris ignara puella mariti
Diſceret unde [b] *preces*, vatem ni Muſa dediſſet?
Poſcit opem chorus, et *praeſentia numina* ſentit;
Coeleſtes implorat aquas, docta prece blandus;
Avertit morbos, [c] *metuenda pericula* pellit;
Impetrat et *pacem*, et locupletem frugibus annum.
[d] Carmine Dî ſuperi placantur, carmine Manes.
[e] Agricolae priſci, fortes, parvaque beati,
Condita poſt frumenta, levantes tempore feſto
Corpus et ipſum animum ſpe finis dura ferentem,
Cum ſociis operum pueris et conjuge fida,
Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis aevi.
Feſcennina per hunc inventa licentia morem

With growing years the pleaſing Licence grew,
And [f] Taunts alternate innocently flew.
But Times corrupt, and [g] Nature, ill-inclin'd,
Produc'd the point that left a ſting behind;
Till friend with friend and families at ſtrife,
Triumphant Malice rag'd thro' private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
Appeal'd to Law, and Juſtice lent her arm.
At length, by wholſome [h] dread of ſtatutes bound,
The Poets learn'd to pleaſe and not to wound:
Moſt warp'd to [i] Flatt'ry's ſide; but ſome, more nice,
Preſerv'd the freedom and forbore the vice.
Hence Satire roſe, that juſt the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.
[k] We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's charms;
Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms;
Britain to ſoft refinements leſs a foe,
Wit grew polite, and [l] Numbers learn'd to flow.

[f] Verſibus alternis opprobria ruſtica fudit;
Libertaſque recurrentes accepta per annos
Luſit amabiliter: [g] donec jam ſaevus apertam
In rabiem coepit verti jocus et per honeſtas
Ire domos impune minax. doluere cruento
Dente laceſſiti: fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione ſuper communi: [h] quin etiam lex
Poenaque lata, malo quae nollet carmine quemquam
Deſcribi. vetere modum, formidine fuſtis
Ad [i] *bene dicendum, delectandumque* redacti.
[k] Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agreſti Latio. ſic horridus ille
Defluxit [l] *numerus Saturnius*, et grave virus

Waller was ſmooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verſe, the full-reſounding line,
The long majeſtic March and Energy divine.
Tho' ſtill ſome traces of our [m] ruſtic vein
And ſplay-foot verſe remain'd, and will remain,
Late, very late, correctneſs grew our care,
When the tir'd Nation [n] breath'd from civil war.
Exact [o] Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Show'd us that France had ſomething to admire.
Not but the [p] Tragic ſpirit was our own,
And full in Shakeſpear, fair in Otway ſhone:
But Otway fail'd to poliſh or refine,
And [q] fluent Shakeſpear ſcarce effac'd a line.
Ev'n copious Dryden wanted or forgot,
The laſt and greateſt Art, the Art to blot.
Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire
The [r] humbler Muſe of Comedy require.

Munditiae pepulere: ſed in longum tamen aevum
Manſerunt, hodieque manent, [m] *veſtigia ruris*.
Serus enim Graecis admovit acumina chartis;
Et poſt [n] *Punica bella* quietus quaerere coepit.
Quid [o] Sophocles et Theſpis et Aeſchylus utile ferrent:
Tentavit quoque rem, ſi digne vertere poſſet:
Et placuit ſibi, natura ſublimis et acer:
Nam [p] ſpirat tragicum ſatis, et feliciter audet:
Sed [q] turpem putat inſcite metuitque *lituram*.
Creditur, ex [r] *medio* quia res arceſſit, habere

Ver. 267. *Waller was ſmooth;*] Mr Waller, about this time, with the Earl of Dorſet, Mr Godolphin, and others, tranſlated the Pompey of Corneille; and the more correct French Poets began to be in reputation.

But in known Images of life, I guess
The labour greater, as th' indulgence less [s].
Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed:
Tell me if [t] Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed?
What pert, low Dialogue has Farqu'ar writ!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
The stage how [u] loosely does Astrea tread,
Who fairly puts all Characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinky [w] eat with vast applause!
But fill their [x] purse, our Poet's work is done,
Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun.

O you! whom [y] Vanity's light bark conveys
On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!
Who pants for glory finds but short repose,
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.

[s] Sudoris minimum; sed habet *Comœdia* tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniae minus. [s] aspice, Plautus
Quo pacto [t] *partes tutetur* amantis ephebi,
Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut insidiosi:
Quantus sit Dossennus [u] *edacibus in parasitis;*
Quam [w] *non astricto* percurrat pulpita *socco.*
Gestit enim [x] nummum in loculos demittere; post hoc
Securus, cadat an recto stet fabula talo.
[y] Quem tulit ad scenam [y] ventoso gloria curru,
Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat:
Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum

[t] VER. 290. *Astrea,*] A name taken by Mrs Behn, Authoress of several obscene Plays, &c.

[z] Farewell the ſtage! if juſt as thrives the play,
The ſilly bard grows fat, or falls away.
[a] There ſtill remains, to mortify a Wit,
The many headed Monſter of the Pit:
A ſenſeleſs, worthleſs, and unhonour'd croud;
Who, [b] to diſturb their betters mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their ſticks before ten lines are ſpoke,
Call for the Farce, [c] the Bear, or the Black-joke,
What dear delight to Britons Farce affords!
Ever the taſte of Mobs, but now [d] of Lords;
(Taſte, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)
The play ſtands ſtill; damn action and diſcourſe,
Back fly the ſcenes, and enter foot [e] and horſe;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, Heralds, Biſhops, Ermin, Gold and Lawn:
The Champion too! and, to complete the jeſt,
Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breaſt.

Subruit, ac reficit: [z] valeat res ludicra, ſi me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.
[a] Saepe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam
Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores
Indocti, ſtolidique, et [b] *de*pugnare parati
Si diſcordet eques, media inter carmina poſcunt
Aut [c] *urſum* aut *pugiles*: his nam plebecula gaudet.
Verum [d] *equitis* quoque jam migravit ab *aure* voluptas
Omnis, ad *incertos oculos*, et gaudia vana.
Quatuor aut plures aulæa premuntur in horas;
Dum fugiunt [e] *equitum* turmae, peditumque catervae:

VER. 319, *Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breaſt.*] The Coronation of Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boylen, in which the Playhouſes vied with each other to repreſent all the

With [f] laughter ſure Democritus had dy'd,
Had he beheld an Audience gape ſo wide.
Let Bear or [g] Elephant be e'er ſo white,
The people, ſure, the people are the ſight!
Ah luckleſs [h] Poet! ſtretch thy lungs and roar,
That Bear or Elephant ſhall heed the more;
While all its [i] throats the gallery extends,
And all the Thunder of the Pit aſcends!
Loud as the Wolves, on [k] Orcas' ſtormy ſteep,
Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.
Such is the ſhout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's [l] petticoat;
Or when from Court a birth-day ſuit beſtow'd,
Sinks the [m] loſt Actor in the tawdry load.

Mox trahitur manibus *regum* fortuna retortis;
Eſſeda feſtinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves;
Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.
[f] Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; ſeu
Diverſum confuſa genus panthera camelo,
Sive [g] *elephas albus* vulgi converteret ora.
Spectaret *populum* ludis attentius ipſis,
Ut ſibi praebentem mimo ſpectacula plura:
Scriptores autem [h] narrare putaret *aſello*
Fabellam ſurdo. nam quae [i] pervincere voces
Evaluere ſonum, referunt quem noſtra theatra?
[k] *Garganum mugire* putes *nemus*, aut *mare Tuſcum*.
Tanto cum ſtrepitu ludi ſpectantur, et artes.
[l] *Divitiaeque peregrinae*: *quibus* [m] *oblitus actor*

pomp of a Coronation. In this noble contention, the Armour of one of the Kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dreſs the Champion.

VER. 328. *Orcas' ſtormy ſteep.*] The fartheſt Northern Promontory of Scotland, oppoſite to the Orcades.

Booth enters—hark! the Univerſal peal!
"But has he ſpoken?" Not a ſyllable.
What ſhook the ſtage, and made the people ſtare?
[n] Cato's long wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.
Yet leſt you think I rally more than teach,
Or praiſe malignly Arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once preſume t'inſtruct the times,
To know the Poet from the man of rhymes:
'Tis he, [o] who gives my breaſt a thouſand pains,
Can make me feel each Paſſion that he feigns;
Inrage, compoſe, with more than magic Art,
With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart;
And ſnatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
[p] But not this part of the Poetic ſtate
Alone, deſerves the favour of the Great:
Think of thoſe Authors, Sir, who would rely
More on a Reader's ſenſe, then Gazer's eye.
Or who ſhall wander where the Muſes ſing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taſte their ſpring?

Cum ſtetit in ſcena, concurrit dextera laevae.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil ſane. Quid placet ergo?
[n] Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.
Ac ne forte putes me, quae facere ipſe recuſem,
Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;
Ille per extentum funem mihi poſſe videtur
Ire poeta; [o] meum qui pectus *inaniter* angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.
[p] Verum age, et his, qui ſe *lectori* credere malunt.
Quam *ſpectatoris* faſtidia ferre ſuperbi,

How ſhall we fill [q] a Library with Wit,
When Merlin's Cave is half unfurniſh'd yet?
My Liege! why Writers little claim your thought,
I gueſs; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
We [r] Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures moſt abſurd:
The [s] ſeaſon, when to come, and when to go,
To ſing, or ceaſe to ſing, we never know;
And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You loſe your patience, juſt like other men.
Then too we hurt ourſelves, when to defend
A [t] ſingle verſe, we quarrel with a friend;
Repeat [u] unaſk'd; lament, the [w] Wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
But moſt, when ſtraining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write Epiſtles to the King;

Curam impende brevem: ſi [q] munus Apolline dignum
Vis *complere libris*; et vatibus addere calcar,
Ut ſtudio majore petant Helicona virentem.
[r] Multa quidem nobis facimus mala ſaepe poetae,
(Ut vineta egomet caedam mea) cum tibi librum
[s] *Solicito* damus, aut *feſſo*: cum laedimur, [t] *unum*
Si quis *amicorum* eſt auſus reprendere *verſum*:
Cum locа jam [u] recitata revolvimus *irrevocati*:
Cum [w] lamentamur non *apparere* labores
Noſtros, et *tenui* deducta poemata *filo*;

VER. 354. *a Library*] *Munus Apollinе dignum*: The Palatine Library then building by Auguſtus.

VER. 355. *Merlin's Cave*] A Building in the Royal Gardens of Richmond, where is a ſmall, but choice Collection of Books.

And [x] from the moment we oblige the town,
Expect a place, or penſion from the Crown;
Or dubb'd Hiſtorians by expreſs command,
T' enroll your triumphs o'er the ſeas and land,
Be call'd to Court to plan ſome work divine,
As once for LOUIS, Boileau and Racine.
Yet [y] think, great Sir! (ſo many Virtues ſhown)
Ah think, what Poet beſt may make them known?
Or chuſe at leaſt ſome Miniſter of Grace,
Fit to beſtow the [z] Laureat's weighty place.
[a] Charles, to late times to be tranſmitted fair,
Aſſign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
And great [b] Naſſau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding Steed;

Cum [x] ſperamus eo rem venturam, ut, ſimul atque
Carmina reſcieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
Arceſſas, et egere vetes, et *ſcribere cogas*.
Sed tamen eſt [y] *operae pretium* cognoſcere, *quales*
Aedituos habeat belli ſpectata domique
Virtus, [z] *indigno* non committenda *poetae*.
[a] Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
Choerilus, incultis qui verſibus & male natis
Rettulit acceptos, regale numiſma, Philippos.
Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
Atramenta, fere ſcriptores carmine foedo
Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema
Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,
Edicto vetuit, ne quis *ſe* praeter Appellem
Pingeret, aut alius Lyſippo duceret aera
Fortis [b] *Alexandri vultum ſimulantia*. quod ſi
Judicium ſubtile videndis artibus illud

So well in paint and ſtone they judg'd of merit:
But Kings in Wit may want diſcerning Spirit.
The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one penſion'd Quarles;
Which made old Ben, and ſurly Dennis ſwear,
"No Lord's anointed, but a [c] Ruffian Bear."
Not with ſuch [d] majeſty, ſuch bold relief,
The Forms auguſt, of King, or conqu'ring Chief,
E'er ſwell'd on marble; as in verſe have ſhin'd
(In poliſh'd verſe) the Manners and the Mind.
Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your [e] Arms, your Actions, your Repoſe to ſing!
What [f] ſeas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
How [g] barb'rous rage ſubſided at your word,
And Nations wonder'd while they drop'd the ſword!
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
[h] Peace ſtole her wing, and wrapt the world in ſleep;

Ad libros et ad haec Muſarum dona vocares;
[c] Boeotum in craſſo jurares aere natum.
[*At neque dedecorant tua de ſe judicia, atque Munera, quae multa dantis cum laude tulerunt, Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variuſque poetae;*]
Nec magis expreſſi [d] vultus per ahenea ſigna,
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Clarorum apparent. nec ſermones ego mallem
Repentes per humum, [e] quam *res* componere *geſtas*,
Terrarumque [f] ſitus et flumina dicere, et arces
Montibus impoſitas, et [g] *barbara regna*, tuiſque
Auſpiciis *totum* [h] *confecta duella* per *orbem*,
Clauſtraque cuſtodem *pacis* cohibentia Janum,

'Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And [i] Asia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne—
But [k] Verse, alas! your Majesty disdains;
And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains:
The Zeal of [l] Fools offends at any time,
But most of all, the Zeal of Fools in rhyme;
Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praise, they say [m] I bite.
A vile [n] Encomium doubly ridicules:
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a [o] woful likeness; and if lyes,
"Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise:"
Well may he [p] blush, who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like [q] Journals, Odes, and such forgotten things
As Eusden, Philip, Settle, writ of Kings)

Et [i] formidatam *Parthis*, te principe, Romam:
Si quantum cuperem, possem quoque. sed neque parvum
[k] Carmen *majestas* recipit *tua*; nec meus audet
Rem tentare pudor, quem vires ferre recusent
Sedulitas autem [l] *stulte*, quem *diligit*, urget;
Praecipue cum se *numeris* commendat et arte.
Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
Quod *quis* [m] *deridet*, quam quod *probat* et *veneratur*.
Nil moror [n] officium, quod me gravat: ac neque *ficto*
In [o] *pejus* vultu proponi cereus usquam,
Nec prave factis decorari versibus opto:
Ne [p] rubeam *pingui* donatus *munere*, et una
Cum [q] scriptore meo capsa porrectus aperta,

Cloath ſpice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,
Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

THE

Second Epiſtle of the Second Book

OF

HORACE.

Ludentis ſpeciem dabit, et torquebitur. HOR.

DEAR Col'nel, COBHAM's and your country's Friend!
You love a Verſe, take ſuch as I can ſend.
[b] A Frenchman comes, preſents you with his Boy,
Bows and begins—"This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:
"Obſerve his ſhape how clean! his locks how curl'd!
"My only ſon, I'd have him ſee the world:

Flore, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni.
[b] Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum
Tibure vel Gabiis, et tecum ſic agat: "Hic et
"Candidus, et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos,
"Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo;
"Verna miniſteriis ad nutus aptus heriles;

VER. 4. *This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:*] A Town in Beauce, where the French tongue is ſpoken in great purity.

" His French is pure; his Voice too—you ſhall hear.
" Sir, he's your ſlave, for twenty pound a year.
" Mere wax as yet, you faſhion him with eaſe,
" Your Barber, Cook, Upholſt'rer, what you pleaſe:
" A perfect genius at an Op'ra-ſong—
" To ſay too much, might do my honour wrong.
" Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
" His whole ambition was to ſerve a Lord:
" But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part?
" Tho 'faith, I fear, 'twill break his Mother's heart.
" Once (and but once) I caught him in a lye,
" And then unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
" The fault he has I fairly ſhall reveal,
" (Could you o'erlook but that) it is to ſteal.
If, after this, you took the graceleſs lad,
Could you complain, my Friend, he prov'd ſo bad?
Faith, in ſuch caſe, if you ſhould proſecute,
I think Sir Godfrey ſhould decide the ſuit;

" Litterulis Græcis imbutus, indoneus arti
" Culibet: argilla quidvis imitaberis uda:
" Quin etiam canet indoctum, ſed dulce bibenti.
" Multa fidem promiſſa levant, ubi plenius aequo
" Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.
" Res urget me nulla: meo ſum pauper in aere.
" Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi: non temere a me
" Quivis ferret idem: ſemel hic ceſſavit, et (ut fit)
" In ſcalis latuit metuens pendentis habenae:
" Des nummos, excepta nihil te ſi *fuga* laeuit.

VER. 24. *I think Sir Godfrey*] An eminent Juſtice of Peace, who decided much in the manner of Sancho Pancha.——Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Who ſent the Thief that ſtole the Caſh, away,
And puniſh'd him that put it in his way.
[d] Conſider then, and judge me in this light;
I told you when I went, I could not write;
You ſaid the ſame; and are you diſcontent
With laws to which you gave your own aſſent?
Nay worſe, to aſk for Verſe at ſuch a time!
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?
[e] In ANNA's Wars, a Soldier poor and old
Had dearly earn'd a little purſe of gold:
Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckleſs night,
He ſlept, poor dog! and loſt it, to a doit.
This put the man in ſuch a deſp'rate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd
Againſt the foe, himſelf, and all mankind,
He leap'd the trenches, ſcal'd a Caſtle-wall,
Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.
"Prodigious well;" his great Commander cry'd,
Gave him much praiſe, and ſome reward beſide.

Ille ferat pretium, poenae ſecurus, opinor.
Prudens emiſti vitioſum: dicta tibi eſt lex.
Inſequeris tamen hunc, et lite moraris iniqua.
[d] Dixi me pigrum proficiſcenti tibi, dixi
Talibus officiis prope mancum: ne mea ſaevus
Jurgares ad te quod epiſtola nulla veniret.
Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura
Si tamen attentas? quereris ſuper hoc etiam, quod
Exſpectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.
[e] Luculli miles collecta viatica multis
Aerumnis, laſſus dum noctu ſtertit, ad aſſem
Perdiderat: poſt hoc vehemens lupus, et ſibi et hoſti

Next pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter;
(Its name I know not, and it's no great matter)
" Go on my Friend (he cry'd) see yonder walls!
" Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
" More honours, more rewards attend the brave."
Don't you remember what reply he gave?
" D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral such a Sot?
" Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."
[f] Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.
Besides, my Father taught me from a lad,
The better art to know the good from bad:
(And little sure imported to remove,
To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove).

Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,
Præsidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,
Summe munito, et multarum divite rerum.
Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honestis,
Accipit et bis dena super sestertia nummûm.
Forte sub hoc tempus *castellum* evertere praetor
Nescio quod cupiens, hortari coepit eundem
Verbis, quae timido quoque possent addere mentem:
I, bone, quo virtus tua te vocat: i pede fausto,
Grandia laturus meritorum praemia: quid stas?
Post haec ille catus, quantumvis rusticus, "Ibit,
" Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit, inquit.
[f] Romae nutriri mihi contigit atque doceri,
Iratus Graiis quantum nocuisset Achilles,
Adjecere bonae paulo plus artis Athenae:
Scilicet ut possem *curvo* dignoscere *rectum*,
Atque inter silvas Academi *quaerere* verum.
Dura sed emovere loco me tempora grato;

But knottier points we knew not half ſo well,
Depriv'd us ſoon of our paternal Cell;
And certain laws by ſuff'rers thought unjuſt,
Deny'd all poſts of profit or of truſt:
Hopes after hopes of pious Papiſts fail'd
While mighty WILLIAM's thund'ring arm prevail'd.
For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
He ſtuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me, the Muſes help'd to undergo it;
Convict a Papiſt he, and I a Poet.
But (thanks to Homer) ſince I live and thrive,
Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,
Sure I ſhould want the art of ten Monroes,
If I would ſcribble, rather than repoſe.
§ Years foll'wing years, ſteal ſomething ev'ry day,
At laſt they ſteal us from ourſelves away;
In one our Frolics, one Amuſements end,
In one a Miſtreſs drops, in one a Friend:
This ſubtle Thief of life, this paltry Time,
What will it leave me, if it ſnatch my rhyme?

Civiliſque rudem belli tulit aeſtus in arma,
Caeſaris Auguſti non reſponſura lacertis.
Unde ſimul primum me dimiſere Philippi,
Deciſis humilem pennis, inopemque *paterni*
Et *laris* et fundi, paupertas impulit audax
Ut verſus facerem: ſed, quod non deſit, habentem;
Quae poterunt unquam ſatis expurgare *cicutae*,
Ni melius dormire putem, quam ſcribere verſus?
§ Singula de nobis anni *praedantur* euntes;
Eripuere *jocos*, *venerem*, *convivia*, *ludum*;

VER. 70. *Monroes.*] Dr Monroe, Phyſician to Bedlam Hoſpital.

If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd Mill,
That turn'd ten thouſand verſes now ſtands ſtill?
[h] But after all, what would you have me do?
When out of twenty I can pleaſe not two;
When this Heroics only deigns to praiſe,
Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
One likes the Pheaſant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roaſt an egg;
Hard taſk! to hit the palate of ſuch gueſts,
When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf deteſts.
[i] But grant I may relapſe, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme; can London be the place?
Who there his Muſe, or ſelf, or ſoul attends,
In crouds and courts, law, buſineſs, feaſts and friends?
My counſel ſends to execute a deed:
A Poet begs me, I will hear him read:
In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomſb'ry ſquare—

Tendunt extorquere poemata. quid faciam vis;
[h] Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.
Carmine tu gaudes: hic delectatur iambis:
Ille Bioneis ſermonibus, et ſale nigro,
Tres mihi convivae prope diſſentire videntur,
Poſcentes vario multum diverſo palato.
Quid dem, quid non dem? renuis quod tu, jubet alter:
Quod petis, id ſane eſt inviſum acidumque duobus.
[i] Praeter caetera me *Romaene* poemata cenſes
Scribere poſſe, inter tot curas totque labores?
Hic ſponſum vocat, hic auditum ſcripta, relictis
Omnibus officiis; cubat hic in colle Quirini,
Hic extremo in Aventino; viſendus uterque.

Before the Lords at twelve my Cauſe comes on—
There's a Rehearſal, Sir, exact at one.—
"Oh but a Wit can ſtudy in the ſtreets,
"And raiſe his mind above the mob he meets."
Not quite ſo well however as one ought;
A hackney coach may chance to ſpoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ableſt head.
Have you not ſeen at Guildhall's narrow paſs,
Two Aldermen diſpute it with an Aſs?
And Peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own S-r-v--nce in a Car?
[k] Go, lofty Poet! and in ſuch a crowd,
Sing thy ſonorous verſe—but not aloud.
Alas! to Grotto's and to Groves we run,
To eaſe and ſilence, ev'ry Muſe's ſon:
Blackmore himſelf, for any grand effort,
Would drink and doſe at Tooting or Earl's-Court.

Intervalla vides humanae commoda. "Verum
"Purae ſunt plateae, nihil ut meditantibus obſtet."
Feſtinat calidus mulis gerulique redemtor:
Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:
Triſtia robuſtis luctantur funera plauſtris:
Hac rabioſa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit ſus:
[k] I nunc, et verſus *tecum* meditare canoros.
Scriptorum chorus omnis *amat nemus*, *et fugit urbes*,
Rite cliens Bacchi, ſomno gaudentis et umbra,
Tu me inter ſtrepitus nocturnos atque diurnos
Vis canere, et contracta ſequi veſtigia vatum?

VER. 113. *Tooting--Earl's-Court.*] Two villages within a few miles of London.

How ſhall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?
[l] The Man who ſtretch'd in Iſis' calm retreat,
To books and ſtudy gives ſev'n years compleat,
See! ſtrow'd with learned duſt, his night-cap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the ſun!
The boys flock round him, and the people ſtare:
So ſtiff, ſo mute! ſome ſtatue you would ſwear,
Stept from its pedeſtal to take the air!
And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and ſoldiers at their doors;
Shall I, in London, act this idle part?
Compoſing ſongs for fools to get by heart?
[m] The Temple late two brother Sergeants ſaw,
Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;
With equal talents, theſe congenial ſouls
One lull'd th'Exchequer, and one ſtunn'd the Rolls;
Each had a gravity would make you ſplit,
And ſhook his head at Murray, as a Wit.
"'Twas, Sir, your law" and "Sir, your eloquence."
"Yours, Cowper's manner--and yours, Talbot's ſenſe,

[l] Ingenium, ſibi quod vacuas deſumſit *Athenas*,
Et ſtudios annos *ſeptem* dedit, inſenuitque
Libris et curis, *ſtatua taciturnius exit*
Plerumque, et riſu populum quatit; hic ego rerum
Fluctibus in mediis, et tempeſtatibus urbis,
Verba lyrae motura ſonum connectere digner?
[m] Frater erat Romae conſulti rhetor; ut alter
Alterius ſermone meros audiret honores:
Gracchus ut hic illi foret, huic ut Mucius ille.

[n] Thus we diſpoſe of all poetic merit,
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's ſpirit.
Call Tibbald Shakeſpear, and he'll ſwear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match'd one Ode of thine.
Lord! how we ſtrut thro' Merlin's Cave to ſee
No Poets there, but Stephen, you and me.
Walk with reſpect behind, while we at eaſe
Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we pleaſe.
"My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
"Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:
"Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's ſtrains,
"And you ſhall riſe up Otway for your pains."
Much do I ſuffer, much to keep in peace
This jealous, waſpiſh, wrong-head, rhyming race;
And much muſt flatter, if the whim ſhould bite
To court applauſe by printing what I write:

Quî minus argutos vexat furor iſte poetas?
[n] *Carmina* compono, hic *elegos*; mirabile viſu,
Cælatumque novem Muſis opus. aſpice primum,
Quanto cum faſtu, quanto molimine circum-
—ſpectemus *vacuam Romanis vatibus aedem.*
Mox etiam (ſi forte vacas) ſequere et *procul* audi,
Quid ferat, et quare ſibi nectat uterque coronam,
Cædimur et totidem plagis conſumimus hoſtem,
Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.
Diſcedo Alcaeus puncto illius; ille meo quis?
Quis, niſi Callimachus? ſi plus adpoſcere viſus,
Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine creſcit.
Multa fero, ut placem *genus irritabile vatum,*
Cum ſcribo, et ſupplex populi ſuffragia capto:
Idem, finitis ſtudiis, et mente recepta,

But let the fit paſs o'er, I'm wiſe enough,
To ſtop my ears to their confounded ſtuff.
° In vain, bad Rhymers all mankind reject,
They treat themſelves with moſt profound reſpect;
'Tis to ſmall purpoſe that you hold your Tongue,
Each prais'd within, is happy all day long:
But how ſeverely with themſelves proceed
The men, who write ſuch Verſe as we can read?
Their own ſtrict Judges, not a word they ſpare,
That wants, or force, or light, or weight, or care,
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:
Such they'll degrade; and ſometimes in its ſtead,
P In downright charity revive the dead!
Mark where a bold expreſſive phraſe appears,
Bright thro' the rubbiſh of ſome hundred years;
Command old words that long have ſlept, to wake,
Words that wiſe Bacon, or brave Rauleigh ſpake;

Obturem patulas *impune legentibus* aures.
° Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verum
Gaudent ſcribentes, et ſe venerantur, et ultro,
Si taceas, laudant; quidquid ſcripſere, beati.
At qui *legitimum* cupiet feciſſe poema,
Cum tabulis animum cenſoris ſumet honeſti:
Audebit quaecunque parum ſplendoris habebunt,
Et *ſine pondere* erunt, et *honore indigna* ferentur,
Verba movere loco; quamvis *invita* recedant,
Et verſentur adhuc intra penetralia Veſtae:
P *Obſcurata* diu populo bonus eruet, atque
Proferet in lucem ſpecioſa vocabula rerum,
Quae priſces memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,
Nunc ſitus informis premit et deſerta vetuſtas:
Adſciſet *nova*, quae *genitor produxerit uſus*:

Or bid the new be Engliſh, ages hence,
(For Uſe will father what's begot by Senſe)
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely ſtrong,
Rich with the treaſures of each foreign tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But ſhow no mercy to an empty line:
Then poliſh all with ſo much life and eaſe,
You think 'tis Nature and a knack to pleaſe:
" But eaſe in writing flows from Art not Chance;
" As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance.
¶ If ſuch the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better (ſay I) be pleas'd, and play the fool;
Call, if you will, bad rhyming a diſeaſe,
It gives men happineſs, or leaves them eaſe.
There liv'd *in primo Georgii* (they record)
A worthy member, no ſmall fool, a Lord;
Who tho' the Houſe was up, delighted ſate,
Hear'd, noted, anſwer'd, as in full debate;
In all but this, a man of ſober life,
Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife;
Not quite a madman, tho' a paſty fell,
And much too wiſe to walk into a well.

Vehemens et *liquidus*, puroque ſimillimus amni,
Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua:
Luxuriantia compeſcet: nimis aſpera ſano
Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet:
Ludentis ſpeciem dabit, et *torquebitur*, ut qui
Nunc Satyrum, nunc agreſtem Cyclopa movetur
¶ Praetulerim ſcriptor delirus inerſque videri,
Dum mea *delectent* mala me, vel denique *fallant*,
Quam ſapere, et ringi. Fuit *haud ignobilis* Argis,

Him, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends immur'd,
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in ſhort they cur'd;
Whereat the gentleman began to ſtare—
My Friends! he cry'd, p-x take you for your care!
That from a Patriot of diſtinguiſh'd note,
Have bled and purg'd me to a ſimple Vote.
[r] Well on the whole, plain proſe muſt be my fate:
Wiſdom (curſe on it) will come ſoon or late,
There is a time when Poets will grow dull:
I'll ev'n leave verſes to the boys at ſchool:
To rules of Poetry no more confin'd,
I learn to ſmooth and harmonize my Mind,
Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal meaſure of the Soul.
[s] Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind reſumes the thread it dropt before;

Qui ſe credebat miros audire tragoedos
In vacuo laetus ſeſſor plauſorque *theatro*:
Caetera qui vitae ſervaret munia recto
More: bonus ſane vicinus, *amabilis* hoſpes,
Comis in uxorem; *poſſet* qui ignoſcere ſervis,
Et ſigno laeſo *non inſanire* lagenae:
Poſſet qui rupem, et puteum vitare patentem.
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curiſque refectus,
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad ſeſe: Pol me occidiſtis, amici,
Non ſervaſtis, ait; cui ſit extorta voluptas,
Et demtus per vim, mentis gratiſſimus error.
[r] Nimirum ſapere eſt abjectis utile nugis,
Et tempeſtivum *pueris* concedere ludum;
[s] Ac non verba ſequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,

Thoughts which at Hyde park-corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me, in the penſive Grot.
There all alone, and compliments apart
I aſk theſe ſober queſtions of my heart.
[t] If, when the more you drink, the more you crave
You tell the Doctor; when the more you have,
The more you want, why not with equal eaſe
Confeſs as well your Folly, as Diſeaſe?
The heart reſolves this matter in a trice,
"Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice."
[u] When golden Angels ceaſe to cure the Evil,
You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil:
When ſervile Chaplains cry, that birth and place
Indue a Peer with honour, truth, and grace,
Look in that breaſt, moſt dirty D---! be fair,
Say, can you give out one ſuch lodger there?
Yet ſtill, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear theſe Flatt'rers preach.
Indeed, could wealth beſtow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a ſpark of ſpirit,

Sed *verae numeroſque modoſque* ediſcere *vitae*.
Quocirca *mecum* loquor haec, tacituſque recordor
[t] Si tibi nulla ſitim finiret copia lymphae,
Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura paraſti,
Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?
[u] Si vulnus tibi monſtrata radice vel herba
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herba
Proficiente nihil curarier: audieras, cui
Rem di donarint, illi decedere pravam

VER. 220. *When ſervile Chaplains cry,*] Dr K----t

The wiſeſt man might bluſh, I muſt agree,
If D*** lov'd ſixpence, more than he.
[w] If there be truth in Law, and Uſe can give
A Property, that's yours, on which you live.
Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confeſſes you its lord:
All [x] Worldly's hens, nay, partridge, ſold to town,
His Ven'ſon too, a guinea makes your own:
He bought at thouſands, what with better wit
You purchaſe as you want, and bit by bit;
Now, or long ſince, what diff'rence will be found?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

Stultitiam; et, cum ſis nihilo ſapientior, ex quo
Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus iſdem?
At ſi divitiae prudentem reddere poſſent
Si cupidum timidumque minus te; nempe ruberes,
Viveret in terris, te ſiquis avarior uno.
[w] Si *propium* eſt, quod quis libra mercatus, et aere eſt,
Quaedam (ſi credas *conſultis*) mancipat *uſus*:
Qui te paſcit ager, tuus eſt; et villicus Orbî,
Cum ſegetes occat tibi mox frumenta datures,
Te dominum ſentit.
[x] das nummos; accipis uvam,
Pullos, ova, cadum temeti: nempe modo iſto
Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortaſſe trecentis,
Aut etiam ſupra nummorum millibus emtum.
Quid refert, vivas *numerata nuper*, an *olim*?

VER. 232. *delightful Abs-court,*] A farm over-againſt Hampton-Court.

[y] Heathcote himſelf, and ſuch large-acred men,
Lords of fat Eſham, or of Lincoln fen,
Buy ev'ry ſtick of wood that lends them heat,
Buy ev'ry Pullet they afford to eat.
Yet theſe are Wights who fondly call their own
Half that the Dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln town.
The Laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor, a Perpetuity ſhould ſtand:
Eſtates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r
[z] Looſe on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,
Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
By ſale, at leaſt by death, to change their lord.
Man? and *for ever?* wretch! what wouldſt thou have
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vaſt poſſeſſions (juſt the ſame the caſe
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chaſe)
Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail?
Join Cotſwood hills to Saperton's fair dale

[y] Emtor Aricini quondam, Veientes et arvi,
Emtum cocnat olus, quamvis aliter putat; emtis
Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.
Sed *vocat* uſque ſuum, qua populus adſita certis
Limitibus vicina refigit jurgia: tanquam
[z] Sit *propriam* quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horae,
Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc morte ſuprema
Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.
Sic, quia *perpetuus* nulli datur *uſus*, et haeres
Haeredem alterius, velut unda ſupervenit undam:
Quid *vici* proſunt, aut *horrea!*

Let rising Granaries and Temples here,
There mingled farms and pyramids appear,
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,
Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
Inexorable Death shall level all,
And trees, and stones, and farms and farmer fall.
[a] Gold, Silver, Iv'ry, Vases sculptur'd high,
Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Persian dye,
There are who have not--and thank heaven there are,
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.
[b] Talk what you will of Taste, my friend, you'll find,
Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.
Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one
Plows, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun:
The other flights, for women, sports, and wines,
All Townshend's turnips, and all Grovenor's mines:

Saltibus adjecti Lucani; si metit Orcus
Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?
[a] Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena sigilla, tabellas,
Argentum, vestes Gaetulo murice tinctas,
Sunt qui non habeant; est qui non curat habere.
[b] Cur alter fratrum *cessare*, et *ludere*, et *ungi*
Praeferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter
Dives et *importunus*, ad umbram lucis ab ortu
Silvestrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum:
Scit *Genius* natale comes qui temperat astrum:
NATURÆ DEUS HUMANÆ, mortalis in unum-
Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus, et ater.

VER. 273. *All Townshends Turnips*] Lord Townshend, Secretary of State to George the First and Second.—When this great Statesman retired from business, he amused himself in Hus-

Why one like Bu— with pay, and ſcorn content,
Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament;
One driv'n by ſtrong Benevolence of ſoul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe from pole to pole:
Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r,
Who forms the Genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature, who, within us ſtill,
Inclines our action, not conſtrains our will,
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual: His great End the ſame.
[c] Yes, Sir, how ſmall ſoever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep,
My heir may ſigh, and think it want of grace
A man ſo poor would live without a place:
But ſure no ſtatute in his favour ſays,
How free, or frugal, I ſhall paſs my days:

[c] Utar, et ex modico, quantum res poſcet, acervo
Tollam: nec metuam, quid de me judicet *haeres*,
Quod non *plura datis* invenerit. et tamen idem
Scire volam, quantum ſimplex hilariſque nepoti
Diſcrepet, et quantum diſcordet parcus avaro.
Diſtat enim, ſpargas tua prodigus, an neque ſumtum
Invitus facias, nec plura parare labores;
Ac potius, puer ut feſtis Quinquatribus olim,
Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore *raptim*.

bandry; and was particularly fond of that kind of rural improvement which ariſes from Turnips; it was the favourite ſubject of his converſation.

VER. 277. *fly, like Oglethorpe,*] Employed in ſettling the Colony of Georgia.

VER. 288. *But ſure no Statute*] Alluding to the ſtatutes made in England and Ireland, to regulate the Succeſſion of Papiſts, etc.

I, who at ſome times ſpend, at others ſpare
Divided between careleſſneſs and care.
'Tis one thing madly to diſperſe my ſtore:
Another, not to heed to treaſure more;
Glad, like a Boy, to ſnatch the firſt good day,
And pleas'd, if ſordid want be far away.

[f] What is't to me (a paſſenger God wot)
Whether my veſſel be firſt-rate or not?
The ſhip itſelf may make a better figure,
But I that ſail, am neither leſs nor bigger.
I neither ſtrut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,
Nor ſtrive with all the tempeſt in my teeth.
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremoſt, and before the laſt.

[g] "But why all this of Av'rice? I have none."
I wiſh you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone;
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the Avarice of pow'r?
Does neither rage inflame, nor Fear appall?
Not the black fear of death, that ſaddens all?

[f] Pauperies immunda procul procul abſit: ego, utrum
Nave ferar *magna* an *parva*; ferar *unus et idem*.
Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone ſecundo;
Non tamen adverſis aetatem ducimus Auſtris
Viribus, ingenio, ſpecie, virtute, loco, re,
Extremi primorum, extremis uſque priores.

[g] Non es avarus: abi. quid? caetera jam ſimul iſto
Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani
Ambitione? caret mortis formidine et ira?
Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, ſagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theſſala rides?

With terrors round, can Reaſon hold her throne,
Deſpiſe the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In ſpite of witches, devils, dreams and fire;
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?
Has life no fourneſs, drawn ſo near its end?
Can'ſt thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild, ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your buſineſs done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?
[h] Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat and drank your fill:
Walk ſober off; before a ſprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and ſhoves you from the ſtage:
Leave ſuch to trifle with more grace and eaſe,
Whom Folly pleaſes, and whoſe Follies pleaſe.

Natales grate numeras? ignoſcis amicis?
Lenior et melior fis accedente ſenecta?
Quid te exemta levat ſpinis de pluribus una?
[h] Vivere ſi recte neſcis, decede peritis.
Luſiſti ſatis, ediſti ſatis, atque bibiſti:
Tempus abire tibi eſt: ne potum largius æquo
Rideat, et pulſet laſciva decentius aetas.

THE

SATIRES

OF

Dr JOHN DONNE,

Dean of St PAUL's,

VERSIFIED.

Quid vetat et noſmet *Lucili* ſcripta legentes
Quaerere, num illius, num rerum dura negârit
Verſiculos natura magis factos, & euntes
Mollius? HOR.

SATIRE II.

YES, thank my ſtars! as early as I knew
This Town, I had the ſenſe to hate it too:
Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there muſt be ſtill
One Giant-vice, ſo excellently ill,
That all beſide, one pities, not abhors;
As who knows Sappho, ſmiles at other whores.
I grant that Poetry's a crying ſin;
It brought (no doubt) th'*Exciſe* and *Army* in:
Catch'd like the Plague, or Love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is ſtarving, all allow.
Yet like the Papiſt's is the Poet's ſtate,
Poor and diſarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!
Here a lean Bard, whoſe wit could never give
Himſelf a dinner, makes an Actor live:

SIR, though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this town; yet there's one ſtate
In all ill things, ſo excellently beſt,
That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the reſt.
Though Poetry indeed be ſuch a ſin,
As I think, that brings *dearth* and *Spaniards* in;
Though like the peſtilence, and old-faſhion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never, till it be ſtarv'd out; yet their ſtate
Is poor, diſarm'd, like Papiſts not worth hate.
One (like a wretch, which at barre judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which ſtands next, and cannot read,
And ſaves his life) gives Idiot Actors means,
(Starving himſelf) to live by's labour'd ſcenes.

The Thief condemn'd, in law already dead,
So prompts, and ſaves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipes of ſome carv'd Organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above.
Heav'd by the breath th' inſpiring bellows blow,
Th' inſpiring bellows lie and pant below.

One ſings the Fair; but ſongs no longer move;
No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:
In love's, in nature's ſpite, the ſiege they hold,
And ſcorn the fleſh, the dev'l, and all but gold.

Theſe write to Lords, ſome mean reward to get,
As needy beggars ſing at doors for meat,
Thoſe write becauſe all write, and ſo have ſtill
Excuſe for writing, and for writing ill.
Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others wit:
'Tis chang'd no doubt, from what it was before,
His rank digeſtion makes it wit no more:

As in ſome Organs, Puppits dance above,
And bellows pant below, which them do move.
One would move love by rythmes; but witchcraft's charms
Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms;
Rams and ſlings now are ſilly battery,
Piſtolets are the beſt artillery.
And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like ſingers at doors for meat?
And they who write, becauſe all write, have ſtill
That 'ſcuſe for writing, and for writing ill.
But he is worſt, who beggarly doth chaw
Other wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw

Senſe, paſt thro' him, no longer is the ſame;
For food digeſted takes another name.
I paſs o'er all thoſe Confeſſors and Martyrs,
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,
Out-cant old Eſdras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-uſure Jews, or Iriſhmen out-ſwear;
Wicked as Pages, who in early years
Act ſins which Priſca's Confeſſor ſcarce hears.
Ev'n thoſe I pardon, for whoſe ſinful ſake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell muſt make;
Of whoſe ſtrange crimes no Canoniſt can tell
In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.
One, one man only breeds my juſt offence;
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave Impudence:
Time that at laſt matures a clap to pox,
Whoſe gentle progreſs makes a calf an ox,

Rankly digeſted, doth thoſe things out-ſpue,
As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true,
For if one eat my meat, tho' it be known
The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.
But theſe do me no harm, nor they which uſe,
- - - - - - - - - - - - to out-uſure Jews,
T' out-drink the ſea, t' out-ſwear the Letanie,
Who with ſins all kinds as familiar be
As Confeſſors, and for whoſe ſinful ſake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell muſt make;
Whoſe ſtrange ſins Canoniſts could hardly tell
In which Commandment's large recèit they dwell.
But theſe puniſh themſelves. The inſolence
Of *Coſcus*, only, breeds my juſt offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on, muſt make a calf an ox)

And brings all natural events to paſs
Hath made him an Attorney of an Aſs.
No young divine, new-benefic'd, can be
More pert, more proud, more poſitive than he.
What further could I wiſh the fop to do,
But turn a wit, and ſcribble verſes too;
Pierce the ſoft lab'rinth of a Lady's ear
With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year?*
Or court a Wife, ſpread out his wily parts,
Like nets or lime-twigs, for rich Widows hearts;
Call himſelf Barriſter to ev'ry wench,
And wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench?
Language, which Boreas might to Auſter hold
More rough than forty Germans when they ſcold.
Curs'd be the wretch, ſo venal and ſo vain:
Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.
'Tis ſuch a bounty as was never known,
If PETER deigns to help you to your *own*;

Hath made a Lawyer; which (alas) of late;
But ſcarce a Poet; jollier of this ſtate,
Than are new benefic'd Miniſters, he throws
Like nets or lime-twigs whereſoe'er he goes
His title of Barriſter on ev'ry wench,
And wooes in language of the Pleas and Bench. * *
Words, words which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a Maid's ſoft ear:
More, more than ten Sclavonians ſcolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbeys roar.
Then ſick with Poetry, and poſſeſt with Muſe
Thou waſt, and mad I hop'd; but men which chuſe

What thanks, what praiſe, if *Peter* but ſupplies,
And what a ſolemn face if he denies!
Grave, as when priſ'ners ſhake the head and ſwear
'Twas only Suretiſhip that brought 'em there.
His *Office* keeps your Parchment fates entire,
He ſtarves with cold to ſave them from the fire:
For you he walks the ſtreets thro' rain or duſt,
For not in Chariots *Peter* puts his truſt;
For you he ſweats and labours at the laws,
Takes God to witneſs he affects your cauſe,
And lies to ev'ry Lord in ev'ry thing,
Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.
Theſe are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked Waters ev'n to godly * *
Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
Nor more of baſtardy in heirs to Crowns.
In ſhillings and in pence at firſt they deal;
And ſteal ſo little, few perceive they ſteal;

Law practice for meer gain; bold ſoul repute
Worſe than imbrothel'd ſtrumpets proſtitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman he muſt walk,
His hand ſtill at a bill; now he muſt talk
Idly, like priſoners, which whole months will ſwear,
That only ſuretyſhip hath brought them there,
And to every ſuitor lye in every thing,
Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.
Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
Bearing like aſſes, and more ſhameleſs farre
Than carted whores, lye to the grave Judge; for
Baſtardy abounds not in King's titles, nor
Simony and Sodomy in Church-men's lives,
As theſe things do in him; by theſe he thrives.

Till like the Sea, they compaſs all the land,
From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* ſtrand:
And when rank Widows purchaſe luſcious nights,
Or when a Duke to *Janſen* punts at White's,
Or City-Heir in mortgage melts away;
Satan himſelf feels far leſs joy than they.
Piecemeal they win this acre firſt, then that,
Glean on, and gather up the whole eſtate.
Then ſtrongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
Indentures, Cov'nants, Articles they draw;
Large as the fields themſelves, and larger far
Than Civil Codes, with all their Gloſſes, are;
So vaſt, our new Divines, we muſt confeſs,
Are Fathers of the Church for writing leſs.
But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
The deeds, and dextrouſly omits, *ſes heires:*

Shortly (as th' ſea) he'll compaſs all the land,
From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* ſtrand.
And ſpying heirs melting with Luxury,
Satan will not joy at their ſins as he:
For (as a thrifty wench ſcrapes kitchen-ſtuffe,
And barrelling the droppings, and the ſnuffe
Of waſting candles, which in thirty year,
Relikely kept, perchance buys wedding chear)
Piecemeal he gets lands, and ſpends as much time
Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
Aſſurances, big as gloſs'd civil laws,
So huge that men (in our times forwardneſs)
Are Fathers of the Church for writing leſs.
Theſe he writes not; nor for theſe written payes,
Therefore ſpares no length (as in thoſe firſt dayes

No Commentator can more ſlily paſs
O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place;
Or, in quotation, ſhrew'd Divines leave out
Thoſe words, that would againſt them clear the doubt.
So Luther thought the Pater-noſter long,
When dom'd to ſay his beads and Even-ſong;
But having caſt his cowle, and left thoſe laws,
Adds to Chriſt's pray'r, the *Power and Glory* clauſe.
The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Thoſe ancient woods, that ſhaded all the ground?
We ſee no new-built palaces aſpire,
No kitchens emulate the veſtal fire.
Where are thoſe troops of Poor, that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hoſpitable door!
Well, I could wiſh, that ſtill in lordly domes
Some beaſts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs;

When *Luther* was profeſt, he did deſire
Short *Pater-noſters*, ſaying as a Fryer
Each day his Beads; but having left thoſe laws,
Adds to Chriſt's prayer, the power and glory clauſe)
But when he ſells or changes land, h'impaires
The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, *ſes heires*,
As ſlily as any Commenter goes by
Hard words, or ſenſe; or, in Divinity
As controverters in vouch'd Texts, leave out
Shrew'd words, which might againſt them clear the doubt.
Where are theſe ſpread woods which cloath'd heretofore
Thoſe bought lands? not built, not burnt within door.
Where the old landlords troops, and almes? In halls
Carthuſian Faſts, and fulſome Bacchanals
Equally I hate. Mean's bleſt. In rich men's homes
I bid kill ſome beaſts, but no hecatombs;

That both extremes were baniſh'd from their walls,
Carthuſian faſts, and fulſome Bacchanals;
And all mankind might that juſt Mean obſerve,
In which none e'er could ſurfeit, none could ſtarve.
Theſe as good works, 'tis true, we all allow;
But oh! theſe works are not in faſhion now:
Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.
Thus much I've ſaid, I truſt, without offence,
Let no Court Sycophant pervert my ſenſe,
Nor ſly Informer watch theſe words to draw
Within the reach of Treaſon, or the Law.

None ſtarve, none ſurfeit ſo. But (oh) we allow
Good works as good, but out of faſhion now,
Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none drawes
Within the vaſt reach of th' huge ſtatutes jawes.

SATIRE IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the ſtage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!
I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at leaſt beyond the grave.
I've had my Purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my ſatires, all my rhymes.
The Poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys and empty names.
With fooliſh pride my heart was never fir'd,
Nor the vain itch t'admire, or be admir'd;
I hop'd for no commiſſion from his Grace;
I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;
Had no new verſes, nor new ſuit to ſhow;
Yet went to Court!—the Dev'l would have it ſo.

Well; I may now receive, and die. My ſin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A Purgatory, ſuch as fear'd hell is
A recreation, and ſcant map of this.
My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath been
Poyſon'd with love to ſee or to be ſeen,
I had no ſuit there, nor new ſuit to ſhow,
Yet went to Court; but as Glare which did go

But, as the Fool that in reforming days
Would go to Maſs in jeſt (as ſtory ſays)
Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
Since 'twas no form'd deſign of ſerving God;
So was I puniſh'd, as if full as proud
As prone to ill, as negligent of good,
As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as falſe, as they
Who live at Court, for going once that way!
Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name;
Noah had refus'd it lodging in his Ark,
Where all the Race of Reptiles might embark:
A verier monſter, than on Africk's ſhore
The ſun e'er got, or ſlimy Nilus bore,

To Maſs in jeſt, catch'd, was fain to diſburſe
Two hundred markes, which is the Statutes curſe,
Before he 'ſcap'd; ſo it pleas'd my deſtiny
(Guilty of my ſin of going) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
full, as proud, luſtfull, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witleſs, and as falſe, as they
Which dwell in Court, for once going that way.
Therefore I ſuffer'd this; towards me did run
A thing more ſtrange, than on Nile's ſlime the Sun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's Ark came:
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:
Stranger than ſeven Antiquaries ſtudies,
Than Africk Monſters, Guianaes rarities,
Stranger than ſtrangers: one who, for a Dane,
In the Danes Maſſacre had ſure been ſlain,

Or Sloane or Woodward's wondrous ſhelves contain,
Nay, all that lying Travellers can feign.
The watch would hardly let him paſs at noon,
At night, would ſwear him dropt out of the Moon.
One whom the mob, when next we find or make
A popiſh plot, ſhall for a Jeſuit take,
And the wiſe Juſtice ſtarting from his chair
Cry, by your Prieſthood tell me what you are?
Such was the wight: Th' apparel on his back,
Tho' coarſe, was rev'rend, and tho' bare was black:
The ſuit, if by the faſhion one might gueſs,
Was velvet in the youth of good Queen *Beſs*,
But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!
Our ſons ſhall ſee it leiſurely decay,
Firſt turn plain raſh, then vaniſh quite away.
This thing has travel'd, ſpeaks each language too,
And knows what's fit for ev'ry ſtate to do;

If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,
When next the Prentices 'gainſt ſtrangers riſe;
One whom the watch at noon lets ſcarce go by;
One, to whom the examining Juſtice ſure would cry
Sir, by your Prieſthood tell me what you are?
His cloaths were ſtrange, tho' coarſe, and black, though bare,
Sleeveleſs his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 'twas now (ſo much ground was ſeen)
Become Tufftaffaty; and our children ſhall
See it plain raſh a while, then nought at all.
The thing hath travail'd, and, faith, ſpeaks all tongues,
And only knoweth what to all States belongs,

Of whoſe beſt phraſe and courtly accent join'd,
He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.
Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew,
Henly himſelf I've heard, and Budgel too.
The Doctor's Wormwood ſtyle, the Haſh of tongues
A Pedant makes, the ſtorm of Gonſon's lungs,
The whole Artill'ry of the terms of War,
And (all thoſe plagues in one) the bawling Bar:
Theſe I could bear; but not a rogue ſo civil,
Whoſe tongue will compliment you to the devil.
A tongue, that can cheat Widows, cancell ſtores,
Make Scots ſpeak treaſon, cozen ſubtleſt whores,
With royal Favourites in flatt'ry vie,
And Oldmixon and Burnet both out-lie.
He ſpies me out; I whiſper Gracious God!
What ſin of mine could merit ſuch a rod?
That all the ſhot of dulneſs now muſt be
From this thy blunderbuſs diſcharg'd on me:

Made of th' accents, and beſt phraſe of all theſe,
He ſpeaks one language. If ſtrange meats diſpleaſe.
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taſte;
But pedants motly tongue, ſoldiers bumbaſt,
Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are ſtrong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this, yet I muſt be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement:
In which he can win widows, and pay ſcores,
Make men ſpeak treaſon, cozen ſubtleſt whores,
Out-flatter favourites, or out-lie either
Jovius, or Surius, or both together.
He names me and comes to me; I whiſper, God,
How have I ſinn'd, that thy wrath's furious Rod,

Permit (he cries) no ſtranger to your fame
To crave your ſentiment if——'s your name.
What *Speech* eſteem you moſt? "The *King's*," ſaid I.
But the beſt *words*?—"O Sir, the *Dictionary*."
You miſs my aim; I mean the moſt acute
And perfect *Speaker!*—"Onſlow, paſt diſpute."
But, Sir, of writers! "Swift for cloſer ſtyle;
"But Ho**y for a period of a mile."
Why yes, 'tis granted, theſe indeed may paſs:
Good common linguiſts, and ſo Panurge was;
Nay troth th' Apoſtles (tho' perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty gift of Tongues enough:
Yet theſe were all poor Gentlemen! I dare
Affirm, 'twas Travel made them what they were.
Thus others talents having nicely ſhown,
He came by ſure tranſition to his own;
Till I cry'd out, You prove yourſelf ſo able,
Pity! you was not Druggerman at Babel;

This fellow, chuſeth me! He ſaith, Sir,
I love your Judgment, whom you do prefer
For the beſt Linguiſt? and I ſeelily
Said that I thought Calepine's Dictionary.
Nay, but of men, moſt ſweet Sir? Beza then,
Some Jeſuits, and two reverend men
Of our two academies I nam'd: here
He ſtopt me, and ſaid, Nay your Apoſtles were
Good pretty Linguiſts; ſo Panargus was,
Yet a poor Gentleman; all theſe may paſs
By travail. Then, as if he would have ſold
His tongue, he prais'd it, and ſuch wonders told,
That I was fain to ſay, if you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been Interpreter

For had they found a linguiſt half ſo good
I make no queſtion but the Tow'r had ſtood.
" Obliging Sir! for Courts you ſure were made;
" Why then for ever bury'd in the ſhade?
" Spirits like you, ſhould ſee and ſhould be ſeen,
" The King would ſmile on you—at leaſt the Queen.
Ah gentle Sir! your Courtiers ſo cajole us—
But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus ſolus*:
And as for Courts, forgive me, if I ſay
No leſſons now are taught the Spartan way,
Tho' in his pictures Luſt be full diſplay'd,
Few are the Converts Aretine has made:
And tho' the Court ſhow Vice exceeding clear,
None ſhould, by my advice, learn Virtue there.
At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-ſtretch'd luteſtring, and replies;
" Oh 'tis the ſweeteſt of all earthly things
" To gaze on Princes and to talk of Kings!

To Babel's Bricklayers, ſure the Tower had ſtood.
He adds, If of Court life you knew the good,
You would leave loneneſs. I ſaid, Not alone
My lonneſs is; but Spartanes faſhion
To teach by painting drunkards doth not laſt
Now, Aretines pictures have made few chaſte;
No more can Princes Courts (though there be few
Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue.
He like to a high-ſtretcht Lute-ſtring ſqeaks, O Sir,
'Tis ſweet to talk of Kings. At Weſtminſter,
Said I the man that keeps the Abbey tombs,
And for his price, doth with whoever comes
Of all our Harrys, and our Edwards talk,
From King to King, and all their kin can walk:

Then, happy Man who ſhows the Tombs! ſaid I
He dwells amidſt the royal Family;
He ev'ry day from King to King can walk,
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk,
And get by ſpeaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, Eaſe and Bread.
"Lord, Sir, a mere Mechanic; ſtrangely low,
"And coarſe of phraſe,—your Engliſh all are ſo.
"How elegant your Frenchmen?" Mine d'ye mean?
I have but one I hope the fellow's clean.
"Oh! Sir, politely ſo! nay, let me die,
"Your only wearing is your Padua-ſoy."
Not, Sir, my only, I have better ſtill,
And this you ſee is but my diſhabille—
Wild to get looſe, his patience I provoke,
Miſtake, confound, object at all he ſpoke.
But as coarſe iron ſharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch moſt hurts when anger'd to a ſore,

Your ears ſhall hear nought but Kings; your eyes meet
Kings only: the way to it is Kings-ſtreet.
He ſmack'd, and cry'd, He's baſe mechanique, coarſe,
So are all your Engliſhmen in their diſcourſe,
Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you ſee,
I have but one, Sir, look he follows me.
Certes they are neatly cloth'd. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your Grogaram.
Not ſo, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
He would not fly; I chaff'd him: but as Itch
Scratch'd into ſmart, and as blunt Iron ground
Into an edge hurts worſe: So, I (fool) found,

So when you plague a fool, 'tis ſtill the curſe,
You only make the matter worſe and worſe.
He paſt it o'er; affects an eaſy ſmile
At all my peeviſhneſs, and turns his ſtyle.
He aſks, "What News? I tell him of new Plays,
New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas.
He hears, and as a Still with ſimples in it
Between each drop it gives, ſtays half a minute,
Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little, and by little, drops his lies.
Mere houſhold traſh! of birth-nights, ball, and ſhows,
More than ten Hollinſheads, or Halls, or Stows.
When the *Queen* frown'd, or ſmil'd, he knows; and what
A ſubtle Miniſter may make of that:
Who ſins with whom: who got his penſion rug,
Or quicken'd a Reverſion by a drug:

Croſſing hurt me. To fit my ſullenneſs,
He to another key his ſtyle doth dreſs;
And aſks what news; I tell him of new playes,
He takes my hand, and as a Still which ſtayes
A Semibrief, 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loth to inrich me, ſo tells many a lye.
More than ten Hollenſheads, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial houſhould traſh: He knows, he knows
When the *Queen* frown'd or ſmil'd, and he knows what
A ſubtle Stateſman may gather of that;
He knows who loves whom; and who by poiſon
Haſts to an office's reverſion;

Whoſe place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
And whether to a Biſhop, or a Whore:
Who having loſt his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a Government:
Who in the ſecret, deals in Stocks ſecure,
And cheats th' unknowing Widow and the Poor:
Who makes the Truſt of Charity a Job,
And gets an Act of Parliament to rob:
Why Turnpikes riſe, and now no Cit or Clown
Can gratis ſee the country or the town;
Shortly no lad ſhall chuck, or lady vole,
But ſome exciſing Courtier will have toll.
He tells what ſtrumpet places ſells for life,
What 'Squire his lands, what citizen his wife:
At laſt (which proves him wiſer ſtill than all)
What Lady's face is not a whited wall.
As one of Woodward's patients, ſick, and ſore,
I puke, I nauſeate,—yet he thruſts in more:

Who waſtes in meat, in clothes, in horſe, he notes,
Who loveth whores . . . . . .
He knows who hath ſold his land, and now doth beg
A licence, old iron, boots, ſhoes, and egge-
Shells to tranſport;
ſhortly boys ſhall not play
At ſpan-counter, or blow point, but ſhall pay
Toll to ſome Courtier; and wiſer than all us,
He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus
He with home-meats cloyes me. I belch, ſpue, ſpit,
Look pale and ſickly, like a Patient, yet
He thruſts on more, and as he had undertook,
To ſay Gallo-Belgicus without book,

Trims Europe's balance, tops the ſtateſman's part,
And talks Gazettes and Poſt-boys o'er by heart.
Like a big wife at ſight of loathſome meat
Ready to caſt, I yawn, I ſigh and ſweat.
Then as a licens'd ſpy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels the great Man;
Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come,
In ſure ſucceſſion to the day of doom:
He names the price, for ev'ry office paid,
And ſays our wars thrive ill, becauſe delay'd:
Nay, hints 'tis by connivance of the Court,
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's ſtill a Port.
Not more amazement ſeiz'd on Circe's gueſts,
To ſee themſelves fall endlong into beaſts,
Than mine, to find a ſubject ſtay'd and wiſe
Already half-turn'd traitor by ſurprize.

Speaks of all States and deeds that have been ſince
The Spaniards came to th'loſs of Amyens.
Like a big wife at ſight of loathed meat,
Ready to travail: ſo I ſigh, and ſweat
To hear this Makaron talk: in vain, for yet,
Either my humour, or his own to fit.
He like a priviledg'd ſpie, whom nothing can
Diſcredit, libels new 'gainſt each great man.
He names the price of every Office paid;
He ſaith our wars thrive ill becauſe delaid;
That Offices are intail'd, and that there are
Perpetuities of them, laſting as far
As the laſt day; and that great Officers
Do with the Spaniards ſhare, and Dunkirkers.

I felt th' infection ſlide from him to me,
As in the pox, ſome give it to get free;
And quick to ſwallow me, methought I ſaw
One of our Giant Statutes ope its jaw.

In that nice Moment, as another Lye
Stood juſt a-tilt, the Miniſter came by,
To him he flys and bows, and bows again,
Then cloſe as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
Not Fannius' ſelf more impudently near,
When half his noſe is in his Prince's ear.
I quack'd at heart; and ſtill afraid, to ſee
All the Court fill'd with ſtranger things than he,

I more amaz'd than Circe's priſoners, when
They felt themſelves turn beaſts, felt myſelf then
Becoming Traytor, andme thought I ſaw
One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw
To ſuck me in for hearing him: I found
That as burnt venemous Leachers do grow ſound
By giving others their ſores, I might grow
Guilty, and he free; Therefore I did ſhow
All ſigns of loathing; but ſince I am in,
I muſt pay mine, and my Forefathers ſin
To the laſt farthing. Therefore to my power
Toughly and ſtubbornly I bear! but th' hower
Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring
Me to a fine to 'ſcape a torturing,
And ſays, Sir, can you ſpare me—? I ſaid, Willingly;
Nay, Sir, can you ſpare me a crown? Thankfully I
Gave it, as ranſom; but as fidlers, ſtill,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thruſt one more jigg upon you: ſo did he
With his long complimental thanks vex me.
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the Prerogative of my Crown; ſcant.

Ran out as faſt, as one that pays his bail,
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.
Bear me, ſome God! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholſome Solitude, the nurſe of ſenſe:
Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free ſoul looks down to pity Kings!
There ſober thought purſu'd th' amuſing theme,
Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.
A Viſion hermits can to Hell tranſport,
And forc'd ev'n me to ſee the damn'd at Court.
Not Dante dreaming all th' infernal ſtate,
Beheld ſuch ſcenes of envy, ſin, and hate.
Baſe Fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but ſuits not me:
Shall I the Terror of this ſinful town,
Care if a liv'ry'd Lord or ſmile or frown?

His thanks were ended, when I (which did ſee
All the Court fill'd with more ſtrange things than he)
Ran from thence with ſuch, or more haſt than one
Who fears more actions, doth haſt from priſon.
At home in wholeſome ſolitarineſs
My piteous ſoul began the wretchedneſs
Of ſuiters at court to mourn, and a trance
Like his, who dreamt he ſaw hell, did advance
It ſelf o'er me: ſuch men as he ſaw there
I ſaw at court, and worſe and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not th' accuſer: Then,
Shall I, none's ſlave, of high-born or rais'd men
Fear frowns; and my miſtreſs Truth, betray thee
For th'huffing, bragart, puft nobility?

Who cannot flatter, and deteſt who can,
Tremble before a noble Serving-man?
O my fair miſtreſs, Truth! ſhall I quit thee
For huffing, braggart, puft Nobility?
Thou, who ſince yeſterday haſt roll'd o'er all
The buſy, idle blockheads of the ball,
Haſt thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier ſort,
Than ſuch as ſwell this bladder of a court!
Now pox on thoſe who ſhew a *court in wax!*
It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs:
Such painted puppits! ſuch a varniſh'd race
Of hollow gew-gaws, only dreſs and face!
Such waxen noſes, ſtately ſtaring things—
Now wonder ſome folks bow, and think them Kings.

No, no, thou which ſince yeſterday haſt been,
Almoſt about the whole world, haſt thou ſeen,
O ſun in all thy journey, vanity,
Such as ſwells the bladder of our court? I
Think he which made your [h] Waxen garden, and
Tranſported it from Italy, to ſtand
With us at London, flouts our Courtiers; for
Juſt ſuch gay painted things, which no ſap, nor
Taſte have in them, ours are; and natural
Some of the flocks [c] are; their fruits baſtard all.
'Tis ten a Clock and paſt; all whom the mues,
Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the ſtews
Had all the morning held, now the ſecond
Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found
In the *Preſence*, and I (God pardon me)
As freſh and ſweet their Apparels be as be

h A ſhow of the Italian Garden in Wax work, in the Time of King James the Firſt.

c That is, of wood.

VER. 206. *Court in wax!* A famous ſhow of the Court of France, in Wax-work.

See! where the Britiſh youth, engag'd no more,
At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
Pay their laſt duty to the Court, and come,
All freſh and fragrant, to the drawing-room;
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they ſold to look ſo fine.
"That's velvet for a King?" the flatt'rer ſwears;
'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
Our Court may juſtly to our ſtage give rules,
That helps it both to fools-coats and to fools
And why not players ſtrut in courtiers cloaths?
For theſe are actors too, as well as thoſe:
Wants reach all ſtates; they beg but better dreſt,
And all is ſplendid poverty at beſt.
Painted for ſight, and eſſenc'd for the ſmell,
Like frigates fraught with ſpice and cochine'l,

Their fields they ſold to buy them. For a King
Thoſe hoſe are, cry the flatterers: and bring
Them next week to the theatre to ſell.
Wants reach all ſtates: me ſeems they do as well
At ſtage, as courts; all are players. Whoe'er looks
(For themſelves dare not go) o'er Cheapſide books
Shall find their wardrobes inventory. Now
The Ladies come. As pirates (which do know
That there came weak ſhips fraught with Cutchanel)
The men board them; and praiſe (as they think) well,

VER. 213. *At Fig's, at White's,*] White's was a noted gaming-houſe: Fig's a prize-fighter's Academy, where the young Nobility received inſtruction in thoſe days: It was alſo cuſtomary for the nobility and gentry to viſit the condemned criminals in Newgate.

Sail in the Ladies: how each pyrate eyes
So weak a veſſel, and ſo rich a prize!
Top-gallant he, and ſhe in all her trim,
He boarding her, ſhe ſtriking ſail to him:
"Dear Counteſs! you have charms all hearts to hit!"
And "Sweet Sir Fopling! you have ſo much wit!"
Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought.
'Twould burſt ev'n Heraclitus with the ſpleen,
To ſee thoſe anticks, Foplin and Courtin:
The Preſence ſeems, with things ſo richly odd,
The moſque of Mahound, or ſome queer Pa-god,
See them ſurvey their limbs by Durer's rules,
Of all beau-kind the beſt proportion'd fools!

Their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bought.
Why good wits ne'er wear ſcarlet gowns, I thought
This cauſe, Theſe men, mens wits for ſpeeches buy,
And women buy all red which ſcarlets dye.
He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
She fears her drugs ill-lay'd, her hair looſe ſet
Wouldn't Heraclitus laugh to ſee Macrine
From hat to ſhoe, himſelf at door refine,
As if the Preſence wore a Moſque: and lift
His ſkirts and hoſe, and call his clothes to ſhrift,
Making them confeſs not only mortal
Great ſtains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and duſt wherewith they fornicate:
And then by Durer's rules ſurvey the ſtate
Of his each limb, and with ſtrings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waſte to thighs.

VER. 240. *Durer's rules.*] Albert Durer.

Adjuſt their cloaths, and to confeſſion draw
Thoſe venial ſins an atom or a ſtraw;
But oh! what terrors muſt diſtract the ſoul
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole;
Or ſhould one pound of powder leſs beſpread
Thoſe monkey tails that wag behind their head.
Thus finiſh'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the Fair.
So firſt to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes,
With band of Lily, and with cheek of Roſe,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
Neatneſs itſelf impertinent in him.
Let but the Ladies ſmile, and they are bleſt:
Prodigious! how the things *proteſt*, *proteſt*:
Peace, fools, or Gonſon will for Papiſts ſeize you,
If once he catch you at your *Jeſu! Jeſu!*
Nature made ev'ry Fop to plague his brother,
Juſt as one Beauty mortifies another

So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry
Perfect as Circles, with ſuch nicety
As a young Preacher at his firſt time goes
To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes
Him not ſo much as good-will, he arreſts,
And unto her proteſts, proteſts, proteſts,
So much as at Rome would ſerve to have thrown
Ten Cardinals into the *Inquiſition*;
And whiſpers by *Jeſu* ſo oft, that a
Purſuevant would have raviſh'd him away
For ſaying our Lady's Pſalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague, they merit it.
But here comes Glorious that will plague them both,
Who in the other extreme only doth

But here's the Captain that will plague them both,
Whoſe air cries Arm! whoſe very look's an oath:
The Captain's honeſt, Sirs, and that's enough,
Tho' his ſoul's bullet, and his body buff.
He ſpits fore-right; his haughty cheſt before,
Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door:
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hang-dogs in old Tapeſtry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curſe,
Has yet a ſtrange ambition to look worſe;
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
Jeſts like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it ſo
As men from Jayls to execution go;
For hung with deadly ſins I ſee the wall,
And lin'd with Giants deadlier than 'em all:

Call a rough careleſneſs, good faſhion:
Whoſe cloak his ſpurs tear, or whom he ſpits on,
He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
To him; he ruſhes in, as if Arm, arm,
He meant to cry; and though his face be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Chriſt, ſtill
He ſtrives to look worſe; he keeps all in awe;
Jeſts like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Tir'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd ſo
As men from goals to execution go,
Go, through the great chamber (why it is hung
With the ſeven deadly ſins?) being among

VER. 27x. *For hung with deadly ſins*] The Room hung with old Tapeſtry, repreſenting the ſeven deadly ſins.

Each man an *Aſkapart*, of Strength to toſs
For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-croſs.
Scar'd at the grizly forms, I ſweat, I fly,
And ſhake all o'er like a diſcover'd ſpy.
Courts are too much for wits ſo weak as mine:
Charge them with Heaven's Artill'ry, bold Divine!
From ſuch alone the Great rebukes endure,
Whoſe Satire's ſacred, and whoſe rage ſecure:
'Tis mine to waſh a few light ſtains, but theirs
To deluge ſin, and drown a Court in tears.
Howe'er what's now *Apocrypha*, my Wit,
In time to come, may paſs for holy writ.

Thoſe *Aſkaparts* [b], men big enough to throw
Charing-Croſs for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth, but Queens man, and fine
Living; barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.
I ſhook like a ſpied Spie—Preachers which are
Seats of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,
Drown the ſins of this place, but as for me
Which am but a ſcant brook, enough ſhall be
To waſh the ſtains away: Although I yet
(With *Maccabees* modeſty) the known merit
Of my work leſſen, yet ſome wiſe men ſhall,
I hope, eſteem my Writs Canonical.

[b] A Giant famous in Romances.

Pl. XVIII.

N. V. Frankendaal sculps.

O Sacred Weapon, left for Truths Defence
Sole Dread of Folly, Vice and Insolence!
To all but Heaven directed Hands denied
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide.
Ep. 2. to the Satires

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE I.

FR. NOT twice a twelve-month you appear in Print,
And when it comes, the Court see nothing in't.
You grow correct, that once with Rapture writ,
And are, besides, too *moral* for a Wit.

After ver. 2. in the MS.
You don't, I hope, pretend to quit the trade,
Because you think your reputation made:
Like good * * of whom so much was said,
That when his name was up, he lay a-bed.
Come, come, refresh us with a livelier song,
Or like * * you'll lie a bed too long.

VER. 1. *Not twice a twelve month, &c.*] These two lines are from Horace; and the only lines that are so in the whole Poem; being meant to give a handle to that which follows in the Character of an impertinent Censurer,

'Tis all from Horace; &c,

Decay of Parts, alas! we all muſt feel—
Why now, this moment, don't I ſee you ſteal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at Fools who put their truſt in Peter."
But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo obſerves, he laſh'd no ſort of *Vice*:
Horace would ſay, Sir Billy *ſerv'd the Crown*,
Blunt could *do Buſ'neſs*, H-ggins *knew the Town*;
In Sappho touch the *Failings of the Sex*,
In rev'rend Biſhops note ſome *ſmall Neglects*,
And own, the Spaniard did *a waggiſh thing*
Who cropt our Ears, and ſent them to the King.
His ſly, polite, inſinuating ſtyle
Could pleaſe at Court, and make AUGUSTUS ſmile:
An artful Manager, that crept between
His Friend and Shame, and was a kind of *Screen*.

P. Sir, what I write, ſhould be correctly writ.
F. Correct! 'tis what no genius can admit.
Beſides, you grow too moral for a Wit.

VER. 14. *H—ggins*] Formerly Jaylor of the Fleet priſon, enrich'd himſelf by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled.

VER. 18. *Who cropt our Ears,*] Said to be executed by the Captain of a Spaniſh ſhip on one Jenkins, a Captain of an Engliſh one. He cut off his ears, and bid him carry them to the King his maſter.

VER. 22. *Screen.*]
Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admiſſus circum præcordia ludit. Perſ.

But 'faith your very Friends will ſoon be ſore:
Patriots there are, who wiſh you'd jeſt no more—
And where's the Glory! 'twill be only thought
The Great man never offer'd you a groat,
Go ſee Sir ROBERT——

P. See Sir ROBERT!—hum—
And never laugh—for all my life to come?
Seen him I have but in his happier hour
Of Social Pleaſure, ill-exchang'd for Pow'r;
Seen him, uncumber'd with the Venal tribe,
Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe.
Would he oblige me? let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
The only diff'rence is, I dare laugh out.

F. Why yes: with *Scripture* ſtill you may be free;
A Horſe-laugh, if you pleaſe, at *Honeſty*;
A Joke on JEKYL, or ſome odd *Old Whig*
Who never chang'd his Principle, or Wig:
A Patriot is a Fool in ev'ry age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage:
Theſe nothing hurts: they keep their Faſhion ſtill,
And wear their ſtrange old Virtue, as they will.

VER. 39. *A Joke on Jekyl*] Sir Joſeph Jekyl, Maſter of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmoſt probity. He ſometimes voted againſt the Court, which drew upon him the laugh here deſcribed of ONE who beſtowed it equally upon Religion and Honeſty. He died a few months after the publication of this poem.

If any aſk you, "Who's the Man, ſo near
"His Prince, that writes in Verſe, and has his ear?"
Why, anſwer, LYTTELTON, and I'll engage
The worthy Youth ſhall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his Verſes vile, his Whiſper baſe,
You'd quickly find him in Lord *Fanny*'s caſe.
Sejanus, Wolſey, hurt not honeſt FLEURY,
But well may put ſome Stateſmen in a fury.
Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes;
Theſe you but anger, and you mend not thoſe.
Laugh at your friends, and if your Friends are ſore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more;
To Vice and Folly to confine the jeſt,
Sets half the world, God knows, againſt the reſt;
Did not the Sneer of more impartial men
At Senſe and Virtue, balance all agen.
Judicious Wits ſpread wide the Ridicule,
And charitably comfort Knave and Fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the Prejudice of Youth:
Adieu Diſtinction, Satire, Warmth, and Truth!

VER. 47. *Why, anſwer, Lyttelton.*] George Lyttelton, Secretary to the Prince of Wales, diſtinguiſhed both for his writings and ſpeeches in the ſpirit of Liberty.

VER. 51. *Sejanus, Wolſey,*] The one, the Wicked miniſter of Tiberius: the other, of Henry VIII. The writers againſt the Court uſually beſtowed theſe and other odious names on the Miniſter, without diſtinction, and in the moſt injurious manner. See Dial. II. ver. 137.

Ibid. *Fleury,*] Cardinal; and Miniſter to Louis XV. It was a Patriot-faſhion, at that time, to cry up his wiſdom and honeſty.

Come, harmleſs Characters that no one hit;
Come, Henly's Oratory, Oſborn's Wit!
The Honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The Flow'rs of Bubo, and the Flow of Y—ng!
The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,
And all the well-whipt Cream of Courtly Senſe
That Firſt was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
The S—te's, and then H—vy's once agen.
O come, that eaſy Ciceronian ſtyle,
So Latin, yet ſo Engliſh all the while,
As, tho' the pride of Middleton and Blaud,
All Boys may read, and Girls may underſtand!
Then might I ſing, without the leaſt offence,
And all I ſung ſhould be the *Nation's Senſe*;
Or teach the melancholly Muſe to mourn,
Hang the ſad Verſe on CAROLINA's Urn,
And hail her paſſage to the Realms of Reſt,
All Parts perform'd, and *all* her Children bleſt!
So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
No *Gazetteer* more innocent than I—
And let, a God's-name, ev'ry Fool and Knave
Be grac'd thro' Life, and flatter'd in his Grave.

F. Why ſo? if Satire knows its Time and Place,
You ſtill may laſh the greateſt—in Diſgrace:
For Merit will by turns forſake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.

VER. 66. *Henly—Osborn.*] See them in their places in the Dunciad.

But let all Satire in all Changes ſpare
Immortal S—k, and grave De——re!
Silent and ſoft, as Saints remove to Heav'n,
All Tyes diſſolv'd, and ev'ry Sin forgiv'n,
Theſe may ſome gentle miniſterial Wing
Receive, and place for ever near a King!
There, where no Paſſion, Pride, or Shame tranſport,
Lull'd with the ſweet Nepenthe of a Court;
There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friend's diſgrace
Once break their reſt, or ſtir them from their Place:
But paſt the Senſe of human Miſeries,
All Tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to bluſh, no heart to throb,
Save when they loſe a Queſtion, or a Job.

P. Good Heav'n forbid, that I ſhould blaſt their glory,
Who know how like Whig Miniſters to Tory,
And when three Sov'reigns dy'd, could ſcarce be vext,
Conſid'ring what a *gracious Prince* was next.
Have I in ſilent wonder, ſeen ſuch things
As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings;
And at a Peer, or Peereſs, ſhall I fret,
Who ſtarves a Siſter, or forſwears a Debt?

VER. 92. *Immortal S—k, and grave De—re!*] A title given *that* Lord by King James II. He was of the Bedchamber to King William; he was ſo to King George I. he was ſo to King George II. *This* Lord was very ſkilful in all the forms of the Houſe, in which he diſcharged himſelf with great gravity.

VER. 112. in ſome editions,
Who ſtarves a Mother,

Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boaſt;
But ſhall the Dignity of *Vice* be loſt?
Ye Gods! ſhall Cibber's Son, without rebuke,
Swear like a Lord, or Rich out-whore a Duke?
A Fav'rite's Porter with his Maſter vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw Contracts with a Stateſman's ſkill?
Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a Will?
Is it for Bonds, or Peter, (paltry things)
To pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like Kings?
If Blount diſpatch'd himſelf, he play'd the man,
And ſo may'ſt thou, illuſtrious Paſſeran!
But ſhall a Printer, weary of his life,
Learn, from their Books, to hang himſelf and Wife?
This, this, my friend, I cannot, muſt not bear;
Vice thus abus'd, demands a Nations care:

VER. 115. *Cibber's Son,—Rich*] Two players: look for them in the Dunciad.

VER. 123. *If Blount.*] Author of an impious and fooliſh Book called *the Oracles of Reaſon*, who being in love with a near kinſwoman of his, and rejected, gave himſelf a ſtab in the arm, as pretending to kill himſelf, but in conſequence of which he really died.

VER. 124. *Paſſeran!*] Author of another book of the ſame ſtamp, called, *A philoſophical diſcourſe on death*, being a defence of ſuicide. He was a nobleman of Piedmont, baniſhed from his country for his impieties, and lived in the utmoſt miſery, yet feared to practiſe his own precepts.---This unhappy man at laſt died a penitent.

VER. 125. *But ſhall a Printer, &c.*] A Fact that happened in London a few years paſt. The unhappy man left behind him a paper juſtifying his action, by the reaſonings of ſome of theſe authors.

This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,
And hurls the Thunder of the Laws on *Gin*.
Let modeſt FOSTER, if he will, excell
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;
A ſimple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,
Out-do Landaffe in Doctrine,—yea in Life:
Let humble ALLEN, with an aukward Shame,
Do good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it Fame.
Virtue may chooſe the high or low Degree,
'Tis juſt alike to Virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
She's ſtill the ſame, belov'd, contented thing.
Vice is undone, if ſhe forgets her Birth,
And ſtoops from Angels to the Dregs of Earth:
But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a Whore;
Let *Greatneſs* own her, and ſhe's mean no more,
Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confeſs,
Chaſte Matrons praiſe her, and grave Biſhops bleſs;
In golden Chains the willing World ſhe draws,
And hers the Goſpel is, and hers the Laws,
Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her ſcarlet head,
And ſees pale Virtue carted in her ſtead.
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal Car,
Old England's Genius, rough with many a Scar,
Dragg'd in the duſt! his arms hang idly round,
His Flag, inverted, trails along the ground!
Our Youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign Gold,
Before her dance: behind her, crawl the Old!

See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,
And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son!
Hear her black Trumpet thro' the Land proclaim,
That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME.
In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r,
'Tis Av'rice all, Ambition is no more!
See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!
See, all our Fools aſpiring to be Knaves!
The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore,
Are what ten thouſand envy and adore:
All, all look up, with reverential Awe,
At Crimes that 'ſcape, or triumph o'er the Law:
While Truth, Worth, Wiſdom, daily they decry—
"Nothing is Sacred now but Villainy."
Yet may this Verſe (if ſuch a Verſe remain)
Show, there was one who held it in diſdain.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE II.

FR.

'TIS all a Libel—Paxton (Sir) will ſay
P. Not yet, my Friend! to morrow 'faith it may;
And for that very cauſe I print to day.
How ſhould I fret to mangle ev'ry line,
In rev'rence to the Sins of *Thirty nine!*
Vice with ſuch Giant ſtrides comes on amain,
Invention ſtrives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er ſo ſtrong,
Some riſing Genius ſins up to my Song.

VER. 1. *Paxton.*] Late Sollicitor to the Treaſury.

F. Yet none but you by name the guilty laſh:
Ev'n Guthry ſaves half Newgate by a Daſh.
Spare then the Perſon, and expoſe the Vice.
P. How, Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?
Come on then, Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and ſouce on all the kind.
Ye Stateſmen, Prieſts, of one Religion all!
Ye Tradeſmen vile, in Army, Court, or Hall;
Ye Rev'rend Atheiſts. F. Scandal! name them, Who?
P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who ſtarv'd a Siſter, who forſwore a Debt,
I never nam'd; the Town's enquiring yet.
The pois'ning Dame—F. You mean—P. I don't.
F. You do.
P. See, now I keep the Secret, and not you!
The bribing Stateſman—F. Hold, too high you go.
P. The brib'd Elector—F. There you ſtoop to low.
P. I fain would pleaſe you, if I knew with what;
Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?
Muſt great Offenders, once eſcap'd the Crown,
Like Royal Harts, be never more run down?
Admit your Law to ſpare the Knight requires,
As Beaſts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?

VER. 11. *Ev'n Guthry.*] The Ordinary of Newgate, who publiſhes the memoirs of the Malefactors, and is often prevailed upon to be ſo tender of their reputation, as to ſet down no more than the initials of their name.

VER. 29. *Like Royal Harts, &c.*] Alluding to the old Game-laws, when our Kings ſpent all the time they could ſpare from human ſlaughter, in Woods and Foreſts.

Suppoſe I'cenſure—you know what I mean—
To ſave a Biſhop, may I name a Dean!
F. A Dean, Sir? no: his Fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's riſing in the Trade.
P. If not the Tradeſman who ſet up to day,
Much leſs the Prentice who to morrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! tho' a Realm be ſpoil'd,
Arraign no mightier Thief than wretched *Wild*;
Or, if a Court or Country's made a job,
Go drench a Pick-pocket, and join the Mob.
But, Sir, I beg you (for the Love of Vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray conſider twice;
Have you leſs pity for the needy cheat,
The poor and friendleſs Villain, than the Great;
Alas! the ſmall Diſcredit of a Bribe
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.
Then better ſure it Charity becomes
To tax Directors, who (thank God) have Plums;
Still better, Miniſters; or, if the thing
May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a King.
F. Stop! Stop!
P. Muſt Satire, then, nor riſe nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogues at all.
F. Yes, ſtrike that *Wild*, I'll juſtify the blow.
P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:

VER. 39. *wretched Wild.*] Jonathan Wild, a famous Thief, and Thief-Impeacher, who was at laſt caught in his own train and hanged.

Who now that obſolete Example fears?
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.
F. What always Peter? Peter thinks you mad,
You make men deſp'rate, if they once are bad:
Elſe might he take to Virtue ſome years hence—
P. As S—k, if he lives, wil love the PRINCE.
F. Strange ſpleen to S—k!
P. Do I wrong the Man?
God knows, I praiſe a Courtier where I can.
When I confeſs, there is who feels for Fame,
And melts to Goodneſs, need I SCARB'ROW name?
Pleas'd let me own, in *Eſher*'s peaceful Grove
(Where *Kent* and Nature vye for PELHAM's Love)
The Scene, the Maſter, opening to my view,
I ſit and dream I ſee my CRAGGS anew!
Ev'n in a Biſhop I can ſpy Deſert;
Secker is decent, *Rundel* has a Heart,
Manners with Candour are to *Benſon* giv'n,
To *Berkly*, ev'ry Virtue under Heav'n.

VER. 57. *Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears.*] Peter had, the year before this, narrowly eſcaped the Pillory for forgery: and got off with a ſevere rebuke only from the bench.

VER. 65. *Scarb'row*] Earl of, and Knight of the Garter, whoſe perſonal attachments to the king appeared from his ſteady adherence to the royal intereſt, after his reſignation of his great employment of Maſter of the Horſe; and whoſe known honour and virtue made him eſteemed by all parties.

VER. 66. *Eſher's peaceful Grove,*] The houſe and gardens of Eſher in Surry, belonging to the Honourable Mr. Pelham, Brother of the Duke of Newcaſtle. The author could not have given a more amiable idea of his Character than in comparing him to Mr Craggs.

But does the Court a worthy Man remove?
That inſtant I declare, he has my Love:
I ſhun his Zenith, court his mild Decline;
Thus SOMMERS once, and HALIFAX, were mine.
Oft, in the clear, ſtill Mirrour of Retreat,
I ſtudy'd SHREWSBURY, the wiſe and great:
CARLETON's calm Senſe, and STANHOPE's noble Flame,
Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous End the ſame:
How pleaſing ATTERBURY's ſofter hour!
How ſhin'd the Soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r!
How can I PULT'NEY, CHESTERFIELD forget,
While Roman Spirit charms, and Attic Wit:
ARGYLL, the State's whole Thunder born to wield,
And ſhake alike the Senate and the Field:

VER. 77. *Sommers*] John Lord Sommers died in 1716. He had been Lord Keeper in the reign of William III. who took from him the ſeals in 1700. The author had the honour of knowing him in 1706. A faithful, able, and incorrupt miniſter; who, to the qualities of a conſummate Stateſman, added thoſe of a man of Learning and Politeneſs.

VER. 77. *Halifax*] A peer, no leſs diſtinguiſhed by his love of letters than his abilities in Parliament. He was diſgraced in 1710, on the change of Queen Anne's miniſtry.

VER. 79. *Shrewsbury*,] Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewſbury, had been Secretary of State, Embaſſador in France, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Treaſurer. He ſeveral times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718.

VER. 80. *Carleton*.] Hen. Boyle, Lord Carleton (nephew of the famous Robert Boyle) who was Secretary of ſtate under William III. and Preſident of the council under Q. Anne.

Ibid. *Stanhope*] James Earl Stanhope. A Nobleman of equal courage, ſpirit, and learning. General in Spain, and Secretary of State.

Or WYNDHAM, juſt to Freedom and the Throne,
The Maſter of our Paſſions, and his own.
Names which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
Rank'd with their Friends, not number'd with their Train;
And if yet higher the proud Liſt ſhould end,
Still let me ſay! No Follower but a Friend.
Yet think not, Friendſhip only prompts my lays;
I follow *Virtue*; where ſhe ſhines, I praiſe:
Point ſhe to Prieſt or Elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's Beaver, caſt a glory.
I never (to my ſorrow I declare)
Din'd with the Man of Ross, or my LORD MAY'R.
Some, in their choice of Friends (nay, look not grave)
Have ſtill a ſecret Byas to a Knave:
To find an honeſt man I beat about,
And love him, court him, praiſe him, in or out.
F. Then why ſo few commended!
P. Not ſo fierce;
Find you the Virtue, and I'll find the Verſe.
But random Praiſe—the taſk can ne'er be done;
Each mother aſks it for her booby Son;
Each Widow aſks it for *the Beſt of Men*,
For him ſhe weeps, and him ſhe weds agen.
Praiſe cannot ſtoop like Satire, to the ground:
The Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.

VER. 87. *Wyndham*] Sir William Wyndham, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Queen Anne.

Enough for half the Greateſt of theſe days,
To 'ſcape my Cenſure, not expect my Praiſe.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a Poet for their Friend?
What RICHLIEU wanted, LOUIS ſcarce could gain,
And what young AMMON wiſh'd, but wiſh'd in vain.
No Pow'r the Muſe's Friendſhip can command;
No Pow'r, when Virtue claims it, can withſtand:
To *Cato*, *Virgil* pay'd one honeſt line;
O let my Country's Friends illumine mine!
—What are you thinking? F. Faith the thought's no ſin,
I think your Friends are out, and would be in.
P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is ſtrangely round about.
F. They too may be corrupted you'll allow!
P. I only call thoſe Knaves who are ſo now.
Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of *Arnall!* aid me while I lie.
COBHAM's a Coward, POLWARTH is a Slave,
And LYTTLETON a dark, deſigning Knave,
ST JOHN has ever been a wealthy Fool——
But let me add, Sir ROBERT's mighty dull,
Has never made a Friend in private life,
And was beſides a Tyrant to his Wife.

VER. 129. *Spirit of Arnall!*] Look for him in his place. Dunc. B. II. ver. 315.

VER. 130. *Polwarth*] The Hon. Hugh Hume, Son of Alexander Earl of Marchmont, Grandſon of Patrick Earl of Marchmont.

But, pray, when others praiſe him, do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolſey, any odious name?
Why rail they then, if but a Wreath of mine,
Oh All-accompliſh'd St JOHN! deck thy ſhrine?
What? ſhall each ſpurgall'd Hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double Pots and Pay,
Or each new-penſion'd Sycophant, pretend
To break my Windows if I treat a Friend?
Then wiſely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my Gueſt at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure if I ſpare the Miniſter, no rules
Of honour bind me not to maul his Tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be ſaid
His Saws are toothleſs, and his Hatchet's Lead.
It anger'd TURENNE, once upon a day,
To ſee a Footman kick'd that took his pay:
But when he heard th' Affront the Fellow gave,
Knew one a Man of honour, one a Knave;
The prudent Gen'ral turn'd it to a jeſt,
And begg'd he'd take the pains to kick the reſt:
Which not at preſent having time to do—
F. Hold Sir! for God's-ſake where's th' Affront to you?
Againſt your worſhip when had S—k writ?
Or P—ge pour'd forth the Torrent of his Wit?
Or grant the Bard whoſe Diſtich all commend
[*In Pow'r a Servant, out of Pow'r a friend*]

VER. 160. *the Bard*] A verſe taken out of a poem to Sir R. W.

To W—le guilty of ſome venial ſin;
What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?
The Prieſt whoſe Flattery be-dropt the Crown,
How hurt he you? he only ſtain'd the Gown.
And how did, pray, the florid Youth offend,
Whoſe Speech you took and gave it to a Friend!
P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
Since the whole Houſe did afterwards the ſame.
Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford ſupply,
As Hog to Hog in huts of Weſtphaly;
If one, thro' Nature's Bounty or his Lord's
Has what the frugal, dirty ſoil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a meſs almoſt as it came in;
The bleſſed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third who nuzzles cloſe behind;
From tail to mouth they feed and they carouſe:
The laſt full fairly gives it to the *Houſe*.
F. This filthy ſmile, this beaſtly line
Quite turns my ſtomach ——
P. So does Flatt'ry mine;
And all your courtly Civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is Excrement.
But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and Chartres ſcarce could write or read,

VER. 185. in the MS.
I grant it, Sir; and further, 'tis agreed,
Japhet writ not, and Chartres ſcarce could read.

Ibid. *Japhet* --- *Chartres*] See the Epiſtle to Lord Bathurſt.

In all the Courts of Pindus guiltleſs quite;
But Pens can forge my Friend, that cannot write;
And muſt no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Becauſe the Deed he forg'd was not my own?
Muſt never Patriot then declaim at Gin,
Unleſs, good man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous Paſtor blame a failing Spouſe,
Without a ſtaring reaſon on his brows?
And each Blaſphemer quite eſcape the rod,
Becauſe the inſult's not on Man, but God?
Aſk you what Provocation I have had!
The ſtrong Antipathy of Good to Bad.
When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures,
Th' Affront is mine, my friend, and ſhould be your's.
Mine, as a Foe profeſs'd to falſe Pretence,
Who thinks a Coxcomb's Honour like his Senſe;
Mine as a Friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
And mine as Man, who feel for all mankind.
F. You're ſtrangly proud.
P. So proud, I am no Slave:
So impudent, I own myſelf no knave:
So odd, my country's Ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud; I muſt be proud to ſee
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me;
Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,
Yet touch'd and ſham'd by ridicule alone.
O ſacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,
Sole Dread of Folly, Vice and Inſolence!
To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The muſe may give thee, but the Gods muſt guide;

Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honeſt zeal;
To rouſe the Watchmen of the Publick Weal,
To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
And goad the Prelate ſlumbring in his Stall.
Ye tinſel Inſects! whom a Court maintains,
That counts your Beauties only by your Stains,
Spin all your Cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day!
The Muſe's wing ſhall bruſh you all away:
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordſhip ſings,
All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings.
All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the Preſs,
Like the laſt Gazzette, or the laſt Addreſs.
When black Ambition ſtains a public Cauſe,
A Monarch's Sword when mad Vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's Wreath can hide the Nation's Scar,
Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star.
Not ſo, when diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the Flame that breaks from *Virtue's* Shrine,

After ver. 227. in the MS.

Where's now the Star that lighted Charles to riſe?
—With that which follow'd Julius to the ſkies.
Angels, that watch'd the Royal Oak ſo well,
How chanc'd ye nod, when luckleſs Sorrel fell?
Hence, lying miracles! reduc'd ſo low
As to the regal-touch, and papal-toe;
Hence haughty Edgar's title to the Main,
Britain's to France, and Rome to India, Spain.

VER. 231. *Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star.*] See his Ode on Namur; where (to uſe his own words) "il a fait un "Aſtre de la Plume blanche que le Roy porte ordinairement à "ſon Chapeau, et qui eſt en effet une eſpece de Comete, fatale "a nos ennemis."

Her Prieſteſs Muſe forbids the Good to die,
And opes the Temple of *Eternity*.
There, other Trophies deck the truly brave,
Than ſuch as Anſtis caſts into the Grave;
Far other Stars than * and * * wear,
And may deſcend to Mordington from STAIR:
(Such as on HOUGH's unſully'd Mitre ſhine,
Or beam, good DIGBY, from a heart like thine)
Let *Envy howl*, while Heav'n's whole Chorus ſings,
And bark at Honour not confer'd by Kings;
Let *Flatt'ry* ſick'ning ſee the Incenſe riſe,
Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies:
Truth guards the Poet, ſanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, Verſe as mean as mine.
Yes, the laſt Pen for Freedom let me draw,
When Truth ſtands trembling on the edge of Law;
Here, Laſt of Britons? let your Names be read;
Are none, none living? let me praiſe the Dead,
And for that Cauſe which made your Fathers ſhine,
Fall by the Votes of their degen'rate Line,
Fr. Alas? alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more *Eſſays on Man*.

VER. 237. *Anſtis*] The chief Herald at arms. It is the cuſtom, at the funeral of great Peers, to caſt into the grave the broken ſtaves and enſigns of honour.

VER. 239. *Stair*;] John Dalrymple Earl of Stair, Knight of the Thiſtle; ſerved in all the wars under the Duke of Marlborough; and afterwards as Embaſſador in France.

VER. 240, 241. *Hough and Digby*] Dr John Hough Biſhop of Worceſter, and the Lord Digby.

VER. 255. in the MS.
Quit, quit theſe themes, and write Eſſays on Man.

ON

Receiving from the Right Hon. the Lady

FRANCES SHIRLEY

A STANDISH and TWO PENS.

YES, I beheld th'Athenian Queen
Deſcend in all her ſober charms;
" And take (ſhe ſaid, and ſmil'd ſerene)
" Take at this hand celeſtial arms:

" Secure the radiant weapons wield;
" This golden lance ſhall guard Deſert,
" And if a Vice dares keep the field,
" This ſteel ſhall ſtab it to the heart."

Aw'd on my bended knees I fell,
Receiv'd the weapons of the ſky;
And dipt them in the ſable Well,
The fount of Fame or Infamy.

The Lady Frances Shirley] A Lady whoſe great Merit Mr Pope took a great pleaſure to celebrate.

" What *Well?* what *Weapon?* (Flavia cries)
" A ſtandiſh, ſteel and golden pen!
" It came from Bertrand's, not the ſkies;
" I gave it you to write again.

" But, Friend, take heed whom you attack;
" You'll bring a houſe (I mean of Peers)
" Red, Blue, and Green, nay white and black,
" L—— and all about your ears.

" You'd write as ſmooth again on glaſs,
" And run, on ivory, ſo glib,
" As not to ſtick at fool or aſs,
" Nor ſtop at Flattery or Fib.

Athenian Queen! and *ſober charms!*
" I tell ye, fool, there's nothing in't:,
" 'Tis Venus, Venus gives theſe arms:
" In Dryden's Virgil ſee the print.

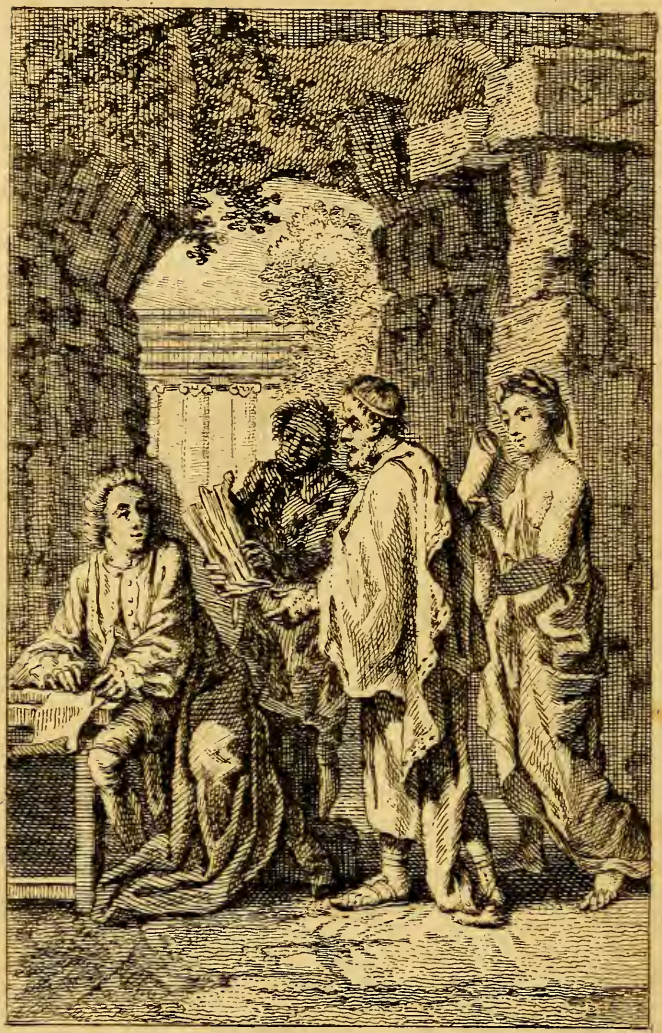
" Come, if you'll be a quiet ſoul,
" That dares tell neither Truth nor Lies,
" I'll liſt you in the harmleſs roll
" Of thoſe that ſing of theſe poor eyes."

IMITATIONS

OF

HORACE.

Plate XXIV.



Hail Bards triumphant! born in happier Days
Immortal Heirs of universal Praise!
Oh may some Spark of your celestial Fire
The last, the meanest of your Sons inspire!

Essay on Crit.

EPISTLE VII.

Imitated in the Manner of Dr. SWIFT.

'TIS true, my Lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you June the third;
Chang'd it to Auguſt, and (in ſhort)
Have kept it—as you do at Court.
You humour me when I am ſick,
Why not when I am ſplenetick?
In town, what Objects could I meet?
The ſhops ſhut up in ev'ry ſtreet,
And Fun'rals black'ning all the Doors,
And yet more melancholy Whores:
And what a duſt in every place?
And a thin Court that wants your Face,
And Fevers raging up and down,
And W* and H** both in Town?

Quinque dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,
Sextilem totum mendax deſideror. atqui,
Si me vivere vis ſanum recteque valentem;
Quam mihi das aegro, dabis aegrotare timenti,
Maecenas, veniam: dum ficus prima calorque
Deſignatorem decorat lictoribus atris:
Dum pueris omnis pater, et matercula pallet;
Officioſaque ſedulitas, et opella forenſis
Adducit febris, et teſtamenta reſignat.

" The Dog-days are no more the caſe."
'Tis true, but Winter comes apace:
Then ſouthward let your Bard retire,
Hold out ſome Months 'twixt Sun and Fire,
And you ſhall ſee the firſt warm Weather,
Me and the Butterflies together.
My Lord your Favours well I know;
'Tis with Diſtinction you beſtow;
And not to ev'ry one that comes,
Juſt as a Scotſman does his Plums,
" Pray take them, Sir--Enough's a Feaſt:
" Eat ſome, and pocket up the reſt."—
What rob your Boys? thoſe pretry rogues!
" No, Sir you'll leave them to the Hogs."
Thus Fools with Compliments beſiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.
Scatter your Favours on a Fop,
Ingratitude's the certain crop;
And 'tis but juſt, I'll tell ye wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.

Quod ſi bruma nives Albanis illinet agris;
Ad mare deſcendet vates tuus, et ſibi parcet,
Contractuſque leget; te, dulcis, amice, reviſet
Cum Zephyris, ſi concedes, et hirundine prima.
Non, quo more pyris veſci Calaber jubet hoſpes,
Tu me feciſti locupletem. Veſcere ſodes.
Jam ſatis eſt. At tu quantumvis tolle. Benigne.
Non inviſa feres pueris munuſcula parvis.
Tam teneor dono, quam ſi dimittar onuſtus.
Ut libet: haec porcis hodie comedenda relinques.
Prodigus et ſtultus donat quae ſpernit et odit:

A wiſe man always is, or ſhou'd
Be mighty ready to do good:
But makes a diff'rence in his thought
Betwixt a Guinea and a Groat.
Now this I'll ſay, you'll find in me
A ſafe Companion, and a free;
But if you'd have me always near—
A word, pray, in your Honour's ear.
I hope it is your Reſolution
To give me back my Conſtitution!
The ſprightly Wit, the lively Eye,
Th' engaging Smile, the Gaiety,
That laugh'd down many a Summer Sun,
And kept you up ſo oft till one:
And all that voluntary Vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my Strain.
A Weaſel once made ſhift to ſlink
In at a Corn-loft thro' a Chink;
But having amply ſtuff'd his ſkin,
Could not get out as he got in;

Haec ſeges ingratos tulit et feret omnibus annis.
Vir bonus et ſapiens, dignis ait eſſe paratus!
Nec tamen ignorat, quid diſtent aera lupinis?
Dignum praeſtabo me, etiam pro laude merentis.
Quod ſi me noles uſquam diſcedere: reddes
Forte latus, nigros auguſta fronte capillos:
Reddes dulce loqui; reddes ridere decorum, et
Inter vina fugam Cynarae moerere protervae.
Forte per anguſtam tenuis vulpecula rimam
Repſerat in cumeram frumenti: paſtaque, rurſus
Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore fruſtra,

Which one belonging to the Houſe
('Twas not a Man, it was a Mouſe)
Obſerving, cry'd, "You ſcape not ſo,
"Lean as you came, Sir, you muſt go."
Sir, you may ſpare your Application,
I'm no ſuch Beaſt, nor his Relation;
Nor one that Temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the Throat with Ortolans:
Extremely ready to reſign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-ſea Subſcriptions take who pleaſe,
Leave me but Liberty and Eaſe.
'Twas what I ſaid to Craggs and Child,
Who prais'd my Modeſty, and ſmil'd.
Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me)
My Bread, and Independency!
So bought an Annual Rent or two,
And liv'd——juſt as you ſee I do;
Near fifty, and without a Wife,
I truſt that ſinking Fund, my Life.

Cui muſtela procul, Si vis, ait, effugere iſtinc;
Macra cavum repetes arctum, quem macra ſubiſti.
Hac ego ſi compellor imagine, cuncta reſigno:
Nec ſomnum plebis laudo ſatur altilium, nec
Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.
Saepe verecundum laudaſti: Rexque, Paterque
Audiſti coram, nec verbo parcius abſens:
Inſpice, ſi poſſum donata reponere laetus.
* * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *

Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
Shrink back to my Paternal Cell,
A little Houſe, with Trees a-row,
And, like its Maſter, very low.
There dy'd my Father, no man's Debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worſe nor better.
To ſet this matter full before ye,
Our old Friend Swift will tell his Story.
"Harley, the Nation's great ſupport,"—
But you may read it, I ſtop ſhort.

Parvum parva decent. mihi jam non regia Roma,
Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut imbelle Tarentum.
Strenuus et fortis, cauſiſque Philippus agendis
Clarus, &c.

SATIRE VI.

The First Part imitated in the Year 1714, by Dr. SWIFT; the latter Part added afterwards.

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome House to lodge a Friend,
A River at my garden's end,
A Terras-walk, and half a Rood
Of Land, set out to plant a Wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to encrease my store;
'But here a Grievance seems to lie,
'All this is mine but till I die;
'I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
'To me and to my Heirs for ever.
'If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
'By any Trick or any Fault;

Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquae fons,
Et paulum silvae super his foret. auctius, atque
Di melius fecere. bene est. nil amplius oro,
Maia nate, nisi ut propria haec mihi munera faxis.
Si neque majorem feci ratione mala rem,

'And if I pray by Reaſon's rules,
'And not like Forty other Fools:
'As thus, "Vouchſafe, oh Gracious Maker!
"To grant me this and t'other Acre:
"Or, if it be thy Will and Pleaſure,
"Direct my Plow to find a Treaſure:"
'But only what my Station fits,
'And to be kept in my right wits,
'Preſerve, Almighty Providence!
'Juſt what you gave me, Competence:
'And let me in theſe ſhades compoſe
'Something in Verſe as true as Proſe;
'Remov'd from all th' Ambitious Scene,
'Nor puff'd by Pride, nor ſunk by Spleen.'
In ſhort, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this ſide Trent;
Nor croſs the Channel twice a year,
To ſpend ſix Months with Stateſmen here.

Nec ſum facturus vitio culpave minorem:
Si veneror ſtultus nihil horum, O ſi angulus ille
Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum!
O ſi urnam argenti fors quæ mihi monſtret! ut illi,
Theſauro invento qui mercenarius agrum
Illum ipſum mercatus aravit, dives amico
Hercule, ſi, quod adeſt, gratum juvat! hac prece te oro,
Pingue pecus domino facias, et cætera præter
Ingenium; utque ſoles, cuſtos mihi maximus adſis.
Ergo ubi me in montes et in arcem ex Urbe removi,
Quid prius illuſtrem Satiris Muſaque pedeſtri?
Nec mala me ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus Auſter,
Autumnuſque gravis, Libitinæ quæſtus acerbæ.

I muſt by all means come to town,
'Tis for the ſervice of the Crown.
"Lewis, the Dean will be of uſe,
"Send for him up, take no excuſe."
The toil, the danger of the Seas,
Great Miniſters ne'er think of theſe;
Or let it coſt five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,
It is but ſo much more in debt,
And that they ne'er conſider'd yet.
"Good Mr Dean, go change your gown,
"Let my Lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haſte away,
Not thinking it is Levee-day;
And find his Honour in a Pound,
Hemm'd by a triple Circle round,
Chequer'd with Ribbons blue and green:
How ſhould I thruſt myſelf between!
Some Wag obſerves me thus perplext,
And ſmiling, whiſpers to the next,
"I thought the Dean had been too proud,
"To juſtle here among a croud."

Matutine pater, ſeu Jane libentius audis,
Unde homines operum primos vitaeque labores
Inſtituunt, (ſic Dîs placitum) tu carminis eſto
Principium: Romae ſponſorem me rapis: Eia,
Ne prior officio quiſquam reſpondeat, urgue:
Sive Aquilo radit terras, ſeu bruma nivalem
Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire neceſſe eſt.
Poſtmodo, quod mi obſit, clare certumque locuto,
Luctandum in turba, et facienda injuria tardis.

Another in a ſurly fit,
Tells me I have more Zeal than Wit,
" So eager to expreſs your love,
" You ne'er conſider whom you ſhove,
" But rudely preſs before a Duke."
I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke.
And take it kindly meant to ſhow
What I deſire the World ſhould know.
I get a whiſper, and withdraw ;
When twenty Fools I never ſaw
Come with Petitions fairly penn'd,
Deſiring I would ſtand their friend.
This, humbly offers me his Caſe—
That, begs my int'reſt for a Place—
A hundred other Men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
" To-morrow my Appeal comes on,
" Without your help the Cauſe is gone—
The Duke expects my Lord and you,
About ſome great affair at Two—

Quid tibi vis, inſane? et quas res agis? improbus urguet
Iratis precibus. tu pulſes omne quod obſtat,
Ad Maecenatem memori ſi mente recurras.
Hoc juvat, et melli eſt; ne mentiar. at ſimul atras
Ventum eſt Eſquilias; aliena negotia centum
Per caput, et circa ſaliunt latus. Ante ſecundam
Roſcius orabat ſibi adeſſes ad Puteal cras.
De re communi ſcribae magna atque nova te
Orabant hodie meminiſſes, Quinte, reverti.

" Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
" To get my Warrant quickly ſign'd:
" Conſider, 'tis my firſt requeſt.—
Be ſatisfy'd, I'll do my beſt:—
Then preſently he falls to teize,
" You may for certain if you pleaſe;
" I doubt not, if his Lordſhip knew—
" And, Mr Dean, one word from you—
'Tis (let me ſee) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)
Since HARLEY bid me firſt attend,
And choſe me for an humble friend:
Would take me in his Coach to chat,
And queſtion me of this and that;
As, " What's o'clock?" And, " How's the Wind?"
" Who's Chariot's that we left behind?
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the Country Signs;
Or, " Have you nothing new to-day
" From Pope, from Parnel, or from Gay?

Imprimat his cura Maecenas ſigna tabellis.
Dixeris, Experiar: Si vis, potes, addit; et inſtat.
Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,
Ex quo Maecenas me coepit habere ſuorum
In numero: duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda
Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concredere nugas
Hoc genus, Hora quota eſt? Threx eſt Gallina Syro par.

Such tattle often entertains
My Lord and me as far as Stains,
As once a week we travel down
To Windſor, and again to Town,
Where all that paſſes, *inter nos*,
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Croſs.
Yet ſome I know with envy ſwell,
Becauſe they ſee me us'd ſo well:
"How think you of our Friend the Dean?
"I wonder what ſome people mean;
"My Lord and he are grown ſo great,
"Always together, *tete a tete*,
"What, they admire him for his jokes—
"See but the fortune of ſome Folks!
There flies about a ſtrange report
Of ſome expreſs arriv'd at Court;
I'm ſtopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in every ſtreet.
"You, Mr Dean, frequent the Great;
"Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat?

Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent:
Et quae rimoſa bene deponuntur in aure.
Per totum hoc tempus, ſubjectior in diem et horam
Invidiae noſter ludos ſpectaverit una;
Luſerit in campo: Fortunae filius, omnes.
Frigidus a Roſtris manat per compita rumor:
Quicunque obvius eſt, me conſulit; O bone (nam te
Scire, Deos quoniam proprius contingis, oportet)

" Or do the Prints and Papers lye?
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
" Ah Doctor, how you love to jeſt?
" 'Tis now no ſecret"—I proteſt
'Tis one to me—" Then tell us, pray,
" When are the Troops to have their pay?
And tho' I ſolemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They ſtand amaz'd, and think me grown
The cloſeſt mortal ever known.
THUS in a ſea of folly toſs'd,
My choiceſt Hours of life are loſt;
Yet always wiſhing to retreat,
Oh, could I ſee my Country-ſeat!
There leaning near a gentle Brook
Sleep, or peruſe ſome antient Book,
And there in ſweet oblivion drown
Thoſe Cares that haunt the Court and Town,

Num quid de Dacis audiſti? Nil equidem. Ut tu
Semper eris deriſor! At omnes Di exagitent me,
Si quicquam. Quid? militibus promiſſa Triquetra
Praedia Caeſar, an eſt Itala tellure daturus?
Jurantem me ſcire nihil miratur, ut unum
Scilicet egregii mortalem altique ſilenti.
Perditur haec inter miſero lux; non ſine votis,
O rus, quando ego te aſpiciam? quandoque licebit,
Nunc veterum libris, nunc ſomno et inertibus horis,
Ducere ſolicitae jucunda oblivia vitae!
O quando faba Pythagorae cognata, ſimulque
Uncta ſatis pingui ponentur oluſcula lardo?

O charming Noons! and Nights divine!
Or when I ſup, or when I dine,
My Friends above, my Folks below,
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
The Beans and Bacon ſet before 'em,
The Grace-cup ſerv'd with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleas'd, and pleaſe,
And ev'n the very Dogs at eaſe!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian ſings,
A Neighbour's Madneſs, or his Spouſe's
Or what's in either of their Houſes:
But ſomething much more our concern,
And quite a ſcandal not to learn:
Which is the happier, or the wiſer,
A man of Merit, or a Miſer?
Whether we ought to chuſe our Friends,
For their own Worth, or our own ends?

O noctes coenaeque Deum! quibus ipſe meique,
Ante Larem proprium veſcor, vernaſque procaces
Paſco libatis dapibus: cum, ut cuique libido eſt,
Siccat inaequales calices conviva, ſolutus
Legibus inſanis: ſeu quis capit acria fortis
Pocula; ſeu modicis uveſcit laetius. ergo
Sermo oritur, non devillis domibuſve alienis,
Nec male necne Lepos ſaltet: ſed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, et neſcire malum eſt, agitamus; utrumne
Divitiis homines, an ſint virtute beati:
Quidve ad amicitias, uſus rectumne, trahat nos:

What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very beſt of all?
Our Friend Dan Prior, told (you know)
A Tale extremely *a propos*:
Name a Town Life, and in a trice,
He had a Story of two Mice.
Once on a time (ſo runs the Fable)
A country Mouſe, right hoſpitable,
Receiv'd a Town Mouſe at his Board,
Juſt as a Farmer might a Lord.
A frugal Mouſe upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his Friend, and had a Soul,
Knew what was handſome, and would do't,
On juſt occaſion, *coute qui coute*.
He brought him Bacon (nothing lean)
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a Dean;
Cheeſe, ſuch as men in Suffolk make,
But wiſh'd it Stilton for his ſake;

Et quae ſit natura boni, ſummumque quid ejus.
Cervius haec inter vicinus garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas. ſi quis nam laudat Arelli
Solicitas ignarus opes; ſic incipit: Olim
Ruſticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur,
Accepiſſe cavo, veterem vetus hoſpes amicum;
Aſper, et attentus quaeſitis; ut tamen arctum
Solveret hoſpitiis animum. quid multa? neque ille
Sepoſiti ciceris, nec longae invidit avenae:
Aridem et ore ferens acinum, ſemeſaque lardi
Fruſtra dedit, cupiens varia faſtidia coena
Vincere tangentis male ſingula dente ſuperbo:
Cum pater ipſe domus palea porrectus in horna

Yet, to his Gueſt tho' no way ſparing,
He eat himſelf the rind and paring.
Our Courtier ſcarce could touch a bit,
But ſhow'd his Breeding and his Wit;
He did his beſt to ſeem to eat,
And cry'd, "I vow you're mighty neat.
"But Lord, my Friend, this ſavage Scene!
"For God's ſake, come and live with Men:
"Conſider, Mice, like Men, muſt die,
"Both ſmall and great, both you and I:
"Then ſpend your life in Joy and Sport,
"(This doctrine, Friend, I learnt at Court.)
The verieſt Hermit in the Nation
May yield, God knows, to ſtrong temptation.
Away they come, thro' thick and thin,
To a tall houſe near Lincoln's-Inn;
('Twas on the night of a Debate,
When all their Lordſhips had ſate late.)
Behold the place, where if a Poet
Shin'd in Diſcription, he might ſhow it;

Eſſet ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.
Tandem urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit, amice,
Praerupti nemoris patientem vivere dorſo!
Vin' tu homines urbemque feris praeponere ſylvis?
Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes: terrèſtria quando
Mortales animas vivunt ſortita, neque ulla eſt,
Aut magno aut parvo, leti fuga. quo, bone, circa,
Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus:
Vive memor quam ſis aevi brevis. Haec ubi dicta
Agreſtem pepulere, domo levis exſilit: inde

Tell how the Moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with ſilver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Groteſco roofs, and Stucco floors:
But let it (in a word) be ſaid,
The Moon was up, and Men a bed,
The Napkins white, the Carpet red:
The Gueſts withdrawn had left the Treat,
And down the Mice ſate *tête a tête*.

Our Courtier walks from diſh to diſh,
Taſtes for his Friend of Fowl and Fiſh;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
"*Que ça eſt bon? Ah goutor ça!*
"That Jelly's rich, this Malmſey healing,
"Pray, dip your Whiſkers and your Tail in."
Was ever ſuch a happy Swain?
He ſtuffs and ſwills, and ſtuffs again.
"I'm quite aſham'd—'tis mighty rude
"To eat ſo much—but all's ſo good,

Ambo propoſitum peragunt iter, urbis aventes
Moenia nocturni ſubrepere. jamque tenebat
Nox medium coeli ſpatium, cum ponit uterque
In locuplete domo veſtigia: rubro ubi cocco
Tincta ſuper lectos canderet veſtis eburnos;
Multaque de magna ſupereſſent fercula coena,
Quae procul exſtructis inerant heſterna caniſtris.
Ergo ubi purpurae porrectum in veſte locavit
Agreſtem; veluti ſuccinctus curſitat hoſpes,
Continuatque dapes: nec non verniliter ipſis
Fungitur officiis, praelibans omne quod affert.

" I have a thouſand thanks to give—
" My Lord alone knows how to live."
No ſooner ſaid, but from the Hall
Ruſh Chaplain, Butler, Dogs and all:
" A Rat, a Rat! clap to the door—
The Cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the heart of Homer's Mice,
Or Gods to ſave them in a trice!
(It was by Providence they think,
For your damn'd Stucco has no chink.)
" An't pleaſe your Honour, quoth the Peaſant,
" This ſame Deſſert is not ſo pleaſant:
" Give me again my hollow Tree,
" A Cruſt of Bread, and Liberty!

Ille cubans gaudet mutata ſorte, boniſque
Rebus agit laetum convivam: cum ſubito ingens
Valvarum ſtrepitus lectis excuſſit utrumque.
Currere per totum pavidi conclave; magiſque
Exanimes trepidare, ſimul domus alta Moloſſis
Perſonuit canibus. tum ruſticus, Haud mihi vita
Eſt opus hae, ait, et valeas: me ſylva, cavuſque
Tutus ab inſidiis tenui ſolabitur ervo.

BOOK IV.

ODE I.

To VENUS.

AGAIN? new Tumults in my breaſt?
Ah ſpare me, Venus! let me, let me reſt!
I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle Reign of My Queen Anne.
Ah ſound no more thy ſoft alarms,
Nor circle ſober fifty with thy Charms.
Mother too fierce of dear Deſires!
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.
To *Number five* direct your Doves,
There ſpread round MURRAY all your blooming Loves;

Intermiſſa, Venus, diu,
Rurſus bella moves? parce precor, precor.
Non ſum qualis eram bonae
Sub regno Cynarae. deſine, dulcium
Mater ſaeva Cupidinum,
Circa luſtra decem flectere mollibus
Jam durum imperiis: abi
Quo blandae juvenum te revocant preces.
Tempeſtivius in domum
Paulli, purpureis ales oloribus,

Noble and young, who ſtrikes the heart
With ev'ry ſprightly, ev'ry decent part:
Equal, the injur'd to defend,
To charm the Miſtreſs, or to fix the Friend.
He, with a hundred Arts refin'd,
Shall ſtretch thy conqueſts over half the kind:
To him each Rival ſhall ſubmit,
Make but his Riches equal to his Wit.
Then ſhall thy Form the Marble grace,
(Thy Grecian Form) and Chloe lend the Face.
His Houſe, emboſom'd in the Grove,
Sacred to ſocial life and ſocial love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
Where Thames reflects the viſionary ſcene:
Thither, the ſilver-ſounding lyres
Shall call the ſmiling Loves, and young Deſires;

Commiſſabere Maximi;
Si torrere jecur quaeris idoneum.
Namque et nobilis, et decens,
Et pro ſolicitis non tacitus reis,
Et centum puer artium,
Late ſigna feret militiae tuae.
Et, quandoque potentior
Largi muneribus riſerit aemuli,
Albanos prope te lacus
Ponet marmoream ſub trabe citrea.
Illic plurima naribus
Duces thura; lyraque et Berecynthia
Delectabere tibia
Mixtis carminibus, non ſine ſiſtula.

There, ev'ry Grace and Muſe ſhall throng,
Exalt the dance, or animate the ſong;
There Youths and Nymphs, in conſort gay,
Shall hail the riſing, cloſe the parting day.
With me, alas! thoſe joys are o'er;
For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
The ſtill-believing, ſtill renew'd deſire;
Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
And all the kind Deceivers of the ſoul!
But why? ah tell me, ah too dear!
Steals down my cheek th' involuntary Tear?
Why words ſo flowing, thoughts ſo free,
Stop, or turn nonſenſe, at one glance of thee?
Thee, dreſt in Fancy's airy beam,
Abſent I follow thro' th' extended Dream;
Now, now I ſeize, I claſp thy charms,
And now you burſt (ah cruel!) from my arms;

Illic bis pueri die
Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
Laudantes, pede candido
In morem Salium ter quatient humum.
Mec nec femina, nec puer
Jam, nec ſpes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero,
Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.
Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur
Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?
Cur facunda parum decoro
Inter verba cadit lingua ſilentio?

And ſwiftly ſhoot along the Mall,
Or ſoftly glide by the Canal,
Now ſhown by Cynthia's ſilver ray,
And now, on rolling waters ſnatch'd away.

Nocturnis ego ſomniis
Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem ſequor
Te per gramina Martii
Campi te, per aquas, dure, volubiles.

Part of the NINTH ODE

Of the FOURTH BOOK.

LEST you ſhould think that verſe ſhall die,
Which ſounds the Silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of Truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar ſong;

Tho' daring Milton ſits ſublime,
In Spenſer native Muſes play;
Nor yet ſhall Waller yield to time,
Nor penſive Cowley's moral lay——

Ne forte credas interitura, quae
Longe ſonantem natus ad Aufidum
Non ante vulgatas per artes
Verba loquor ſocianda chordis;

Non, ſi priores Maeonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricae latent
Ceaeque, et Alcaei minaces
Steſichorique graves Camenae:

Sages and Chiefs long ſince had birth
Ere Cæſar was, or Newton nam'd;
Theſe rais'd new Empires o'er the Earth,
And Thoſe, new Heav'ns and Syſtems fram'd.

Vain was the Chief's, the Sage's pride!
They had no Poet, and they died.
In vain they ſchem'd, in vain they bled!
They had no Poet, and are dead.

Nec, ſi quid olim luſit Anacreon,
Delevit aetas: ſpirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commiſſi calores
Aeoliae fidibus puellae.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; ſed omnes illacrymabiles
Urguentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate ſacro.

MISCELLANIES.

EPISTLE TO ROBERT Earl of OXFORD, and Earl MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet ſung,
'Till Death untimely ſtop'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh juſt beheld! and loſt! admir'd and mourn'd!
With ſofteſt manners, gentleſt arts adorn'd!
Bleſt in each ſcience, bleſt in ev'ry ſtrain!
Dear to the Muſe! to HARLEY dear—in vain!
For him, thou oft had bid the World attend,
Fond to forget the ſtateſman in the friend;
For SWIFT and him, deſpis'd the farce of ſtate,
The ſober follies of the wiſe and great;
Dextrous the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'ſcape from Flattery to Wit.

Epiſt. to Robert Earl of Oxford.] This Epiſtle was ſent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr Parnell's poems publiſhed by our Author, after the ſaid Earl's Impriſonment in the Tower, and Retreat into the Country, in the year 1721

Abſent or dead, ſtill let a friend be dear,
(A ſigh the abſent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall thoſe nights that clos'd thy toilſome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
Who, careleſs now of Int'reſt, Fame, or Fate,
Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great;
Or deeming meaneſt what we greateſt call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy Fall.

And ſure, if aught below the ſeats divine
Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul like thine:
A Soul ſupreme, in each hard inſtance try'd,
Above all Pain, all Paſſion, and all Pride,
The rage of Pow'r, the blaſt of public breath,
The luſt of Lucre, and the dread of Death.

In vain to Deſerts thy retreat is made;
The Muſe attends thee to thy ſilent ſhade;
'Tis hers, the brave man's lateſt ſteps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify diſgrace.
When Int'reſt calls off all her ſneaking train,
And all th' oblig'd deſert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the Scaffold, or the cell,
When the laſt ling'ring friend has bid farewel.
Ev'n now, ſhe ſhades thy Ev'ning-walk with bays,
(No hireling ſhe, no proſtitute to praiſe)
Ev'n now, obſervant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm Sun-ſet of thy various Day,
Thro' Fortuen's cloud one truely great can ſee,
Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he.

EPISTLE

To JAMES CRAGGS, Esq; SECRETARY of STATE.

A Soul as full of Worth, as void of Pride,
Which nothing seeks to shew, or needs to hide,
Which nor to Guilt nor Fear, its Caution owes,
And boasts a warmth that from no Passion flows.
A Face untaught to feign; a judging Eye,
That darts severe upon a rising Lye,
And strikes a blush thro' frontless Flattery.
All this thou wert, and being this before,
Know, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee more.
Then scorn to gain a Friend by servile ways,
Nor wish to lose a Foe these Virtues raise;
But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
Proceed—a Minister, but still a Man.
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Asham'd of any Friend, not ev'n of Me:
The Patriot's plain, but untrod, path pursue;
If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of You.

[*Secretary of State*] In the year 1720,

EPISTLE

To Mr JERVAS,

With Mr DRYDEN's Tranſlation of FRESNOY's Art of Painting.

THIS Verſe be thine, my friend, nor thou refuſe
This, from no venal or ungrateful Muſe,
Whether thy hand ſtrike out ſome free deſign,
Where Life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd maſs,
And from the canvas call the mimic face:
Read theſe inſtructive leaves, in which conſpire
Freſnoy's cloſe Art, and Dryden's native Fire:
And reading wiſh, like theirs, our fate and fame,
So mix'd our ſtudies, and ſo join'd our name;
Like them to ſhine thro' long ſucceeding age,
So juſt thy ſkill, ſo regular my rage.
Smit with the love of Siſter-Arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;

Epiſt. to Mr Jervas.] This Epiſtle, and the two following were written ſome years before the reſt, and originally printed in 1717.

Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new ſtrength and light.
How oft in pleaſing taſks we wear the day,
While ſummer-ſuns roll unperceiv'd away?
How oft' our ſlowly-growing works impart,
While Images reflect from art to art?
How oft review; each finding like a friend
Something to blame, and ſomething to commend!
What flatt'ring ſcenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories riſing to our thought!
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
Fir'd with Ideas of fair Italy.
With thee, on Raphael's Monument I mourn,
Or wait inſpiring Dreams at Maro's Urn:
With thee repoſe, where Tully once was laid,
Or ſeek ſome Ruin's formidable ſhade:
While fancy brings the vaniſh'd piles to view,
And builds imaginary Rome a-new,
Here thy well-ſtudy'd marbles fix our eye;
A fading Freſco here demands a ſigh:
Each heav'nly piece unwearied we compare,
Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
Caracci's ſtrength, Correggio's ſofter line,
Paulo's free ſtroke, and Titian's warmth divine.
How finiſh'd with illuſtrious toil appears
This ſmall, well-poliſh'd Gem, the * work of years?

* Freſnoy employed above twenty years in finiſhing his Poem.

Yet ſtill how faint by precept is expreſt
The living image in the painter's breaſt?
Thence endleſs ſtreams of fair Ideas flow,
Strike in the ſketch, or in the picture glow;
Thence beauty, waking all her forms, ſupplies
An Angel's ſweetneſs, or Bridgewater's eyes.

Muſe! at that Name thy ſacred ſorrows ſhed,
Thoſe tears eternal, that embalm the dead:
Call round her Tomb each object of deſire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:
Bid her be all that chears or ſoftens life,
The tender ſiſter, daughter, friend, and wife:
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this Marble, and be vain no more!

Yet ſtill her charms in breathing paint engage;
Her modeſt cheek ſhall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flow'r that ev'ry ſeaſon fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thouſand years.
Thus Churchill's race ſhall other hearts ſurprize,
And other Beauties envy Worſley's eyes;
Each pleaſing Blount ſhall endleſs ſmiles beſtow,
And ſoft Belinda's bluſh for ever glow.

Oh laſting as thoſe Colours may they ſhine,
Free as thy ſtroke, yet faultleſs as thy line;
New graces yearly like thy works diſplay,
Soft without weakneſs, without glaring gay;
Led by ſome rule, that guides, but not conſtrains;
And finiſh'd more thro' happineſs than pains.
The kindred Arts ſhall in their praiſe conſpire,
One dip the pencil, and one ſtring the lyre.

Yet ſhould the Graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;
Yet ſhould the Muſes bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their ſoul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
And theſe be ſung 'till Granvill's Myra dye:
Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
Thou but preſerv'ſt a Face, and I a Name.

EPISTLE

To Miſs BLOUNT.

With the Works of VOITURE.

IN theſe gay thoughts the Loves and Graces ſhine,
And all the Writer lives in ev'ry line;
His eaſy Art may happy Nature ſeem,
Trifles themſelves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great:
Still with eſteem no leſs convers'd than read;
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:
His heart, his miſtreſs, and his friend did ſhare,
His time, the Muſe, the witty and the fair.

Thus wiſely careleſs, innocently gay,
Chearful he play'd the trifle, Life, away;
'Till fate ſcarce felt his gentle breath ſuppreſt,
As ſmiling Infants ſport themſelves to reſt.
Ev'n rival Wits did Voiture's death deplore,
And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
The trueſt hearts for Voiture heav'd with ſighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brighteſt Eyes:
The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.

Let the ſtrict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and ſerious Comedy;
In ev'ry ſcene ſome Moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both pleaſe and preach.
Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear,
And more diverting ſtill than regular,
Have Humour, Wit, a native Eaſe and Grace,
Though not too ſtrictly bound to Time and Place:
Critics in Wit, or Life, are hard to pleaſe,
Few write to thoſe, and none can live to theſe.

Too much your Sex is by their forms confin'd,
Severe to all, but moſt to Womankind;
Cuſtom, grown blind with Age, muſt be your guide;
Your pleaſure is a vice, but not your pride;
By Nature yielding, ſtubborn but for fame;
Made Slaves by honour, and made Fools by ſhame.
Marriage may all thoſe petty Tyrants chaſe,
But ſets up one, a greater in their place;
Well might you wiſh for change by thoſe accurſt,
But the laſt Tyrant ever proves the worſt.

Still in conſtraint your ſuff'ring Sex remains,
Or bound in formal, or in real chains:
Whole years neglected, for ſome months ador'd,
The fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord.
Ah quit not the free innocence of life,
For the dull glory of a virtuous Wife;
Nor let falſe Shews, nor empty Titles pleaſe:
Aim not at Joy, but reſt content with Eaſe.

The Gods, to curſe Pamela with her pray'rs,
Gave the gilt Coach and dappled Flanders Mares,
The ſhining robes, rich jewels, beds of ſtate,
And, to compleat her bliſs, a Fool for mate.
She glares in Balls, front Boxes, and the Ring,
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched Thing!
Pride, Pomp, and State but reach her outward part;
She ſighs, and is no Ducheſs at her heart.

But, Madam, if the fates withſtand, and you
Are deſtin'd Hymen's willing Victim too;
Truſt not too much your now reſiſtleſs charms,
Thoſe, Age or Sickneſs, ſoon or late diſarms:
Good humour only teaches charms to laſt,
Still makes new conqueſts, and maintains the paſt;
Love, rais'd on Beauty, will like that decay,
Our hearts may bear its ſlender chain a day;
As flow'ry bands in wantonneſs are worn,
A morning's pleaſure, and at evening torn;
This binds in ties more eaſy, yet more ſtrong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus * Voiture's early care ſtill ſhone the ſame,
And Monthauſier was only chang'd in name:
By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their Wit ſtill ſparkling, and their flames ſtill warm.
Now crown'd with Myrtle, on th' Elyſian coaſt,
Amid thoſe Lovers, joys his gentle Ghoſt:
Pleas'd, while with ſmiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer Rambouillet in you.
The brighteſt eyes of France inſpir'd his Muſe;
The brighteſt eyes of Britain now peruſe;
And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride
Still to charm thoſe who charm the world beſide.

EPISTLE

To the ſame.

On her leaving the Town after the CORONATION.

AS ſome fond Virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the Town to wholeſome Country air;
Juſt when ſhe learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a ſpark, yet think no danger nigh;

* Mademoiſelle Paulet.

[*Coronàtion*] Of King George the firſt, 1715.

From the dear man unwilling ſhe muſt ſever,
Yet takes one kiſs before ſhe parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with ſighs withdrew;
Not that their pleaſures caus'd her diſcontent,
She ſigh'd not that they ſtay'd, but that ſhe went.

She went, to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-faſhion'd halls, dull Aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from Op'ra, Park, Aſſembly, Play,
To morning walks, and pray'rs three hours a day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
To muſe, and ſpill her ſolitary tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the ſpoon,
Count the ſlow Clock, and dine exact at noon;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell ſtories to the ſquire;
Up to her godly garret after ſeven,
There ſtarve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

Some Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;
Whoſe game is Whiſk, whoſe treat a toaſt in ſack;
Who viſits with a gun, preſents you birds,
Then gives a ſmacking buſs, and cries,—No words!
Or with his hound comes hollowing from the ſtable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
Whoſe laughs are hearty, tho' his jeſts are coarſe,
And loves you beſt of all things—but his horſe.

In ſome fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
You dream of Triumphs in the rural ſhade;
In penſive thought recall the fancy'd ſcene,
See Coronations riſe on ev'ry green;

Before you paſs th' imaginary ſights
Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd Knights,
While the ſpread fan o'erſhades your cloſing eyes:
Then give one flirt, and all the viſion flies.
Thus vaniſh ſceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!

So when your Slave, at ſome dear idle time,
(Not plagu'd with head-achs, or the want of rhyme)
Stands in the ſtreets, abſtracted from the crew,
And while he ſeems to ſtudy, thinks of you;
Juſt when his fancy points your ſprightly eyes,
Or ſees the bluſh of ſoft Parthenia riſe,
Gay pats my ſhoulder, and you vaniſh quite,
Streets, Chairs, and Coxcombs ruſh upon my ſight;
Vex'd to be ſtill in town, I knit my brow,
Look ſour, and hum a Tune, as you may now.

THE BASSET-TABLE.

AN ECLOGUE

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

CARDELIA.

THE *Baſſet-Table* ſpread, the *Tallier* come;
Why ſtays SMILINDA in the Dreſſing-Room!
Riſe, penſive Nymph, the *Tallier* waits for you:

SMILINDA.

Ah, Madam, ſince my SHARPER is untrue,
I joyleſs make my once ador'd *Alpeu*.
I ſaw him ſtand behind OMBRELIA's Chair,
And whiſper with that ſoft, deluding air,
And thoſe feign'd ſighs which cheat the liſt'ning Fair.

CARDELIA.

Is this the cauſe of your Romantic ſtrains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart ſuſtains.
As You by Love, ſo I by Fortune croſs't;
One, one bad *Deal*, Three *Septleva's* have loſt.

SMILINDA.

Is that the grief, which you compare with mine?
With eaſe, the ſmiles of Fortune I reſign:
Would all my gold in one bad *Deal* were gone;
Were lovely SHARPER mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A Lover loſt, is but a common care;
And prudent Nymphs againſt that change prepare:
The KNAVE OF CLUBS thrice loſt: Oh! who could gueſs
This fatal ſtroke, this unforeſeen Diſtreſs?

SMILINDA.

See BETTY LOVET! very *a propos*,
She all the cares of *Love* and *Play* does know:
Dear BETTY ſhall th' important point decide;
BETTY, who oft the pain of each has try'd;
Impartial, ſhe ſhall ſay who ſuffers moſt
By *Card's Ill Uſage*, or by *Lovers loſt*.

LOVET.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I ſtay,
Tho' Time is precious, and I want ſome Tea.

CARDELIA.

Behold this *Equipage*, by *Mathers* wrought,
With Fifty Guineas (a great Pen'worth) bought,
See on the Tooth-pick, Mars and Cupid ſtrive;
And both the ſtruggling figures ſeem alive.
Upon the bottom ſhines the Queen's bright Face;
A Myrtle Foliage round the Thimble-Caſe.
Jove, Jove himſelf, does on the Scizars ſhine;
The Metal, and the Workmanſhip, divine!

SMILINDA.

This *Snuff-box*,—once the pledge of SHARPER'S love,
When rival beauties for the Preſent ſtrove;
At *Corticelli*'s he the Raffle won;
Then firſt his Paſſion was in public ſhown:
HAZARDIA bluſh'd, and turn'd her head aſide,
A Rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
This *Snuff-Box*,—on the Hinge ſee Brilliants ſhine:
This *Snuff-Box* will I ſtake; the Prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas! far leſſer loſſes than I bear,
Have made a Soldier ſigh, a Lover ſwear.

And Oh! what makes the disappointment hard,
'Twas my own Lord that drew the *fatal Card.*
In Complaisance, I took the *Queen* he gave;
Tho' my own secret wish was for the *Knave.*
The *Knave* won *Sonica,* which I had chose;
And the next *Pull,* my *Septleva* I lose.

SMILINDA.

But ah! what aggravates the killing smart,
The cruel thought, that stabs me to the heart;
This curs'd OMBRELIA, this undoing Fair,
By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms she wears.
An aukward Thing, when first she came to Town;
Her Shape unfashion'd, and her Face unknown:
She was my friend; I taught her first to spread
Upon her sallow cheeks enliv'ning red:
I introduc'd her to the Park and Plays;
And by my int'rest, *Cozens* made her Stays.
Ungrateful wretch, with mimic airs grown pert,
She dares to steal my Fav'rite Lover's heart.

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was, how often have I swore,
When WINNALL *tally'd* I would *punt* no more?
I know the Bite, yet to my Ruin run:
And see the Folly, which I cannot shun.

SMILINDA.

How many Maids have SHARPER's vows deceiv'd?
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd?
Yet his known Falſhoods could no Warning prove:
Ah! what is warning to a Maid in Love?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble muſt that breaſt be form'd,
To gaze on *Baſſet*, and remain unwarm'd!
When *Kings*, *Queens*, *Knaves*, are ſet in decent rank;
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting Bank,
Guineas, Half-Guineas, all the ſhining train;
The Winner's pleaſure, and the Loſer's pain:
In bright Confuſion open *Rouleaus* lye,
They ſtrike the Soul, and glitter in the Eye.
Fir'd by the ſight, all reaſon I diſdain;
My Paſſions riſe, and will not bear the rein,
Look upon *Baſſet*, you who Reaſon boaſt;
And ſee if Reaſon muſt not *there* be loſt.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble muſt that heart compoſe,
Can hearken coldly to my SHARPER's Vows?
Then, when he trembles! when his Bluſhes riſe!
When awful Love ſeems melting in his Eyes!
With eager beats his Mechlin Cravat moves:
He Loves,—I whiſper to myſelf, *He Loves!*

Such unfeign'd Paſſion in his Looks appears,
I loſe all Mem'ry of my former Fears;
My panting heart confeſſes all his charms,
I yield at once, and ſink into his arms.
Think of that moment, you who Prudence boaſt;
For ſuch a moment, Prudence well were loſt.

CARDELIA.

At the *Groom-Porter's*, batter'd Bullies play,
Some DUKES at *Mary-Bone* bowl Time away.
But who the Bowl, or ratt'ling Dice compares
To *Baſſet's* heav'nly Joys, and pleaſing Cares?

SMILINDA.

Soft SIMPLICETTA doats upon a Beau;
PRUDINA likes a Man, and laughs at Show.
Their ſeveral graces in my SHARPER meet;
Strong as the Footman, as the Maſter ſweet.

LOVET.

Ceaſe your contention, which has been too long;
I grow impatient, and the Tea's too ſtrong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The *Equipage* ſhall grace SMILINDA's Side:
The *Snuff-Box* to CARDELIA I decree,
Now leave complaining, and begin your *Tea*.

Verbatim from BOILEAU.

Un Jour dit un Auteur, &c.

ONCE (ſays our Author, where I need not ſay)
Two Travellers found an Oyſter in their way;
Both fierce, both hungry; the diſpute grew ſtrong,
While Scale in hand Dame *Juſtice* paſt along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the Laws,
Explain'd the matter and would win the cauſe.
Dame *Juſtice* weighing long the doubtful Right,
Takes, opens, ſwallows it, before their ſight.
The cauſe of ſtrife remov'd ſo rarely well,
There take (ſays *Juſtice*) take ye each a *Shell*.
We thrive at *Weſtminſter* on Fools like you:
'Twas a fat Oyſter—Live in peace—Adieu.

ANSWER to the following Queſtion of Mrs Howe.

WHAT is Prudery?
'Tis a Beldam,
Seen with Wit and Beauty ſeldom.
'Tis a fear that ſtarts at ſhadows.
'Tis, (no, 'tisn't) like Miſs *Meadows*.
'Tis a Virgin hard of Feature,
Old, and void of all good nature;
Lean and fretful; would ſeem wiſe;
Yet plays the fool before ſhe dies.
'Tis an ugly envious Shrew,
That rails at dear *Lepell* and You.

Occaſioned by ſome Verſes of his Grace The Duke of Buckingham.

MUSE, 'tis enough: at length thy labour ends,
And thou ſhalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let Crowds of Critics now my verſe aſſail,
Let Dennis write, and nameleſs numbers rail:
This more than pays whole years of thankleſs pain,
Time, health, and fortune are not loſt in vain.
Sheffield approves, conſenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

A

PROLOGUE

By Mr POPE.

To a Play for Mr DENNIS's Benefit, in 1733, when he was old, blind, and in great diſtreſs, a little before his Death.

AS when that Hero, who in each Campaign,
Had brav'd the *Goth*, and many a *Vandal* ſlain,
Lay Fortune-ſtruck, a ſpectacle of Woe!
Wept by each Friend, forgiv'n by ev'ry Foe:
Was there a gen'rous, a reflecting mind.
But pitied BELISARIUS old and blind?
Was there a Chief but melted at the Sight?
A common Soldier, but who clubb'd his Mite?
Such, ſuch emotions ſhould in *Britons* riſe,
When preſs'd by want and weakneſs DENNIS lies;
Dennis, who long had warr'd with modern *Huns*,
Their Quibbles routed, and defy'd their Puns;

A desp'rate *Bulwark*, sturdy, firm, and fierce
Against the *Gothic* Sons of frozen verse:
How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan,
And shook the stage with Thunders all his own!
Stood up to dash each vain PRETENDER's hope!
Maul the French Tyrant, or pull down the POPE!
If there's a *Briton* then, true bred and born,
Who holds Dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn;
If there's a Critic of distinguish'd rage;
If there's a Senior, who contemns this age;
Let him to night his just assistance lend,
And be the *Critic's*, *Briton's*, *Old-Man's* Friend.

MACER:

A

CHARACTER.

WHEN simple *Macer*, now of high renown,
First sought a Poet's Fortune in the Town,
'Twas all th' Ambition his high soul could feel,
To wear red stockings, and to dine with *Steel*.
Some Ends of verse his Betters might afford,
And gave the harmless fellow a good word.

Set up with theſe, he ventur'd on the Town,
And with a borrow'd Play, out-did poor *Crown*.
There he ſtop'd ſhort, nor ſince has writ a title:
But has the Wit to make the moſt of little:
Like ſtunted hide-bound Trees, that juſt have got
Sufficient ſap at once to bear and rot.
Now he begs Verſe, and what he gets commends,
Not of the Wits his foes, but fools his friends.

So ſome coarſe Country Wench, almoſt decay'd,
Trudges to town, and firſt turns Chambermaid:
Aukward and ſupple, each devoir to pay;
She flatters her good Lady twice a day;
Thought wondrous honeſt, tho' of mean degree,
And ſtrangely liked for her *Simplicity*:
In a tranſlated Suit, then tries the Town,
With borrow'd Pins and Patches not her own:
But juſt endur'd the Winter ſhe began,
And in four Months a batter'd Harridan.
Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and ſhrunk,
To bawd for others, and go ſhares with Punk.

To Mr JOHN MOORE,

AUTHOR of the celebrated WORM-POWDER.

HOW much, egregious *Moore*, are we
Deceiv'd by ſhews and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we ſee,
All human kind are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by birth,
Vile, Reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then ſhrinks to earth again.

That Woman is a Worm, we find
E'er ſince our Grandame's evil;
She firſt convers'd with her own kind,
That antient Worm, the Devil.

The Learn'd themſelves we Book-worms name,
The Blockhead is a Slow-worm;
The Nymph whoſe tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm:

The Fops are painted Butterflies,
That flutter for a day;
First from a Worm they take their rise,
And in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Earwig grows;
Thus Worms suit all conditions;
Misers are Muck-worms, Silk-worms Beaus,
And Death-watches Physicians.

That Statesmen have the Worm, is seen
By all their winding play;
Their Conscience is a Worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah *Moore!* thy skill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would rise,
If thou could'st make the Courtier void
The Worm that never dies!

O learned Friend of *Abchurch-Lane*,
Who sett'st our entrails free;
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
Since Worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our Fate thou only can'st adjourn
Some few short years, no more!
Ev'n *Button*'s Wits to Worms shall turn,
Who Maggots were before.

SONG, by a Perſon of Quality.

Written in the Year 1733.

I.

FLutt'ring ſpread thy purple Pinions,
Gentle *Cupid*, o'er my Heart;
I a Slave in thy Dominions;
Nature muſt give Way to Art.

II.

Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your Flocks,
See my weary Days conſuming,
All beneath yon flow'ry Rocks.

III.

Thus the *Cyprian* Goddeſs weeping,
Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling Youth:
Him the Boar in Silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting Tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious Numbers;
Fair *Diſcretion*, ſtring the Lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking Slumbers:
Bright *Apollo*, lend thy Choir.

V.

Gloomy *Pluto*, King of Terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine Chains,
Lead me to the Cryſtal Mirrors,
Wat'ring ſoft Elyſian Plains.

VI.

Mournful Cypreſs, verdant Willow,
Gilding my *Aurelia*'s Brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my Pillow,
Hear me pay my dying Vows.

VII.

Melancholy ſmooth *Mæander*,
Swiftly purling in a Round,
On thy Margin Lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry Chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when *Philomela* drooping,
Softly ſeeks her ſilent Mate,
See the Bird of *Juno* ſtooping;
Melody reſigns to Fate.

On a certain LADY at COURT.

I Know the thing that's moſt uncommon;
(Envy be ſilent, and attend!)
I know a reaſonable Woman,
Handſome and witty, yet a Friend.

Not warp'd by Paſſion, aw'd by Rumour,
Not grave thro' Pride, nor gay thro' Folly,
An equal Mixture of good Humour,
And ſenſible ſoft Melancholy.

"Has ſhe no faults then (Envy ſays) Sir?"
Yes, ſhe has one, I muſt aver:
When all the World conſpires to praiſe her,
The Woman's deaf, and does not hear.

On his GROTTO at Twickenham,

COMPOSED OF

Marbles, Spars, Gemms, Ores, and Minerals.

THOU who ſhalt ſtop, where *Thames'* tranſlucent wave
Shines a broad Mirrour thro' the ſhadowy Cave;
Where ling'ring drops from min'ral Roofs diſtill,
And pointed Cryſtals break the ſparkling Rill,
Unpoliſh'd Gemms no Ray on Pride beſtow,
And latent Metals innocently glow:
Approach. Great NATURE ſtudiouſly behold!
And eye the Mine without a wiſh for Gold.
Approach: but awful! Lo! the Ægerian Grott,
Where, nobly-penſive, ST JOHN ſate and thought;
Where *Britiſh* ſighs from dying WYNDHAM ſtole
And the bright flame was ſhot thro' MARCHMONT's Soul.
Let ſuch, ſuch only, tread this ſacred Floor,
Who dare to love their Country, and be poor.

TO

Mrs M. B. on her BIRTH-DAY.

OH be thou bleſt with all that Heav'n can ſend,
Long Health, long Youth, long Pleaſure, and a Friend:
Not with thoſe Toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire.
With added years if Life bring nothing new,
But like a Sieve let ev'ry bleſſing thro',
Some joy ſtill loſt, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, ſome ſad Reflection more;
Is that a Birth-day? 'tis alas! too clear,
'Tis but the Funeral of the former year.
Let Joy or Eaſe, let Affluence or Content,
And the gay Conſcience of a life well ſpent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inſpirit ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and ſmile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear;
Till Death unfelt that tender frame deſtroy,
In ſome ſoft dream, or Extaſy of joy.
Peaceful ſleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,
And wake to Raptures in a Life to come.

VER. 15. Originally thus in the MS.
And oh ſince Death muſt that fair frame deſtroy,
Dye, by ſome ſudden Extaſy of Joy;
In ſome ſoft dream may thy mild ſoul remove,
And be thy lateſt gaſp a ſigh of Love.

To Mr THOMAS SOUTHERN,

On his Birth-day, 1742.

RESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,
With not one ſin, but poetry,
This day TOM's fair account has run
(Without a blot) to eighty one.
Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays
A table, with a cloth of bays;
And Ireland, mother of ſweet ſingers,
Preſents her harp ſtill to his fingers.
The feaſt, his tow'ring genius marks
In yonder wild gooſe and the larks!
The muſhrooms ſhew his wit was ſudden!
And for his judgment, lo a pudden!
Roaſt beef, tho' old, proclaims him ſtout,
And grace, altho' a bard, devout.
May TOM, whom heav'n ſent down to raiſe
The price of prologues and of plays,

VER. 5. *A table*] He was invited to dine on his birth-day with this Nobleman, who had prepared for him the entertainment of which the bill of fare is here ſet down.

VER. 8. *Preſents her harp*] The harp is generally wove on the Iriſh Linnen; ſuch as Table-cloths, *&c.*

VER. 16. *The price of prologues and of plays,*] This alludes to a ſtory Mr Southern told of Dryden, about the ſame time, to

Be ev'ry birth-day more a winner,
Digeſt his thirty-thouſandth dinner;
Walk to his grave without reproach,
And ſcorn a raſcal and a coach.

Mr P. and Mr W. When Southern firſt wrote for the ſtage, Dryden was ſo famous for his Prologues, that the players would act nothing without that decoration. His uſual price till then had been four guineas: But when Southern came to him for the Prologue he had beſpoke, Dryden told him he muſt have ſix guineas for it; "which (ſaid he) young man, is out of no diſreſpect to you; but the players have had my goods too cheap." —We now look upon theſe *Prologues* with the ſame admiration that the Virtuoſi do on the Apothecaries pots painted by Raphael.

EPITAPHS.

His ſaltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere! VIRG.

I.

On CHARLES Earl of DORSET,

In the Church of Withyam in Suſſex.

DORSET, the Grace of Courts, the Muſe's Pride,
Patron of Arts, and judge of Nature, dy'd.
The ſcourge of Pride, tho' ſanctified or great,
Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State:
Yet ſoft his Nature, tho' ſevere his Lay,
His Anger moral, and his Wiſdom gay.
Bleſt Sat'riſt! who touch'd the Mean ſo true,
As ſhow'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.
Bleſt Courtier! who could King and Country pleaſe,
Yet ſacred keep his Friendſhips, and his Eaſe.
Bleſt Peer! his great Forefathers ev'ry grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his Race;
Where other BUCKHURSTS, other DORSET's ſhine,
And Patriots ſtill, or Poets deck the Line.

II.

On Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL,

One of the principal Secretaries of State to King WILLIAM III. who having reſigned his Place, died in his Retirement at Eaſthamſted in Berkſhire, 1716.

A Pleaſing Form; a firm yet cautious Mind;
Sincere, tho' prudent; conſtant, yet reſign'd:
Honour unchang'd, a Principle profeſt,
Fix'd to one ſide, but mod'rate to the reſt:
An honeſt Courtier, yet a Patriot too;
Juſt to his Prince, and to his Country true:
Fill'd with the Senſe of Age, the Fire of Youth;
A Scorn of wrangling, yet a Zeal for Truth;
A gen'rous Faith, from Superſtition free;
A love to Peace, and hate of Tyranny;
Such this Man was; who now from Earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

III.

On the Hon. SIMON HARCOURT,

Only Son of the Lord Chancellor HARCOURT; at the Church of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordſhire, 1720.

TO this ſad ſhrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,
Here lies the Friend moſt lov'd, the Son moſt dear:
Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendſhip might divide,
Or gave his Father Grief but when he dy'd.
How vain is Reaſon, Eloquence how weak!
If *Pope* muſt tell what HARCOURT cannot ſpeak.
Oh let thy once-lov'd Friend inſcribe thy Stone,
And, with a Father's ſorrows, mix his own!

IV.

On JAMES CRAGGS, Eſq;

In Weſtminſter-Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS

REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ:
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR
ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV,
OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

Stateſman, yet Friend to truth! of Soul ſincere,
In Action faithful, and in Honour clear!
Who broke no Promiſe, ſerv'd no private End,
Who gain'd no Title, and who loſt no Friend,
Ennobled by Himſelf, by All approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd by the Muſe he lov'd.

V.

Intended for Mr ROWE,

In Weſtminſter-Abbey.

THY reliques, ROWE, to this fair Urn we truſt,
And ſacred, place by DRYDEN's awful duſt:
Beneath a rude and nameleſs ſtone he lies,
To which thy Tomb ſhall guide inquiring eyes.

It is as follows, on the Monument in the Abbey erected to Rowe and his Daughter.

Thy Reliques, Rowe! to this ſad ſhrine we truſt,
And near thy SHAKESPEAR place thy honour'd buſt.
Oh, next him, ſkill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt paſſion more ſincere;
To nobler ſentiment to fire the brave,
For never BRITON more diſdain'd a ſlave.
Peace to thy gentle ſhade, and endleſs reſt;
Bleſt in thy genius, in thy love too bleſt!
And bleſt, that timely from our ſcene remov'd,
Thy ſoul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

To theſe ſo mourn'd in death, ſo lov'd in life!
The childleſs parent and the widow'd wife,
With tears inſcribed this monumental ſtone,
That holds their aſhes and expects her own.

VER. 3. *Beneath a rude*] The Tomb of Mr Dryden was

Peace to thy gentle ſhade, and endleſs reſt!
Bleſt in thy Genius, in thy Love too bleſt!
One grateful woman to thy fame ſupplies
What a whole thankleſs land to his denies

erected upon this hint by the Duke of Buckingham; to which was originally intended this Epitaph,

This SHEFFIELD *rais'd. The ſacred Duſt below*
Was DRYDEN *once: The reſt who does not know?*

which the Author ſince changed into the plain inſcription now upon it, being only the name of that great Poet.

J. DRYDEN.

Natus Aug. 9. 1631. Mortuus Maij 1. 1700.

JOANNES SHEFFIELD DUX BUCKINGHAMIENSIS POSUIT.

VI.

On Mrs CORBET,

Who died of a Cancer in her Breaſt.

HERE reſts a Woman, good without pretence,
Bleſt with plain Reaſon, and with ſober Senſe:
No conqueſts ſhe, but o'er herſelf, deſir'd,
No Arts eſſay'd, but not to be admir'd.
Paſſion and Pride were to her ſoul unknown,
Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, ſo compos'd a mind,
So firm, yet ſoft; ſo ſtrong, yet ſo refin'd;
Heav'n, as its pureſt gold, by Tortures try'd;
The Saint ſuſtain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

VII.

On the Monument of the Honourable ROBERT DIGBY, and of his Siſter MARY, erected by their Father the Lord DIGBY, in the Church of Sherborne in Dorſetſhire, 1727.

GO! fair Example of untainted youth,
Of modeſt wiſdom, and pacifick truth:
Compos'd in ſuff'rings, and in joy ſedate,
Good without noiſe, without pretenſion great.
Juſt of thy word, in ev'ry thought ſincere,
Who knew no wiſh but what the world might hear:
Of ſofteſt manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:
Go live! for Heav'n's Eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy Moral to Divine.
And thou, bleſt Maid! attendant on his doom,
Penſive haſt follow'd to the ſilent tomb,
Steer'd the ſame courſe to the ſame quiet ſhore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliſs ſincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!
Yet take theſe Tears, Mortality's relief,
And till we ſhare your joys, forgive our grief:
Theſe little rites, a Stone, a Verſe receive;
'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give!

VIII.

On Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

In Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1729.

KNELLER, by Heav'n and not a Maſter taught,
Whoſe Art was Nature, and whoſe Pictures Thought;
Now for two ages having ſnatch'd from fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with Princes honours, Poets lays,
Due to his Merit, and brave Thirſt of praiſe.
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works: and, dying, fears herſelf may die.

VER. 7. Imitated from the famous Epitaph on Raphael.

Raphael, timuit, quo ſoſpite, vinci
Rerum magna parens, et morienti, mori.

IX.

On General HENRY WITHERS,

In Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1723.

HERE, WITHERS, reſt! thou braveſt, gentleſt mind,
Thy Country's friend, but more of human kind.
Oh born to Arms! O Worth in Youth approv'd!
O ſoft Humanity, in Age belov'd!
For thee the hardy Vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay Courtier feels the ſigh ſincere.
WITHERS, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy Martial ſpirit, or thy Social love!
Amidſt Corruption, Luxury, and Rage,
Still leave ſome ancient Virtues to our age:
Nor let us ſay, (thoſe Engliſh glories gone)
The laſt true Briton lies beneath this ſtone.

X.

On Mr Elijah Fenton,

At Eaſthamſted in Berks, 1730.

THIS modeſt Stone, what few vain Marbles can,
May truly ſay, Here lies an honeſt Man:
A Poet, bleſt beyond the Poet's fate,
Whom Heav'n kept ſacred from the Proud and Great:
Foe to loud Praiſe, and Friend to learned Eaſe,
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.
Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate feaſt roſe ſatisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

XI.

On Mr GAY,

In Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1732.

OF Manners gentle, of Affections mild;
In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child:
With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,
Form'd to delight at once and laſh the age:
Above Temptation, in a low Eſtate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great:
A ſafe Companion, and an eaſy Friend,
Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.
Theſe are Thy Honours! not that here thy Buſt
Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy duſt;
But that the Worthy and the Good ſhall ſay,
Striking their penſive boſoms—*Here* lies GAY.

VER. 12. *Here lies Gay.*] i. e. in the hearts of the good and worthy.

XII.

Intended for Sir ISAAC NEWTON,

In Weſtminſter-Abbey.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:

Quem Immortalem

Teſtantur *Tempus*, *Natura*, *Cœlum*:

Mortalem

Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night:
GOD ſaid, *Let Newton be!* and all was Light.

XIII.

On Dr FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

Biſhop of Rocheſter.

Who died in Exile at Paris, 1732.

[His only Daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after ſhe arrived in France to ſee him.]

DIALOGUE.

SHE.

YES, we have liv'd—one pang, and then we part!
May Heav'n, dear Father! now have all thy Heart.
Yet ah! how once we lov'd, remember ſtill,
Till you are duſt like me.

HE.

Dear Shade! I will:
Then mix this duſt with thine—O ſpotleſs Ghoſt!
O more than Fortune, Friends, or Country loſt!
Is there on Earth one care, one wiſh beſide?
Yes—SAVE MY COUNTRY, HEAV'N,
—He ſaid, and dy'd.

Save my Country, Heav'n] Alluding to the Biſhop's frequent uſe and application of the expiring words of the famous *Father* PAUL, in his prayer for the ſtate, ESTO PERPETUA.

XIV.

On EDMUND D. of BUCKINGHAM,

Who died in the Nineteenth Year of his Age, 1735.

IF modeſt Youth, with cool Reflection crown'd,
And ev'ry op'ning Virtue blooming round,
Could ſave a Parent's juſteſt Pride from fate,
Or add one Patriot to a ſinking ſtate:
This weeping marble had not aſk'd thy Tear,
Or ſadly told, how many hopes lie here!
The living Virtue now had ſhone approv'd,
The Senate heard him and his country lov'd.
Yet ſofter Honours, and leſs noiſy Fame
Attend the ſhade of gentle BUCKINGHAM:
In whom a Race, for Courage fam'd, and Art,
Ends in the milder Merit of the Heart;
And Chiefs or Sages long to Britain giv'n
Pays the laſt Tribute of a Saint to Heav'n.

XV.

For One who would not be buried in Weſtminſter-Abbey.

HEROES, and KINGS! your diſtance keep,
In peace let one poor Poet ſleep,
Who never flatter'd Folks like you:
Let Horace bluſh, and Virgil too.

Another, on the ſame.

UNDER this Marble, or under this Sill,
Or under this Turf, or e'en what they will:
Whatever an Heir, or a Friend in his ſtead,
Or any good creature ſhall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and ſtill cares not a pin
What they ſaid, or may ſay, of the Mortal within!
But who, living and dying, ſerene ſtill and free,
Truſts in GOD, that as well as he was, he ſhall be.

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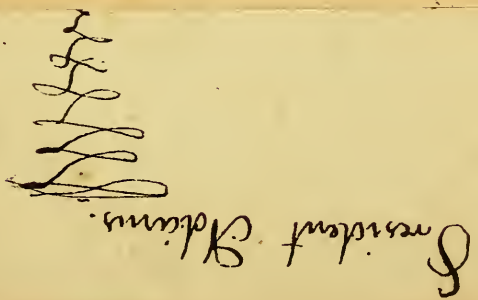
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